CONTACT DIARY PART 12

January 1, 2025 – November 4, 2025

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Now this was kind of cool … my entry of December 28, 2024:

> So my thought, suddenly, was, that … it is really really our job to help elevate the state of consciousness of our contemporaries and of coming generations, because in "evolution" is only – consciousness. And whatever we do in our mortal existence, should serve the evolution of "mankind" as the immortal species that we are in terms of quality of consciousness – and this means: The true evolution goes on in the beyond, and it's only reflected vaguely down here.
>
> Wow. I must put this at the beginning of the Contact Diary. To let readers know how far I'll get … in three years time.

A good start.

Wednesday, January 1, 2025 (0:30 am) **– Where the Magic Happens**

Still it is the Year of the „Wood Dragon" according to Chinese Astrology … so still „my year". I am determined to make the most of the last weeks of this phase, before the Year of the Snake will begin – supporting creativity, projects, self-realization. Good one.

(Later)

Visited my father with a good apple strudel, he looked at me with so much disdain, observing me from behind while I was doing something in the kitchen, that it made me freeze to my bones when I turned around and saw it. This was not a face. This was a grimace of ice-cold hatred. His eyes were crazy, the tip of his tongue touched the middle of his upper lip – I was shocked by the appearance of this evil devilish stranger right in front of me. It was chilling when he said that Sandy, his dog, did not have to go outside because she was an animal. That was his reasoning, when he said that she might as well stay inside the kitchen for day, that this was right because she was an animal. I wish I could just take her with me. The way she looks at me … breaks my heart. I managed to persuade the insane freak to let me walk her, and she was so happy when I took her for a round … my mind racing.

This must end. I pray that the Universe be fair after all. This creature my biological father has hurt so many people and animals … it can't be that he gets to live and be cruel and hurt more beings. Oh Edith, what did you have to endure?! My „father" may be a victim of circumstances,

too, and it may not be his fault that he is a cruel hateful violent malignant narcissist, but still his ways are unacceptable … of course. Nobody should be ever treated the way I have been treated by this evil monster … and Sandy. I know now he kept her in the basement for 2 years (!), I realize that her collar from the year after Edith had did, would not fit her at all anymore when I saw her again, two years later … my father had never put it on her in those years. I cannot allow myself to think this through. I only know, that I must save Sandy. My father is beyond saving … he is ailing and forgetful, but nothing but horribly negative, vile and hateful things come out of his mouth … everything horrible that I have read in the blod entries of people online has come true for me too. I do not deserve this.

Why in heaven do I have a monster „father“ like this?

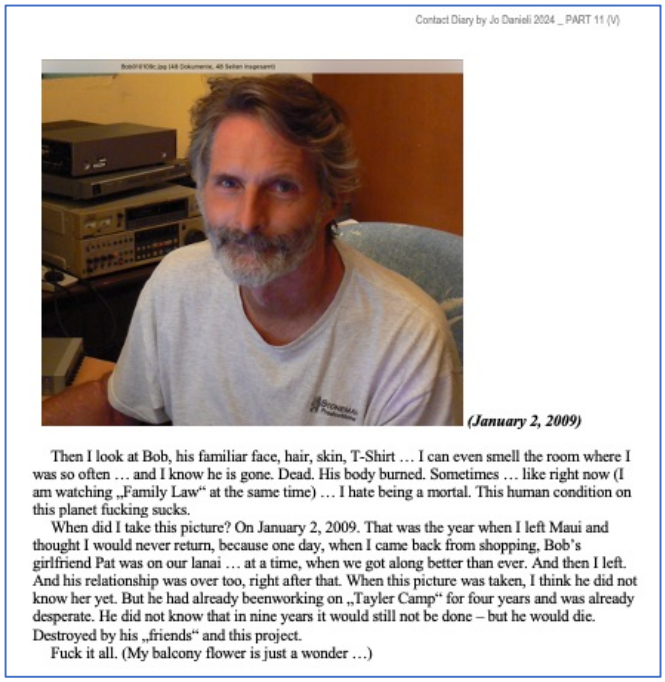
I guess I won't find out until I am on the other side. But for now, this year begins with the realization that I must get out of my „father's“ reach – and I must take Sandy with me, and that soon.

Oh the clouds … remind me of „the other side“ … comforting. And of my past. Painful.

One of the first client's of Bob's on Maui that I got to know was a realtor company, whose slogan was ***„Where magic happens“***. And I checked into a new series, „Seal Team“, and:

Oh wow! I am working on putting the first images into this chapter of the contact diary, and JUST as I was done with this one – as I am watching „The Closer“, season 4, episode 8 to divert myself – the character „Ltd. Prevenza“ said: **„Let me show you where the magic happens!“** (Just the placement of the subtitles in the film is a little off.)
THERE ARE NO ODDS.

We are on again, Bob. Aren't we? *(Note: Today is Jan. 15, the horrible day when the monster who was my „father“, tried to poison my two dogs. I can really need the comfort. Mahalo.)*
I was going through the chapter 10 earlier and came across the image of **Bob,** sigh, and I realized that I took the image on ***Maui on January 9, 2009.*** That is so fucking long ago.


Contact Diary by Jo Danieli 2024 _ PART 11 (V)

(January 2, 2009)

Then I look at Bob, his familiar face, hair, skin, T-Shirt … I can even smell the room where I was so often … and I know he is gone. Dead. His body burned. Sometimes … like right now (I am watching „Family Law“ at the same time) … I hate being a mortal. This human condition on this planet fucking sucks.

When did I take this picture? On January 2, 2009. That was the year when I left Maui and thought I would never return, because one day, when I came back from shopping, Bob's girlfriend Pat was on our lanai … at a time, when we got along better than ever. And then I left. And his relationship was over too, right after that. When this picture was taken, I think he did not know her yet. But he had already beenworking on „Tayler Camp“ for four years and was already desperate. He did not know that in nine years it would still not be done – but he would die. Destroyed by his „friends“ and this project.

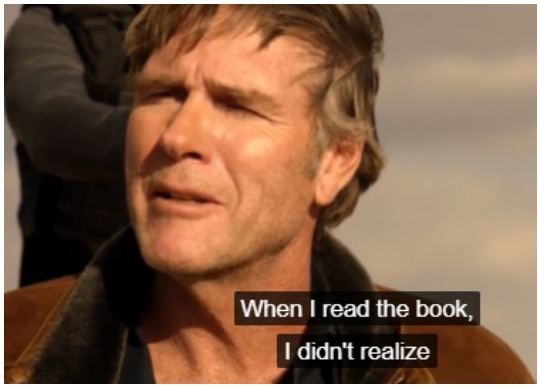
Fuck it all. (My balcony flower is just a wonder …)

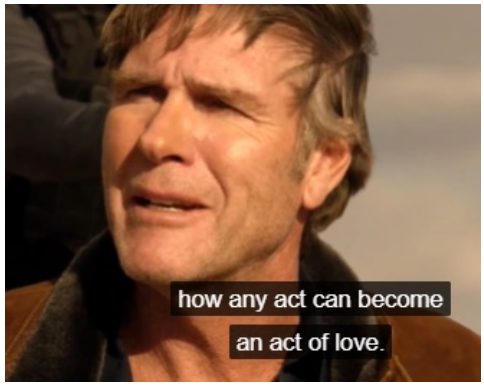
(And no, I still haven't watched the video I have of Bob.)

January 9, 2025 – **The Pudding and more**

My dealing with the narcissist behavior of my „father“ goes on and on … and I must gather information about it, to be „armed“ with knowledge to be able to face him and make it through his incredibly cruel ways and attitudes. I worry about Sandy, but I observe him closely, and he seems to be okay to her … still feeding her crap all that making her even fatter and expecting her to lie still next to him in the hot kitchen in her plastic „basket“ … had I not put clean bedding in it, she would still be lying on the naked plastic and shit and puked on pillow.

But I have help … even statements in ***„Longmire“:***





(Yes, I got that now.)

Plus some wisdom …

My „father“ – the cruel monster - does not see or recognize things anymore … but he fights like an animal with rabies for his „independence“, while it is long gone. Just he cannot admit that he depends on help. And particularly not from me, the person he hates the most right after my mother. It is so hard, but reading all the blog entries helps.

Yeah but we gotta cut the cancer out if we wanna survive and be healthy. Or pull the splinter out to avoid infection. However u wanna say it. Honestly they probably wouldn't even care on a deep level if you cut them off. We feel bad for them. But they don't feel bad for us. Some people really live to destroy us.

It's not sympathy, it's just pity. They seem incapable of finding happiness within themselves, constantly making things harder for themselves and those around them. It's truly sad and depressing that their only sense of control comes from controlling my life and destroying everything in it. I'm not excusing their behavior. I'm not even angry with them. I'm just deeply hurt, exhausted, and worn out.

- **H**ypervigilant. Your reactionary parent has made you hypervigilant to the moods and feelings of others. Your nervous system has been conditioned to be on high alert around other people, especially bullies, and you can easily escalate into a fight/flight/freeze/fawn/flop response.

Victim Blaming. Empty, alienated, envious, and contemptuous, narcissists are relational antagonists who exploit and demean others to manage their emotions and prop up their self-esteem. Developmentally immature, they rely heavily on the childhood defenses of denial and projection. The most pernicious aspect of narcissistic false victimhood is victim blaming, a form of projection whereby the narcissist behaves abusively toward someone and then accuses that person of abusing them. An example is a narcissistic spouse who is engaging in infidelity but tells family and friends that their spouse is being unfaithful, or a narcissistic parent who provokes a child with mockery or criticism and then claims the child is too sensitive, difficult, or angry.

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sions, and outright lies about their family members, friends, or coworkers. Many narcissists become so skilled at portraying themselves as long-suffering victims of awful exes or ungrateful adult children that they succeed in alienating them from other family and community members who buy into the narcissists' devastating character assassinations.

A person with dementia has forever lost parts of their brain, and will eventually lose more and more. They live with fear and confusion every minute of every day. They feel abandoned because they don't recognize loved ones. They often can't recognize day from night and each day's sunset feels like the end of life.

They can't help being self-centered or seeming narcissistic to you, and that's the least of their problems. As for what to say, just try to be calming and kind. Talk about happy things and pleasant past events, and listen to music with them - music that the person likes, from when they were young.

He knows he's losing control but won't admit it, causing him to hold on more tightly, increasing his sadistic inclinations. His relationship with reality decreases daily. He can't remember 5 minutes ago, so is always writing himself notes & lectures he wants to use. His lies are all confused, & he can't keep up with them, so most of what he says are still lies, thought up to use in the moment, they're chaotic & irrational or total fantasy.

Unfortunately, his main goal each day is to try to destroy me for not ever giving in & letting him run my life, through bullying, threats, intimidation, poor me routines, projections & now trying every way to either reduce greatly or completely get me out of the will. I was Trustee, & he's putting an outsider he knows I dislike in sole charge. Can't get across that without

Unfortunately, his main goal each day is to try to destroy me for not ever giving in & letting him run my life, through bullying, threats, intimidation, poor me routines, projections & now trying every way to either reduce greatly or completely get me out of the will. I was Trustee, & he's putting an outsider he knows I dislike in sole charge. Can't get across that without oversight she can wipe us out & be gone. He actually said the fact that she cheated her step children out of their inheritance was why he chose her. Can't see the danger that she'll do the same to us. Getting at me is primary & as all NPD's, he can't think about future ramifications, only momentary goals.

His mask isn't just slipping, I don't think he has a clue what or where they are anymore. It's mostly raw crazy. It reminds me of the Beatles song, Eleanor Rigby, particularly the line, "wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door". Only for NPD's it's their Masks. The song lyrics describe the loneliness at the end of life & passing without anyone noticing. All that's left of them at the end is their anger, hate & misery, so that they're nothing anymore. Since they're miserable, they want to make as many others miserable as well. It's true Misery Loves

Realize narcissists have zero sense of self and every day their goal is to get a sense of self and that is all they have the energy for. They cannot provide their own esteem. (I think we should start calling them "zeros" rather than narcissists.)

She had managed to cover her illness for many years and succeeded to manipulate staff & friends helping her. Her cruel self surfaced to an unbelievable rage, revealing a mean indivdial with no limits to ultimately destroy.

Narcissists have zero love inside them. One big zero.

So they will never love anyone.

But rest assured that they will definitely make your funeral a huge drama episode and they will act like they are really grieving. But truth is THEY FEEL NOTHING.

parent. It would feel like an inconvenience if the kid drove the parent to work every day, or an annoyance because now they can't have fun because of how it would look to the neighbors.

Related **Do narcissists mourn the loss of a lost one?**

No they do not mourn the loss of a person

They mourn the loss of supply but not for long because they will search for a new supply to take your place.

Regarding mimicking emotions, that's something narcissists do. Although they are psychologically and emotionally immature, and lack the more mature emotions children develop after very young childhood, they have adult brains with adult powers of observation. They can perceive facial expressions, and perceive behavior. These things can be extremely confusing to narcissists, often noticeable by a blank confused stare. They'll work on trying to figure out what's happening if they're afraid others will think they're weird because of their reactions.

The only way narcissists feels alive is through inflicting pain and cruelty on you.

They are some of the most sick and twisted people you'll ever meet.

Their purpose is to abandon the relationship. They're trying to kick a shameful addiction. Becoming dependent on your love was the last step towards abandoning you. They had one foot out the door anyways.

The narcissist can't even recognize that happening. They see what they do as totally fine and normal. They are resistant to admitting that they miss you, that they needed your attention, after all do you thank the drug habit for making you dependent? The narcissist can't reconcile needing you and feelings of shame.

Narcissists can't get over being abused by their parents. So they decided that normal love from somebody they lost, is actually controlling them, so they lose you on purpose.

They loathe being so dependent on you that they would ever miss you, so they don't.

Nothing is ever about the supply. It's always about the narcissist. The pain a narcissist experiences isn't the emotional pain we experience. Narcissistic Personality Disorder is due to never fully developing emotionally. This means that the person with NPD never developed emotions like the emotions that we know and feel, namely empathy. Compassion, love, guilt, joy, shame, passion are all muted.

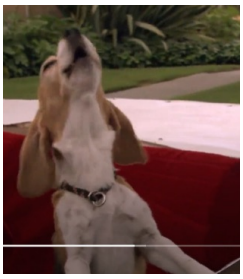
Does a narcissist feel pain when their supply dies?

It does hurt the narcissist when their supply does, but nit in the way you or I hurt, or for the same reasons. Their pain is felt with thoughts of "damn them for dying, how dare they die when I'm in need of supply." Now the narcissist must make their own breakfast, get dressed and get busy finding a new supply. It's not really what narcy wanted to do today, but if he hurries, he can find the supply by noon.

I dare say the narcissist may view a partner dying as an incredible opportunity to receive a massive hit of attention, sympathy, and generosity. **Nothing is quite so thrilling as a spectacle where they are the center of attention.**

When their partner dies, the immediate concern is their welfare. Who will be their new main source of supply? Who will GIVE to them?

I am seeking comfort in … well, watching series‘ online, crime, new ones … and sometimes I switch on a random „***Dexter***“ … like here, and „**Sandy**“ was reflected right back at me! As if Edith would remind me how sweet and innocent Sandy was when she got her … and I did know Sandy when she was a young dog … I try not to think about the fact that my father kept the dog in the basement for two years … unbelieveable … but I did find sat and puked on dog’s pillows there and smeared poop … and people keep telling me that they did not see Sandy for years, only when I started to walk her again … and that my father had told them either that she „could not walk anymore“ or that „she was dead“. Oh my God, give me the strength and the ways to get Sandy away from this insane creep.

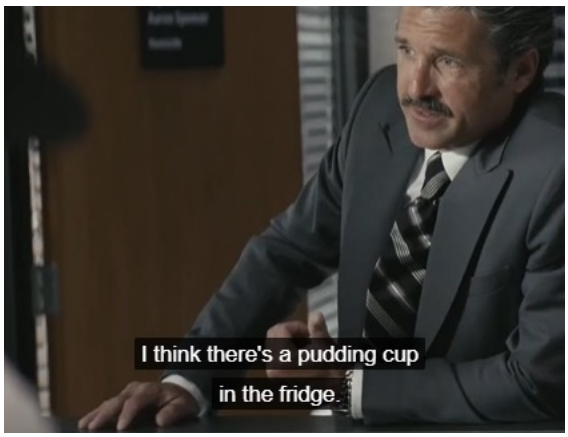


Oh – and the „pudding“ & Cat’s Cradle!

My little guy Tino spent an hour with my neighbor, Ingrid H., and afterwards she wanted to chat a little bit. And the first thing she asked me, when I sat down, was ***„Would you like a pudding?“***

And sure enough – just two or three hours later, when I watched an episode of „Dexter: Original Sin“ … and there it was – the pudding, again. What are the odds? I have NEVER anything to do with puddings.

Plus, I had spent many sleepless hours in the last weeks, and just yesterday I thought intensely about the stringfigures of Hawaii, the „hei“, and how they resembled **„Cat’s Cradle“** … and even that came up:



Oh I do need emotional help … because of this … all this that my „father“ is doing:

Most people don't realize that those with NPD have brains that actually differ from our own. Research has shown that those with narcissistic personality disorder show structural and biological differences within their brains. These differences can lead to a plethora of issues: socially, mentally and physically.

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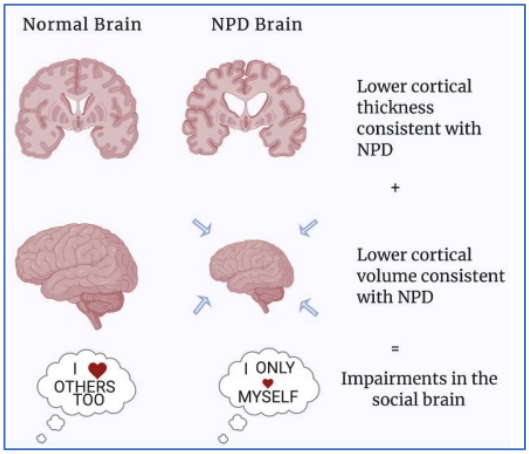
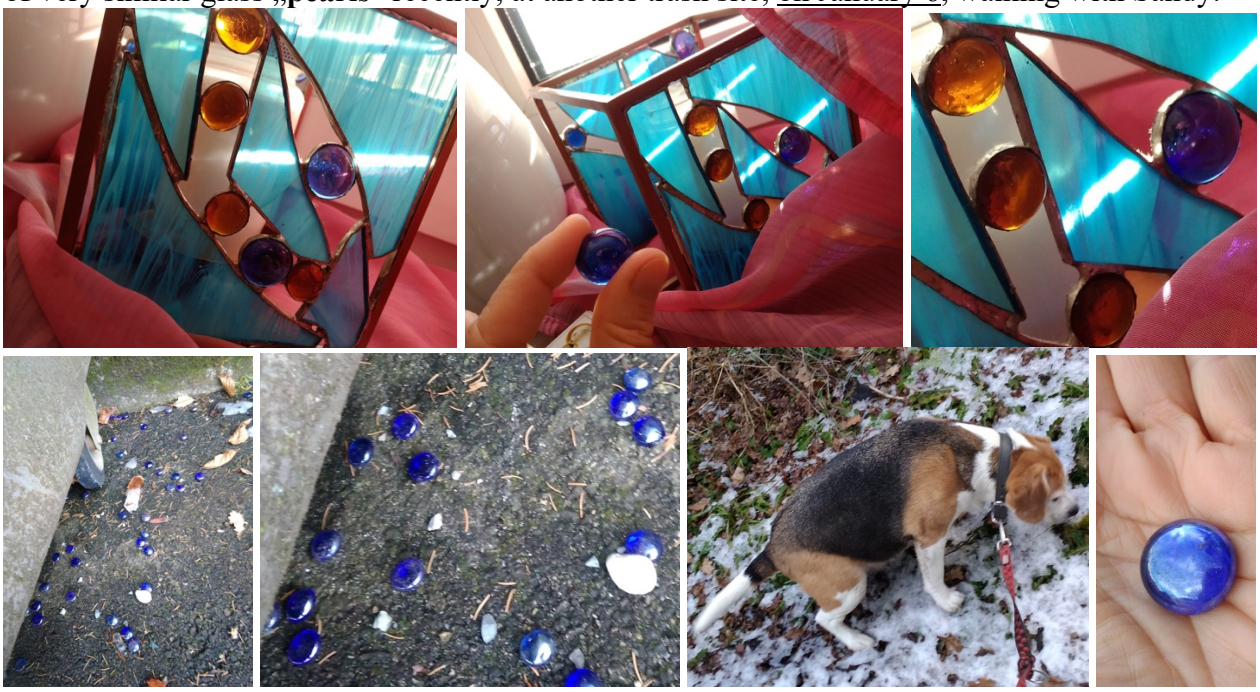
A Neurological Overview of Narcissistic Personality Disorder

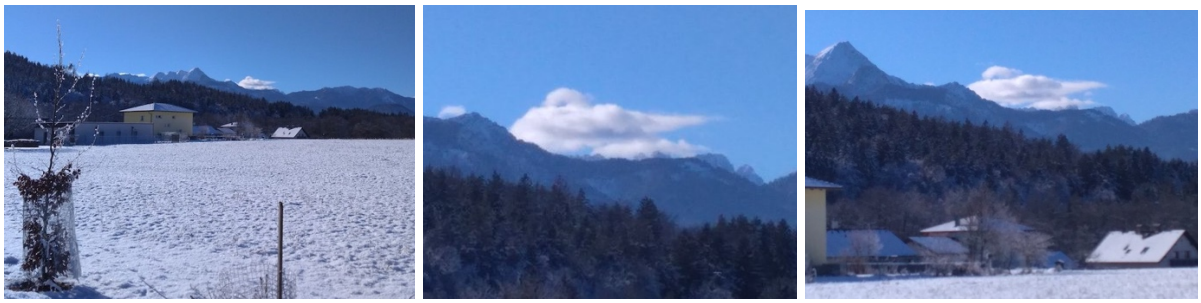


January 12, 2025

I found a very pretty **work of handicraft** made from metal and glass at the trash collection outside in the settlement where I live … and I was stunned, because I had just found a whole spill of very similar glass „**pearls**“ recently, at another trash site, on January 6, walking with Sandy.

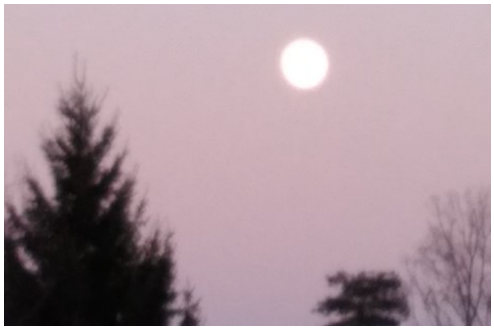
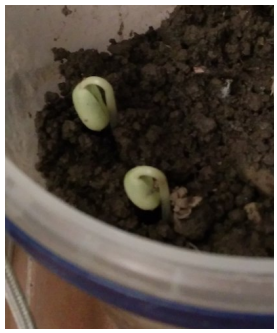


Also, walking this morning … I saw an amazing swan cloud above the „volcano“. I feel sad a lot.



January 13, 2025

Full moon again. And sprouts. Just wonders of nature.

January 14, 2025 **– Edith's mirror image & The Sunset Images**

Oh Edith … I have been thinking of her so often in the last month … being myself exposed to the incredible insane cruelty that my „father" is capable of. I have been having the feeling that Edith is with me … and today I chose on a whim the season 4 of „The Closer" to get my mind off my father – suffering, but bitter and evil as ever – after visiting him, and there she was: Edith! That's what she was like, that's what she looked like. I know that now she can be the beauty she was. So sad to know that in this life she did not have one person who truly loved her and wanted to be there for her – except for me. No partner. No parent. No real friend. She was so alone. But I did love her, but we could not be friends because of the threats and abuse she had to endure from my father. I regret so many times pulling back because I thought she was „just like my father": But I have been reading pretty much all there is to read about malignant narcissists in public literature, and I know that Edith as an empath and enabler of the evil narcissist was stripped of her sense of self – and she could not help herself. She was my father's victim. He devoured her beautiful spirit.

This is the **quint-essence of the brain damage called narcissism:**

The information you're about to receive is painful to read, but it'll give you some understanding, help eliminate some of your confusion. Narcissist need (Supply)= emotional reactions, Pain-Anger-Confusion-Sadness-Frustration. When you react because you're being triggered, baited, or tricked into reacting you're feeding the narcissist. Have you noticed once you're finally upset after constant, consistent, antagonizing, vexing the narcissist calms down, annnnd will blame you for reacting to their antagonizing way's. Look for patterns of tactics to prevent future tactics of

I could have saved **Edith** … had I been more brave … or *had I known more at the time.* But my own hurts blinded me … and now, that I am close to „being in her shoes", I know how this woman must have suffered.

I know she is happy that I am helping Sandy, her beloved dog. And that she now knows all the reasons why we are involved in such a horrible story, all of us, she, my father, my mother, my brother … her mother and father, all our pets.

One day we all know what this all was for. But for now – my father is like a berserk out of his mind. He is so confused and fragile, nobody knows that but me, because nobody comes visiting. And he barely dares to relate with people so that they won't find out how bad his mental health already is. I would be there for him, even love him for the old man he is, but he is so nasty and bitter and hurtful to me … I have to flee and take a lot of efforts to make myself visit him. It is hard. I do it for Sandy and Edith … but it cannot go on for much longer. My own health is suffering already.

I could have chosen any season of **„The Closer"** and any episode … but I chose the one with „Edith" in it … and I have been imagining her closely and ***recalling details of her face and mannerisms all the time in the last weeks!***

(„Edith“, uncanny)

This is no coincidence. It makes me tear up, „seeing Edith“ … this woman must have suffered so so much … living with the abusive monster, that my „father“ with his broken brain was and still is. Poor, poor Edith … I wish I had not been so full of trauma back then and could have helped you. I did love Edith. From the moment I saw her … but she was in my „father's“ claws … he only married her because she had money … one of my most recent insights. He did not even deny it. She was of fragile mind, after a tick bit her in her youth and

she suffered a severe sicknes … and he took full advange of that. Oh Edith – I hope you had some good days there, in your prison.

And the clouds today … the „puka lani“ right there!

And the snow crystals … wonders of nature.

And – oh wow, synchronicity! „Zumbuddy“ is telling me that they „see everything“.
I had, on a whim, googled ***CH's brother Klaus***, I don't even know why, and I found him on Facebook … I only looked at picture, and I was stunned to see **two beautiful images of his paintings of sunsets.**

And just then, as I started to work on prepping the images and screenshots to put into this contact diary … the ***screensaver*** behind the open windows – turned into – a sunset. Just like in the images. Yes, it means something. Don't know what. It feels ominous. Something is coming to an end.

And then: In the series ***„The Closer“***, the main character has a painting that she loves dearly, and she handles it:

See what I mean?

<u>January 15, 2025</u> **– Yesterday's Synchronicity for Help & the Vortex**

Oh wow, it was a horrible experience today … but I was „**warned**“ yesterday. Barely slept, had no I idea why I could not take my thought of my „father“ and Sandy and my dogs … so today, after I got awfully scoffed at by my mother (am SO tired of trying to help her lead a normal life, she does have dementia, though) … I drove down to my „father“. I took Jacqui and Tino with me … to avoid another angry confrontation in terms of my „father“ not wanting me to walk his poor dog, Sandy, who has to lie in the hot kitchen all day and night every day and night. Sandy loves so much to run with the boys in the yard …

I brought a poppy Reindling (dumpling-dow) for my father – who greeted me with incredible hostility (like always). As soon as the dogs started to have fun outside, he called Sandy in to feed her! Only that she can't be with the other dogs and not with him. I felt nauseous … and went to the basement to finally get the laundry out of the washer, where it must have been for days, same with the laundry in the dryer. I noticed suddenly, that there was not only excrement on the floor, smeared (from the time he kept Sandy in the basement, for sure), but also centimeter-high white mold!

When I got back up with the laundry, he talked on the phone with a friend, Charly K., and he said the nastiest things about me and how long time ago it had been decided that I would not inherit anything, because I was not worth it and couldn't afford keeping it up … and that my dogs were „only worthless mutts“ … I really really focused on the laundry to give Sandy the opportunity to have some fun with the boys. Ever again, I walked outside to check on them, then went back to the basement to check on the dryer and the washer where I had put socks for washing, a bunch, nearly rotting, that I had found on the floor …

So I got back into the kitchen – and to my utter surprise, the feeding bowl of Sandy's was full with coffee beans! And the dogs were inside, around it! I had let the out just minutes

earlier. Whole black coffee beans … TOTALLY and lethally poisonous for dogs if they eat only a few of them! I was so baffled, that I only took the bowl, silently, and threw the beans in the garbage. I had to think hard what to do. My „father“ had quickly gotten up, called the dogs in and gave them poisonous stuff to eat!

So I let the dogs outside, returned to the basement to get the laundry – and when I came back up, just a few minutes later, there were again black whole coffee beans in the bowl – and the dogs around it.

My „father“ was sitting there, just staring with a blank expression in front of him, and I did not know what to say. I know now why there are always coffee beans lying around in the kitchen – he is trying to make Sandy sick. I read about malignant narcissists that they want to hurt people or animals close to them – because when they are sick, the narcs get more attention.

So now a boundary was violated in the most horrible way. He wanted to hurt my innocent sweet dogs. He will go to hell, and he will suffer for a long time for that alone.

I wrote everything to his „heir“, V. P., the guy must understand what this monster is all about.

I will return to „father“ tomorrow, just to make sure Sandy is okay. And I keep praying. That this will be over soon. In the most beneficial way for all innocent creatures involved.

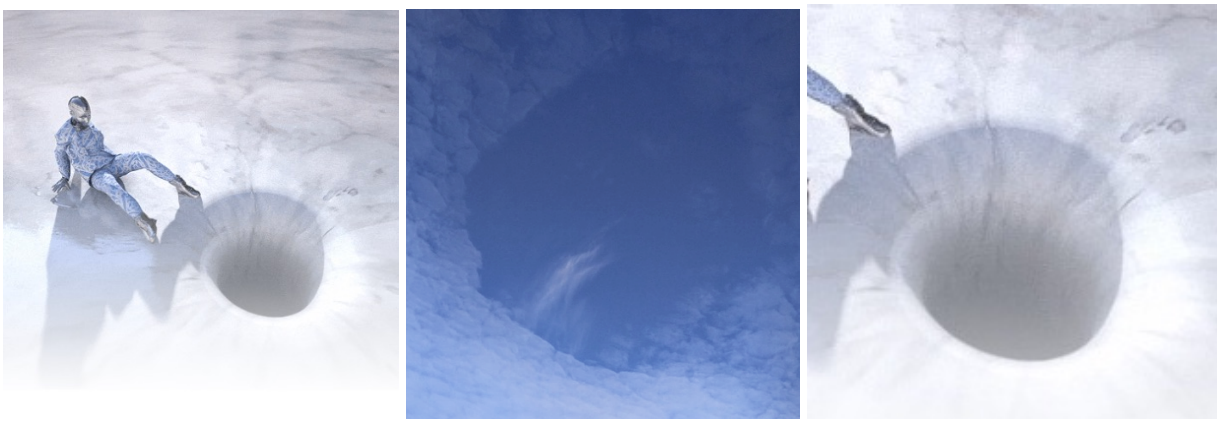
So the events with the paintings and then the screensaver … I did notice how special that was. It was some sort of warning and comfort at the same time.

Thank you.

<u>Wow – I just realized something:</u>

I had noticed a very strange **cloud** formation yesterday, walking with the dogs at Aich – like a **hole or a vortex** with something in it. It was hard to photograph, because it was so big.

And then, at night, after yet another very stressful day with painful experiences with my „father“, I had googled yet a few more **blog entries** about what **malignant narcissists** can do to one – all the way down to killing people and animals … and there was a gif, and it looked like this (***the person actually gets sucked close to the abyss and keeps pushing himself backwards, only to be sucked back almost in again):***

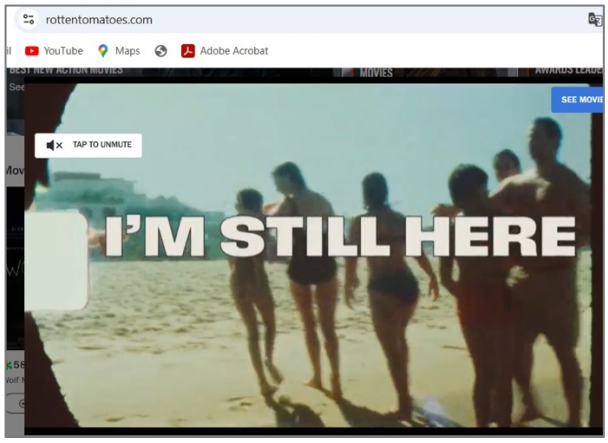


Of course I photographed it, and now I know why: THE CLOUD FORMATION is just like this image! Just that in the clouds, the „person“ – represented by the line - is INSIDE that vortex!

Edith experienced this. I know it now. After what my „father“ did today – trying to poison my beloved dogs – I do believe that he did abuse Edith physically too, and who knows what else. Oh poor poor woman. I know she is with me every day now.

I was fascinated by the ice crystals of the snow … and I so much wished Sandy could be with us … I know she will one day, soon, I will free her from the abuse by the monster that sired me long time ago.

I saw this movie title and felt so very drawn to it … to me it feels like Bob is telling me that all that we had is still „here“ … and he will forever be my great love … walking on the beaches of Maui. With me.



January 17, 2025

I do want to share what I am reading at night to soothe my ailing mind …

He knows he's losing control but won't admit it, causing him to hold on more tightly, increasing his sadistic inclinations. His relationship with reality decreases daily. He can't remember 5 minutes ago, so is always writing himself notes & lectures he wants to use. His lies are all confused, & he can't keep up with them, so most of what he says are still lies, thought up to use in the moment, they're chaotic & irrational or total fantasy.

> As their personal power fades and their social sphere narrows, narcissists are more likely to look for scapegoats anywhere they can. Their increasingly desperate grandiose delusions often bring out bigotry and assertions of superiority over marginalized people, including other old people. Aging narcissists often express ageism, sexism, queerphobia, and racism to bolster themselves against their tormented feelings of lost power over others.

It just serves to reinforce to me how valuable my work, of educating you guys about these people really is and I only tell the story to highlight to you, NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE VINDICTIVENESS OF THE NARCISSIST - I dont know this person, I have never met them, yet I deserve weeks of this treatment.

Originally Answered: What does it mean when an aging malignant narcissist acts more and more erratic?

This is something known as Extinction Burst — the narcissist tries even harder using the same techniques to get what they want, what you are witnessing is an adult tantrum.

Persevere,

Originally Answered: What does it mean when an aging malignant narcissist acts more and more erratic?

It means they are loosing CONTROL! They will become absolutely frantic. They won't be able to think about anything else they will hyper fixate and do everything they can to regain that control. That is what drives a MN. That is the only thing that could make them act erratic. They don't really fear anything else other than that.

Related **What does it mean if your malignant narcissist parent keeps fueling the smear campaign when you're not even reacting?**

It probably means they are looking for attention. They are desperate for people to listen to them so they come up with outrageous stories so that all ears will be on them. They play the victim for this purpose as well. Sadly, with malignant narcs, the way to deal with them is no-contact. They have nothing redeeming to offer to you. They will lie to feed their egos all at your expense. The only thing they know is manipulation. And they are usually very skillful at it, been practicing it their whole lives. When and if you decide to cut them off, it will crush them. But not for losing you, but for being told they're wrong and then not allowing them to gaslight you about why you're the one to blame, not them. Because of that, they are forced into a place they don't want to be, and they can't tolerate it. Essentially when you stonewall someone, that is

Related **Does malignant narcissist get worse with age?**

Most definitely! As A malignant narc ages they become ***MUCH WORSE***, bitter, resentful and evil. Their manipulation tactics are more refined and become more deceptive. They reveal more of the grotesque and evil side of themselves, while at the same time becoming more insidious and cunning. They become more inhumane and delusional as time goes by. As they age they become full blown delusional and are absolutely estranged from truth and facts... They become totally engulfed in fantasy and will shoot down the truth at every turn! They become extremely

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in one body. I don't even classify these individuals as human due to the absolutely demonic, evil, cruel things they engage in... Unfortunately as they get older and these dual personality disorders that I just named are at play within this person, the person only becomes more seeking, childish due to a low emotional quotient (EQ), the chronic boredom they suffer from gets worse so they go out and create more drama as a way to cure the boredom, vicious, hateful, deranged, unhinged, unstable, and a lot more ***PARANOID*** as they age... Much more bitter and cruel!.. Much more this and much more that and etc! So as they get older the only change you can expect to see in them is that they're a much worse version of themselves and more evil. My advice to anyone no matter the age of the malignant narc is to stay away from them and have nothing to do with them! Proceed with caution because these sick individuals will destroy you and they don't need to have a justifiable reason to do it, because they're nothing but evil sadistic monsters!

Related **What is the worst thing a narcissist can actually do to you? How dangerous can they be?**

THEY CAN KILL YOU. There are varying degrees of how dangerous a narcissist can be according to where they fall on the spectrum. While murdering you is probably the worst, many of their other actions can make you wish you were dead and even drive you to kill yourself.

While all narcissists inflict emotional damage on their victims, there are many levels and degrees of narcissism.

Not sure what it's like for you, but in my case my dad used me as an empathy supply my entire childhood. He would moan and whine and complain and I would listen, support and try to offer advice. He would take me on walks after dinner so that he could do his daily "the world is being mean to me" whining.

It is not normal to burden your child with your own trauma. The fact that you know so much about **his** trauma, is a red flag! Healthy adults don't ask children for support. Period.

In my case, it was wrong on so many levels. I was, what, 8? Frankly I think I was younger than that. I realized very quickly that I was expected to be his surrogate mother and wife. I've experienced is covert incest and parentification at his hands and it messed me up badly.

If this resembles what you feel, that is not compassion or pity. It is old programming that is subconsciously being started up and allowed to run.

Misplaced compassion! Ns are never grateful!

A person with dementia has forever lost parts of their brain, and will eventually lose more and more. They live with fear and confusion every minute of every day. They feel abandoned because they don't recognize loved ones. They often can't recognize day from night and each day's sunset feels like the end of life.

They can't help being self-centered or seeming narcissistic to you, and that's the least of their problems. As for what to say, just try to be calming and kind. Talk about happy things and pleasant past events, and listen to music with them - music that the person likes, from when they were young.

time to take care of them, she's at least being paid for it.

He knows he's losing control but won't admit it, causing him to hold on more tightly, increasing his sadistic inclinations. His relationship with reality decreases daily. He can't remember 5 minutes ago, so is always writing himself notes & lectures he wants to use. His lies are all confused, & he can't keep up with them, so most of what he says are still lies, thought up to use in the moment, they're chaotic & irrational or total fantasy.

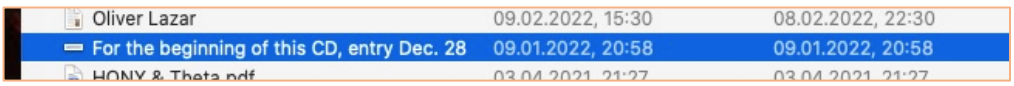
use in the moment, they're chaotic & irrational or total fantasy.

Unfortunately, his main goal each day is to try to destroy me for not ever giving in & letting him run my life, through bullying, threats, intimidation, poor me routines, projections & now trying every way to either reduce greatly or completely get me out of the will. I was Trustee, & he's putting an outsider he knows I dislike in sole charge. Can't get across that without

Unfortunately, his main goal each day is to try to destroy me for not ever giving in & letting him run my life, through bullying, threats, intimidation, poor me routines, projections & now trying every way to either reduce greatly or completely get me out of the will. I was Trustee, & he's putting an outsider he knows I dislike in sole charge. Can't get across that without oversight she can wipe us out & be gone. He actually said the fact that she cheated her step children out of their inheritance was why he chose her. Can't see the danger that she'll do the same to us. Getting at me is primary & as all NPD's, he can't think about future ramifications, only momentary goals.

His mask isn't just slipping, I don't think he has a clue what or where they are anymore. It's mostly raw crazy. It reminds me of the Beatles song, Eleanor Rigby, particularly the line, "wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door". Only for NPD's it's their Masks. The song

wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door". Only for NPD's it's their Masks. The song lyrics describe the loneliness at the end of life & passing without anyone noticing. All that's left of them at the end is their anger, hate & misery, so that they're nothing anymore. Since they're miserable, they want to make as many others miserable as well. It's true Misery Loves



etc.)

Your biological parent's abuse will have different scenarios, obviously, but, he will stop at nothing to hurt you.

It had nothing to do with you being his biological child.

These people are highly disturbed beings. I'm so sorry for your pain.

While all narcissists inflict emotional damage on their victims, there are many levels and degrees of narcissism.

At the lower end of the NPD spectrum such as a fairly mild, covert narcissist, they break down their victims self confidence by continual criticisms and controlling behavior.

This can have a crippling effect on the victim which makes it hard for them to lead independent lives if their abuser discards them. And it can also cause the victim to commit suicide which makes even the mildest form of narcissism dangerous.

Could my narcissistic dad actually purposely put me in a dangerous situation?
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Ben Smith
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I should think so, my "father" was heading toward killing me, not just purposely putting me in dangerous situations, creating and causing dangerous situations. But as the quotes round father indicate, it turns out, I'm reasonably sure, he was just pretending to be my actual father. If your father is on the pscyho side of narcisissm, malignant narcissist, then it's quite possible I should think. If you pose a threat to them, which isn't hard, it's all in their psycho heads anyway, just by being aware of their narcissistic qualities seems to be enough. With me he'd abused me when I was an infant, and then I was a threat to him because he thought I was remembering and I was an abusee: so you get abused more because of your initial "crime": being abused by him! They are insane. If they weren't so toxic and life threatening and repulsive, it'd be hilarious, but they are toxic, life threatening and repulsive, so it's not hilarious.

January 18, 2025
Stunningly beautiful random screen pic again … as above so below. No shit.

January 20, 2025 – **JW & Edith & synchronicities**

Jehova's Witnesses at my door – suddenly told me that they had „studied the bible with my father's wife" – a greeting from Edith! Oh I have been thinking of her so so so so much. It is so hard with my father, he is like a maniac, but obviously sick and always nasty and abusive to me, always, always … I realize that he really killed Edith, by destroying her. His face … the hatred when he sees me … it is unbelievable. I told that JW lady about it, and then the second one came and talked about Edith … wow!

In the last days, there were several amazing incidents of synchronicities … wow, like I found the ending of a vapor cigarette – and in a movie I watched, someone was vaping just hours after it! To bad I did not photograph the thing or take it …

Then: I drove to lake Hafnersee, and there was an amazing ***stripe of fog*** just a few meters above the ground, and I had to drive right through it!

Never saw anything like this before – and then I looked up, and ***the same thing in the sky!*** It took me a few moments to find a spot to stop on the street to photograph, it was magical …

License plate numbers – oh my, just uncanny! And a song in that series „Black Doves" that I just found last night, and even „Dani" – that's ME! – appeared!

I do feel guided. Plus: **Tidal wave in the sky** during a walk with mom and the dogs at Rosegg!

January 23, 2025

Horrible situation with insane father … don't even want to describe … helps that my screensaver just turned into an owl … part of my Hawaiian name … and a sign of wisdom.

January 24, 2025 **– Dream of Bob & the Hawaiian Song**

What a **wonderful dream of Bob.**

I was in a city that was like Vienna, and there was some kind of event going on … like a street fair, many people around. Somewhere in there, suddenly, I stood facing Bob – the Bob that I loved, with the gray T-Shirt he used to wear so much and his cargo pants, in a lovely good mood, smiling at me, his hair just the way it looked perfect on him, with his typical posture, slightly bent towards me as he was such a tall man … and he looked straight at me

and smile in such a heartfelt way … that I immediately fell into his arms, and he held me, and I think I kissed him …

But somehow our conversation was not really spoken, more „thought" … and we were both aware that he had died in the real world, and that this meeting took place in the dream realm but was also true.

I remember right now, that I am writing this down, that yesterday I saw a headline about an Austrian actress, who said that she ***„wishes to receive signals and answers in her dreams",*** Julia Stemberger staid that … if I only knew in which newspaper … or was it online? *(Note: It came back to me – I got my friend Gabi to the dentist yesterday, and while waiting I looked through a magazine, and that's where the article was.)*

So there was Bob, and he kind of „said" to me something about „everything is alright, I was on the right path" … he was just THERE for me, gave no directions, **just was intensely present.** So intense, that I woke up. I took a sip of water, then dreamed on – the same dream, but without Bob. There was still that kind of event feeling in Vienna, and I stood in front of the entrance to a big bulding, there were stairs, and it felt like if this was an event building, but not really.

Strangely, I found myself in a kind of ***library*** room, suddenly, and a male voice was reading a piece of literature, it was like the presentation of a book by an author …and Bob was there with me for a moment, when I walked around some kind of ballustrade or pillar and saw who was reading – it was a young black woman, and it was ***North West,*** the real life daughter of Kim Kardashian and Kanye West …

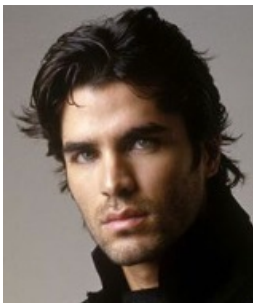
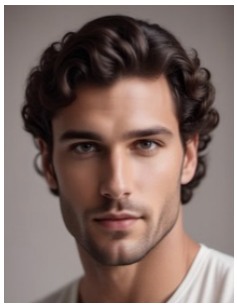
Bob and me …

… and even in my dream I thought what in the world had this person to do in my dream? Why did my subconscious come up with that person?

I said as much to Bob, too, in my dream … and he just smiled and shrugged his shoulders. I don't know what we were doing there, and why and what North was reading … Suddenly we were outside again. There was a moment in that dream, when my mother was present, strangely, and she held a letter with a tiny dark-yellow handwriting … it was my handwriting. But I don't know what I had written … but we talked about how tiny the writing was … and I think I explained to her that when you write in a very tiny style you can write much faster, and that's how I had managed back in school to write down much of what was said and always had all the information that the other pupils didn't have. That part of the dream was over soon. (And I am actually writing a handwritten diary this year, got it as a present from CH, and I am writing in a very tiny style …)

The parts of the dream are a bit garbled, I don't know what was first, and it feels like everything happened at the same time …

So … An exceptionally **handsome dark-haird young man** (with almost surreal charisma) was there, in that Vienna setting, and I realized as my dream persona, that he was very popular, and every girl wanted him.

(He looked like an image of these two, that I randomly googled.)

There were lots of people around, young ones, in their thirties. I don't know how old I was, but younger than now (60). For some reason that young man took interest in me – and he wanted me to go **flying** with him. I am not sure if this was a **parachute or a glider** – but he had a bunch of **entirely tangled thin white-beige cords or strings** in his arms, and he wanted to fly across Vienna and the river Danube with me! I was so excited that he wanted me – but there was no way I was going to fly with this guy, when even the strings were so entangle, no way he could pull this off.

I don't remember how I got out of this … but he was pissed of, that much I felt, and he took off. I assume he went flying.

That event around me was something strange, I can't tell what it was … could even be a filmset where I had some role. I was looking around for Bob, but he was not there … and in my dream I thought that he must have turned into that young man …

There was a strange door at the top of stairs that led to the place where that handsome young man was living with other young men … and I left my glasses (!) and piece of paper with my real-life phone-number there for the young man … and then I walked off, but I found it so wrong to have left my glasses, and it was kind of hard to get back there, but I did and took my glasses again. The piece of paper was also somehow strange, as I had torn it off a letter or something, it was hard to fold it, and I folded it strange, from both sides, and the thin paper would open up again all the time … so I left it half-open there in a small entrance lobby for that young man and left.

As I walked around in that Vienna setting – maybe some kind of fair? - that young man – no name! – came back … and he was grumpy when he saw me. But then he agreed that he'd spend more time with me.

But by then I was not that interested anymore … I don't remember what it was, but I had to deal with other people, and there were things I had to do and get to.

And all the time I thought … where was Bob, and would he come back.

I woke up.

And I said out loud what I had said in my dream, „Can't you just manifest, Bob, in my mortal world, again …?"

I think back of my Maui life, sometimes, especially now that I saw images of a real-action version of the „Moana" films is being shot in Hawaii with Dwayne Johnson as Maui …

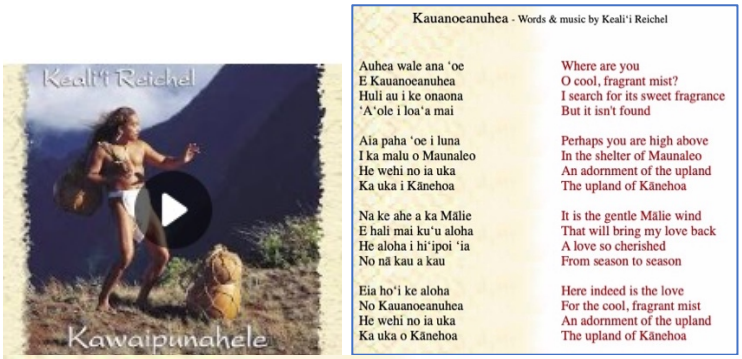
Oh OH OH!

I had already almost forgotten: Last night, I had woken up in the early morning – speaking the lyrics of a **Hawaiian song** – in my dream but also in the wake state! I spoke the words that I had not thought about in many many years … it was before I even knew Bob that I had known that Hawaiian song …

And there were the lyrics, and of course I remembered the song – ENTIRELY!

Auhea wale ana oe,
e Kauanoeanuhea …

Oh so haunting … my life in Hawaii … what has become of me … I could cry right now …


Kauanoeanuhea - Words & music by Keali'i Reichel
Auhea wale ana 'oe
E Kauanoeanuhea
Huli au i ke onaona
'A'ole i loa'a mai
Where are you
O cool, fragrant mist?
I search for its sweet fragrance
But it isn't found
Aia paha 'oe i luna
I ka malu o Maunaleo
He wehi no ia uka
Ka uka i Kānehoa
Perhaps you are high above
In the shelter of Maunaleo
An adornment of the upland
The upland of Kānehoa
Nā ke ahe a ka Mālie
E hali mai ku'u aloha
He aloha i hi'ipoi 'ia
No nā kau a kau
It is the gentle Mālie wind
That will bring my love back
A love so cherished
From season to season
Eia ho'i ke aloha
No Kauanoeanuhea
He wehi no ia uka
Ka uka o Kānehoa
Here indeed is the love
For the cool, fragrant mist
An adornment of the upland
The upland of Kānehoa
Keali'i Reichel
Kawaipunahele

Auhea wale ana 'oe — Where are you
E Kauanoeanuhea — O cool, fragrant mist?
Huli au i ke onaona — I search for its sweet fragrance
'A'ole i loa'a mai — But it isn't found

When I woke up and realized that that song was in my mind … I was so baffled, that I can still feel that strange tingling of that.

Why in the world did a Hawaiian song appear in my subconscious? What was the message?

And the today – Bob, so clear and nice like in the early days of our relationship.

Is that meant to be some kind of cheer-up in the horrible, horrible situation with my insane hateful „father"?

I sure hope so.

Yesterday I saw the license plate number **„222 BS"**, yes, „Bob Stone" at our beloved address „Haulani Street 222".

Those were the days. I feel so sad. So often.

Except in tonight's dream. There I was happy again.

(Later)

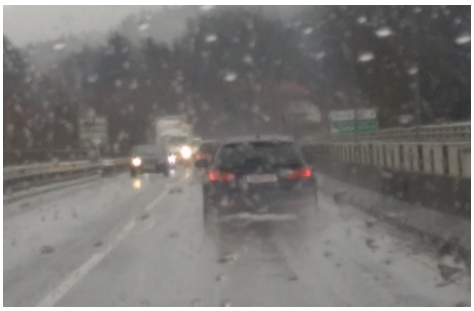
Oh wow. I had my mother over for dinner, and I wanted to show to her how **Artificial Intelligence** *draws the perfect woman and – the perfect man.* And there it was: THIS is the **„handsome young man"** *from my dream!*

That is him!

We are on, Bob, we are.

January 28, 2025 – **910 BS**

The license plate „directly from Bob“: I saw today „910 BS“. Seriously. Just couldn’t catch it with my phone while driving.



9/10 – my last day with **Bob Stone** the mortal.

January 31, 2024 – **As above so below** by automatic screenimage chooser

February 2, 2025

I just have to add this, because it struck me so painfully (regarding what is going on with my hateful evil father).

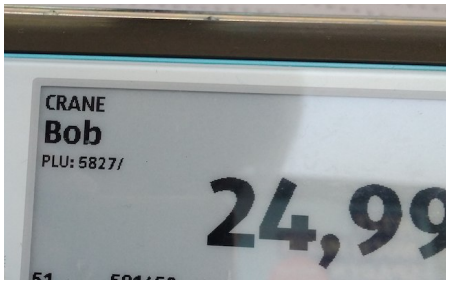
„… born with half a soul“ … it just sounds so so so „sick“ and „broken“ the way my father is. But of course, it has to not be taken literally, the soul is always whole. „… half“ can be a „human mind“. My father is barely human, as far as I can tell now … his only interest is to hurt and disrespect and insult and hurt some more … disgusting. Sad. Unbearable. Outwardly a very old man who has a hard time walking and even breathing … but alone with him, I am yelled at, threatened, ridiculed and insulted.

February 3, 2025 – **The Bob-Penis-Device**

Oh my.

There I have been asking Bob to give me a sign that he is still watching and accessible – and there it was – at the Hofer store close to where I live: ***A „penis“ by the name of „Bob“.***

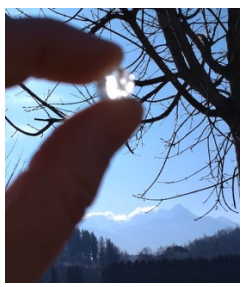
And as you know, Bob's penis was the reason why he had to die … aside from his attitude and personality. But Bob and his penis … my life's main drama, and there it was – with price:

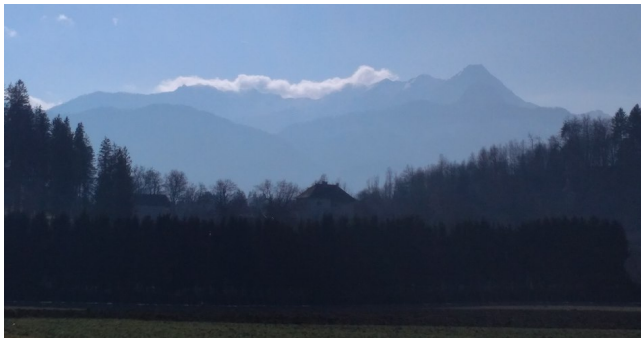


And just yesterday, this appeared on the evening horizon – like a glimpse into another realm:

February 7, 2025
A tree on fire … I looked up, and the scenery was just like this, I did not adjust my position:

February 8, 2025
Found an interesting kind of „glass pearl" while walking with my mother at Rosegg … may mean nothing. It only intrigued me, because it was the absolutely only one of its kind in the area. Nothing alike anywhere. Also found a **smiley** two days ago while walking with Sandy … and today, the volcano mountain rim was a lovely sight …

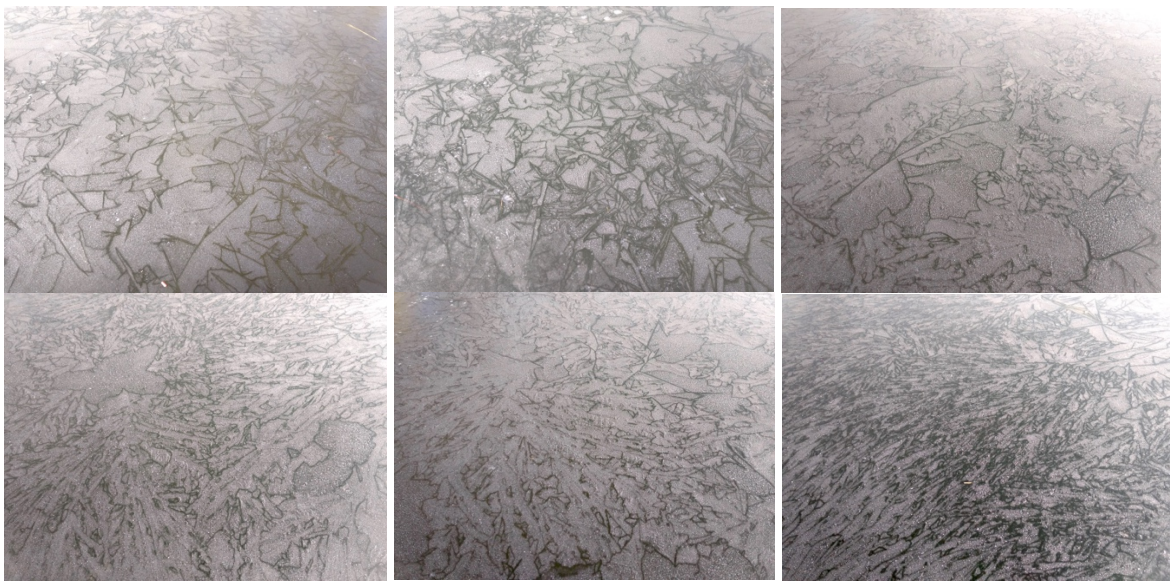




February 9, 2025

So many days not written down … the synchronicities, the dreams, the very very intense hints that Bob is right here with me. Intense feelings of loss and deep grief – again … because of what I am going through with the creature that is my biological father.

I find solace in nature and with my dogs Jacqui and Tino … here the ice on lake Hafnersee:



Two major insights occurred in the last days:

Had I not come to Maui to help Bob, he may have survived. He had a rescue plan in place – the nurse he knew from the Taylor Camp project had sent him high-quality Colloidal Silver, and she had set up an appointment with the best expert surgeon in Honolulu. It was Joyce, Bob's sister, who discovered the emails after Bob had died. He had not told me. He had lied to me till the very end. But I had known about the Colloidal Silver in his hallway, it may have saved him along with the medicine I gave him that did him so good. But I did not know back then the significance of a tumor getting dissolve by the body itself and the resulting danger of blood poisoning. I was so naive. Had Bob told me that he had a tumor, had I asked for a picture way before I had traveled to him – I would have researched everything useful and would have saved him. But he lead me to believe that he had edema. And I „treated" the problem accordingly from afar. He did not tell me that he did confide in John and that nurse just days before I had arrived and that they had in fact tried to help him. So in fact, everything could have been so different back then than I had assumed. Or „seen".

Similar the situation with R, my „father":

Had Edith not been the enabler and empath that she had been, and had she not adopted poor Sandy KNOWING that she was sick and could barely walk, obtaining the permission to get another Beagle dog after the death of Gipsy in exchange for not divorcing my father …

had she not left behind that poor animal force to be at the mercy of the monster that is R – I woul have not been involved with R the way I got to after all, ONLY to save Sandy.

I am sure now that the mysterious breakdown of Sandy shortly after Edith had adopted her, was because R had poisoned the dog – who he hated. After finding all the feces traces and the vomited and pissed on dog's pillows in the basement, I know now for sure that in the 2 years that nobody in the neighborhood had seen Sandy and when my father had told everyone that she was either dead or „could not walk anymore", he had kept her in the basement! For two years.

I pray every day for punishment for him, and for the strength to put up with this evil crazy monster while I take care of Sandy as good as I can.

He insults and verbally abuses me every day to the max, I do NOT want to repeat this here, I have to put it behind me and ignore it … but have noticed how angry and short-fused I have become … this must stop. My mom, at least, is kind of okay, with bouts of dementia, but she is always in a good mood and healthy, thank God.

My retirement is pending, and as soon as this is clarified, I will make decisions. I want to rent a small house somewhere, with a garden, and then … peace.

My father? He pushes me aways in the most violent and hateful way possible, every day, so fine, I will stay away one day.

I have begun to realize how Edith suffered. I really feel so so so sorry for her.

But here I am – doing what I can for Sandy.

Yesterday I discovered a nice trail through a part of the so called „Teufelsgraben"; the „Devil's Gulch", walking Sandy, and the way back lead through the cemetery … and we looked over to the tomb with Edith's name on it.

It kills me that I didn't try to help her … harder when I still could. That I let her push me away too, I should have known that she was a victim, dead scared, brutalized, imprisoned … I did know, in a way. I will never forget her sitting there, an old, fat, desperate woman, the last time I did see her in person, sometime in January 2020. She was about to go for another surgery of her foot. And we were supposed to connect afterwards. She did call me from the hospital and wanted me to come, but I could not make myself …because Bob had died because of visiting a hospital. And I was not able to go there … and it was Corona times.

And when Edith was out – she did not respond to my texts. My God – the way my „father" behaves towards me, like completely insane, violent maniac, that is how I was towards her, too. His brain has been broken since is electricity accident at the age of 14. And ever since, this broken, fucked up brain, has lead that body and forced the soul in it to go the path lead by a fucked up brain.

And here I am. I know now why my childhood was one mush of hatred and screaming and horror … oh my God … what a life story.

My father would harm me, if he could. I see it in his face. He tried to attack me several times. I always keep a very close eye on knives and stuff that is lying around. I can't even

show too much affection for Sandy, because he would try to hurt me by doing something to my dog. I have images of his crazy face … the insanity is clearly visible.

He is not feeling well, recently … I am ashamed of the thoughts that I have, at times. I do not want him to die, but I wish he would be in psychiatric care … for good.

Rewatching „Dexter“ … everytime I hear the jingle, I am right back on Maui … in that small edit room, where we would watch the episodes eating chips with dip … the smells … the tropical warmth and sometimes the rain … the sound of the air conditioning device … the equipment around us … just Bob and me, on the island.

That was me too.

That was my life.

That was my paradise.

And now?

Who am I now?

What to focus on?

I can't make myself work on my screenplay „Sideliners“ … nor on this Contact Diary. My days seem to slide away, filled with dog walking and caring for my mother and the monster that was my biological „father“ … and the … I eat and watch something online to calm my mind.

That is my life now?

I met a kind of nice guy, Max, but it turns out, he has a horrible personal living situation with a woman who hates him and who he hates, and who he does not get out of the house … oh wow! NOW I see it! Bob's situation reflected right back at me! Wow, this is interesting!

The weird thing is that that guy is the ONLY person in many many years who can related to experiences I share with him, and he loves the ocean and wants to live out his days at some place with an ocean … and he spent many years abroad, he is a professional chef. But as a man … not interesting to me. Also since I learned that he has no safe and nice home to go to, because of that woman who is there … I was immediately turned off from even the chance of friendship with Max. I need people with very strong and safe footing in the world. I cannot stand the thought of someone who would not have his shit in order or cannot stand up for himself.

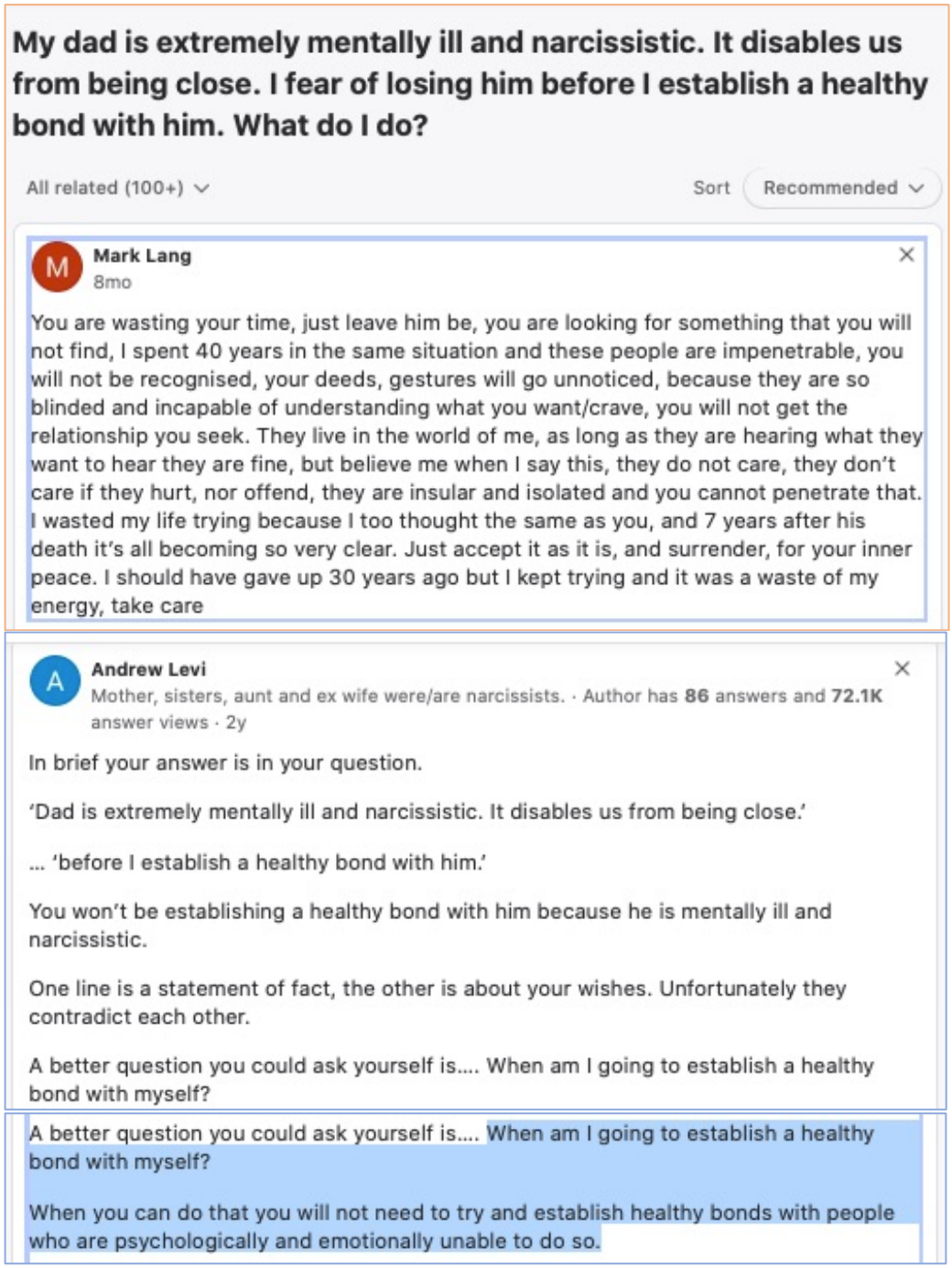
Taking a walk with the dogs and mom at Rosegg (on February 6), I actually found one single **glove** on a **bench**, with the word „**Maximo**“ on it! Max has one special bench up on the meadow in Aich, where the dogs and I go all the time … we used to rest at that bench, now it is often occupied by him … What are the odds?

I see it in my father and in his reactions every day, how much he hates that he cannot control me. Whatever he does to me – I still do what I deem necessary and right. I bring him food, I clean his kitchen, I talk to him, offer help, no matter how much abuse he pours out on me and how much be badmouthes me with everyone.

He is a very sick-brained creature. That is all he is. Too bad, I did not realize this earlier. Like in my early adult days. But back then, there was a drug addict boyfriend, an alcoholic mother and a brother with cancer. I had so much living to do … until I ended up „close“ to my father, forced into this situation by Edith.

Forced, Edith, … thank you very fucking much. But I will not abandon Sandy.

Yes, I get online help … still …



My dad is extremely mentally ill and narcissistic. It disables us from being close. I fear of losing him before I establish a healthy bond with him. What do I do?

All related (100+) Sort Recommended

Mark Lang
8mo

You are wasting your time, just leave him be, you are looking for something that you will not find, I spent 40 years in the same situation and these people are impenetrable, you will not be recognised, your deeds, gestures will go unnoticed, because they are so blinded and incapable of understanding what you want/crave, you will not get the relationship you seek. They live in the world of me, as long as they are hearing what they want to hear they are fine, but believe me when I say this, they do not care, they don't care if they hurt, nor offend, they are insular and isolated and you cannot penetrate that. I wasted my life trying because I too thought the same as you, and 7 years after his death it's all becoming so very clear. Just accept it as it is, and surrender, for your inner peace. I should have gave up 30 years ago but I kept trying and it was a waste of my energy, take care

Andrew Levi
Mother, sisters, aunt and ex wife were/are narcissists. · Author has **86** answers and **72.1K** answer views · 2y

In brief your answer is in your question.

'Dad is extremely mentally ill and narcissistic. It disables us from being close.'

… 'before I establish a healthy bond with him.'

You won't be establishing a healthy bond with him because he is mentally ill and narcissistic.

One line is a statement of fact, the other is about your wishes. Unfortunately they contradict each other.

A better question you could ask yourself is…. When am I going to establish a healthy bond with myself?

A better question you could ask yourself is…. When am I going to establish a healthy bond with myself?

When you can do that you will not need to try and establish healthy bonds with people who are psychologically and emotionally unable to do so.

Speaking from personal experience- I guess that you need to recognize that the inability to form a healthy bond lies within his sickness- it's the nature of his personality disorder. He doesn't have the capacity for healthy bonding. It's not something you can do anything to fix or change- it's not your fault nor your lack of trying or being not good enough- that prevents it...He is an emotional manipulator- a emotionally stunted toddler living in the fantasy construct world that revolves around himself as the only real person of value and is stuck inside a sick, aging grown person's body - you are, and have always been- only a source of his supply...

NPD is his living coping mechanism and irregardless how much feel or desire or fear- you are only a cartoon shadow puppet of supply to him...Nothing you can do- it's not just going to magically go away with age, sickness nor can someone else fix it by trying to do things that show him how much you really love and care for him. He will only see you as another person he can take advantage of and exploit...NPD are absolutely grasping, needy, greedy, desperate and inside miserable- There is no reciprocal exchange between them and anyone else- they are NOT capable of that constancy requirements of having healthy relationship bonding.

you are only a cartoon shadow puppet of supply to him...Nothing you can do- it's not just going to magically go away with age, sickness nor can someone else fix it by trying to do things that show him how much you really love and care for him. He will only see you as another person he can take advantage of and exploit...NPD are absolutely grasping, needy, greedy, desperate and inside miserable- There is no reciprocal exchange between them and anyone else- they are NOT capable of that constancy requirements of having healthy relationship bonding.

I'm sorry- that's the heartbreak of it...I guess the best you can do is reconcile yourself that it's always going to end badly for him and anything you put out there will be used up, not appreciated, nor acknowledged and will be left alone , feeling inadequate, helpless, hurt and bereft from the efforts.

Originally Answered: I just realized that my dad is a narcissist. What can be done about this, or will I never have a healthy relationship with my dad?

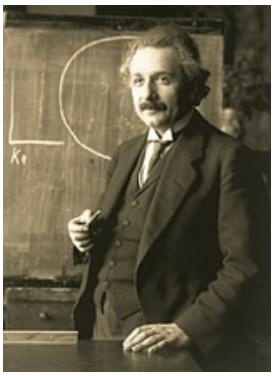
Narcissism is a mental illness. You should read the technical description and actions of a Narcissist to make sure that is what you are dealing with.

There is no psychiatric treatment for this disorder.

Recently saw an image – like directly from the music video Bob and I made many years ago, faking blood … Those were the days.

Found a ***chain made of glass pearls*** while walking with mother and the dogs …

Weird thing:
My father keeps talking about his enlarged Aorta and that he thinks he will die of it instantly, like his neighbor, the doctor did. So one of the last evenings I felt the urge to google **Albert Einstein**, because his name came up in relation to a book I was browsing through again (by Dr. Prof. Oliver Lazar, „Jenseits von Materie“ / „Beyond Matter“) … and there it was: He died of just that, the ***rupture of an aortic aneurism***. What are the odds. Interesting, how the topics that are on our minds show up …



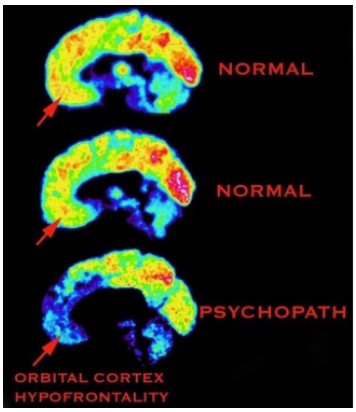
Death

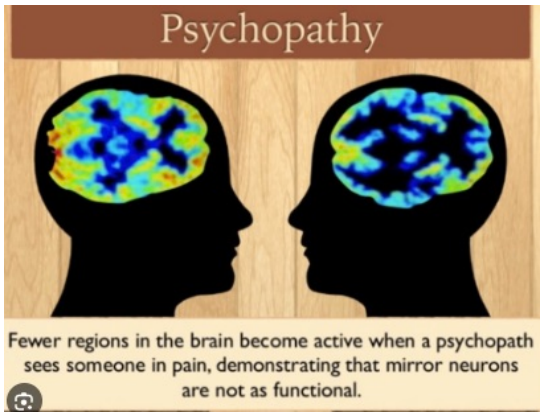
On 17 April 1955, Einstein experienced internal bleeding caused by the rupture of an abdominal aortic aneurysm, which had previously been reinforced surgically by Rudolp

Like the other day … I was having breakfast, and I was doing my daily riddle/puzzle solving routine, and I thought whether or not I should open the balcony door right away for the dogs to be able to sniff out … and just after I had thought that, one word in the puzzle I was doing was „Balkontür“, „balcony door“. Hm.

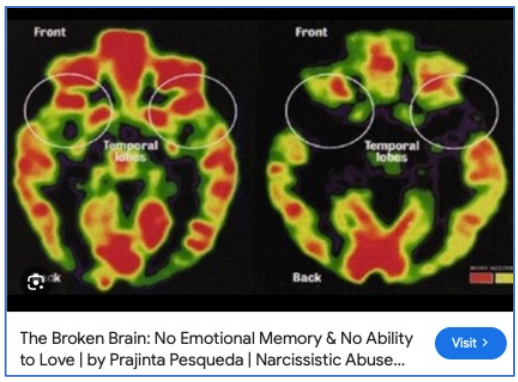
Today … the ice pattern on lake Hafnersee reminded me about how much we, the mortal humans, just do not know in our lifetime … the phase that we have to spend on this playground.

Regarding my father … when I look at him, I now see a soul trapped in a body that is constantly misguided by a **broken brain.**




Psychopathy
Fewer regions in the brain become active when a psychopath sees someone in pain, demonstrating that mirror neurons are not as functional.

… the psycho.



… the narcisst.

Both together – what is left of my „father's" brain?

And yet I feel sorry for him … I have been sneaking into the garden at night several times, to check on him … and he always sits bent over the table … (he also does during the day, mostly, when I come) … and Sandy locked in with him.

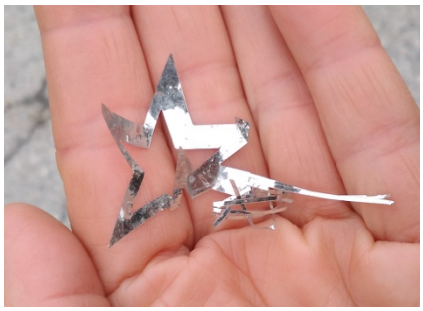
February 12, 2025 – **Ka Lei Lau Hoku & the „Ice" Painting**

Unbelievable, but my father was friendly to me today. (Note: Good one … on the next day he was even more nasty than before … a broken brain is a broken brain is a broken brain.) On a whim I did what I had not done before – after our horrible eklat yesterday, I went to visit him before noon. I found him sitting in front of his coffee, nothing to eat for breakfast in the house anymore … he looked so lost and miserable. So I drove to the Billa store and got him some good breakfast stuff. Then I went for a short walk with Sandy, and when I came back, he was so hungrily and happily eating. We said I'd come back in the afternoon and we'd go shopping. In the meantime, I picked up mom, and took her and the dogs walking to lake Hafnersee and then for scrambled eggs to my place. In the afternoon, father did not feel strong enough to go outside, said he did not want to go anywhere … could not think of anything he'd want to eat, but he was hungry, I could tell. I told him to think about what he wanted me to get and took a walk with Sandy again … but when I got back, he was confused and had gotten again sausages from the freezer.

I drove home, made an apple strudle and brought it to him. Turned out he is often sleeping until close to noon, he told me! Poor Sandy! He said that he did go down and open then door and then go back up to sleep! Geez! What a life.

But this must change, soon. He looks feeble and strange, and his self-pity is probably killing him. Not a positive word, it's always all about how he has no life and noone anymore … it is so hard to handle. Tomorrow another try to go shopping.

I did find something very interesting today … after a long time, a **„chain of stars",** Kaleilauhoku, my Hawaiian name … and then, a **single star**. And I photographed something really interesting …



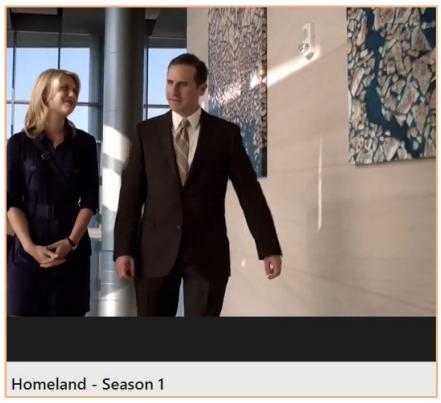
So things are about to change, I have a feeling.

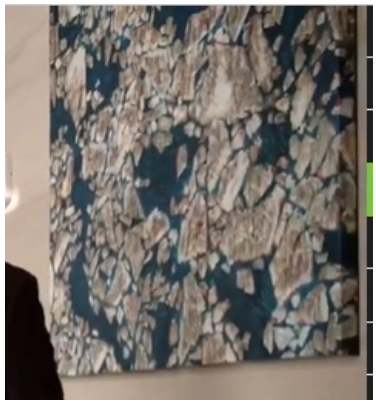
I cannot help my father. I know that he is only „nice“ because he felt weak … but good to know that he spends so much time in bed, does nothing, and his dog is alone in the kitchen.
Wow. Hard to handle.

Also … walking Sandy today along an unusual route – and there it was: a ***pink fur patch*** – exactly like the one I had just washed yesterday.

And why had I washed mine? Because due to the fucking goodness of my heart I took my young obese neighbor to lake Hafnersee for a walk. I know he has a horrible family life with his parents, and his online-girlfriend has cancer … and as soon as he entered my car, I knew it was a mistake – the stench of urine and unwashed person was breathtaking, literally. And after he had left, the pink **fur patch** on the seat where he had sat on was drenched in urine stench. I had to wash it. And that's why it was so baffling to see the exact same patch right after that … as if someone was telling me that they „are along for the ride“ and „see everything“.
Never ever again will anyone from that family enter my car, and no, I will not be available anymore for any tours with me car … they have their own … I will not be anyone's taxi anymore. It is unbelieveable that people stink like that and not notice it. I had to breathe very shallowly to not throw up on the spot. I should have told him to get out … but that might have hurt his fucking feelings. Walking at the lake, he told me sad stories about his situation … well, okay, at least he had a nice hour in fresh air at the lake with us. He is so fat that he cannot close the safety belt – at all. No way.

And then … I am rewatching „***Homeland***“, watched it, when I lived in Griffen, but cannot recall details … I immediately saw a **painting** that totally matches to **photographs of the ice** on lake Hafnersee that I took the day before yesterday.





Had a meeting with a school friend, yesterday … I thought she'd be interested in me, my life, the films, all … but she wanted to talk about a new business venture, wanted me to become a customer … disappointing.
The guy I have been meeting out in nature in Aich, Max, came right towards me today on the path of the morning route I take with the dogs … thank God I was already in the car and

he was walking, I really really do NOT want to associate. He said he had asked his friend M., who I happen to know as an acquaintance, for my phone number and said that he had wanted to ask me for my help with something. It put me off right away totally, because we don't even fucking know each other, and already he wants something from me?

WTF?

No.

I do NOT want any contact with Max. Or anyone who is not totally and utterly into my filmmaking past and future.

Period.

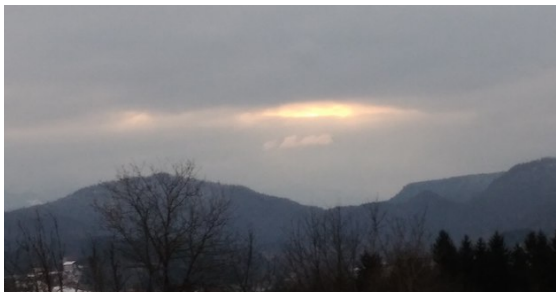
Well, and recently I have been coming across **big stones** like the one in Griffen again here, around Velden … always on new routes I go with Sandy. This one here – next to the entrance of the Jehovah's Witnesses Church building …

February 14, 2025

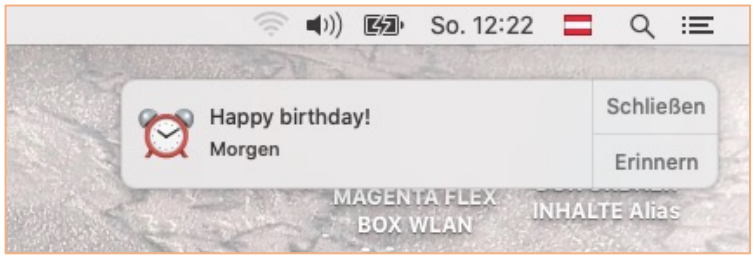
Barely any snow this year … and it snowed at night, so that we can never enjoy a real snowfall day … Took the dogs up to Aich in the fresh white …

February 16, 2025

A „door to heaven" opened during my evening walk with the boys … reminded me that we are in fact inhabiting a material playground, for a time, in order to individualize as the souls that we are.



Also, nice that my Lenovo Laptop cares about my birthday … my parents won't, I am entirley sure.



February 17, 2025

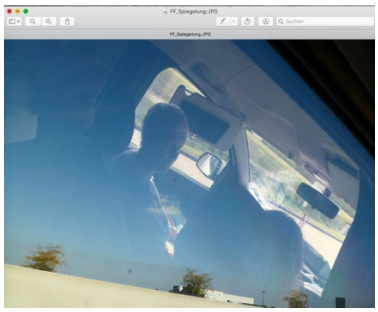
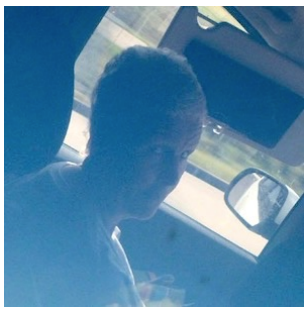
I went 61 times around the sun, yey!

My birthday went by … my father not saying a word, my mother barely acknowledging it … no kiss, no hugging, no gift, just some „maybe we go have dinner some day" from my mother … my father being simply evil and full fledged malignant narcissist …

What did I expect …

I was browsing through the files on an old USB-drive – and there she was: **Fe Fischer,** during one of our rides where I met Jacqui in October 2014. Wow. Fe died in 2018, a few weeks before Bob. I had avoided to get close to her during her life time, there was some strange barrier inside of me … but I did like her so much. I mentioned her several times in previous years (the Griffen days) in this Contact Diary.

(Garlic bread was my birthday dinner. Loved it.)

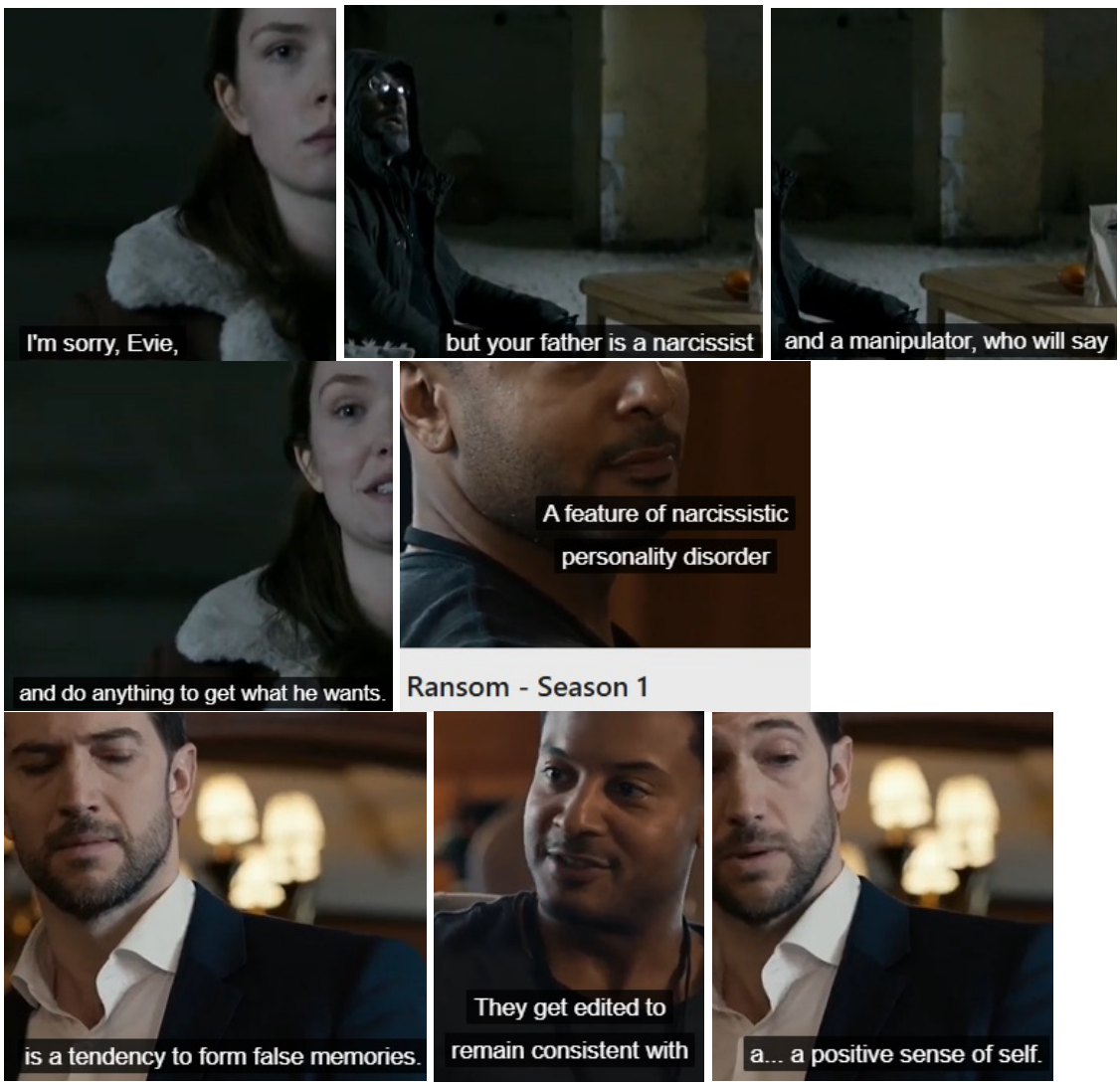



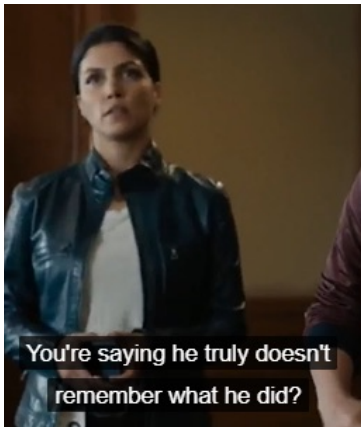
Kinda spooky … it could mean that she is watching how I am trying to save Sandy, or give her something nice for her life. Poor dog – nobody taught her anything, she was my „father's" prisoner after Edith's death … she is confined to a tiny spot in the kitchen, and she had not moved much in the years before I showed up again (as my father allowed me after his call exactly one year ago, on my 60th birthday) … forced by my „father" to lie still ... alone all the time in the kitchen, day and night.

(***Note***: Today, February 24 that I put in those pictures, I brought Sandy home to my apartment for the 2nd time, with Jacqui and Tino here to greet her … she is so shy, she barely dares to move around … but she looks everywhere while not even daring to sit

down … she is a pack dog as a Beagle and yet absolutely insecure in the presence of more „dogs“ … always alone with my insane „father“ … Oh I wish for her to experience some really nice stuff with us in the coming months … I must make that possible for her; I gave her some yogurt as a treat – and the other 2 too, no fighting – and brushed her fur while the other 2 were sitting next to her, watching … and she relaxed a bit, when I sat down with all 3 on the floor … such small things, so unusual for that poor dog girl. Just a few days ago my father said – seriously – that if Sandy was to stay inside days at a time, that would be okay too; he is a fucking sadist; She is so fat, she barely made it up the stares, she cannot lick herself or roll herself or scratch herself … I then left Tino with the neighbor, Ingrid, and I walked back with Sandy and Jacqui; The latter isn't all wild about this, but it works.)

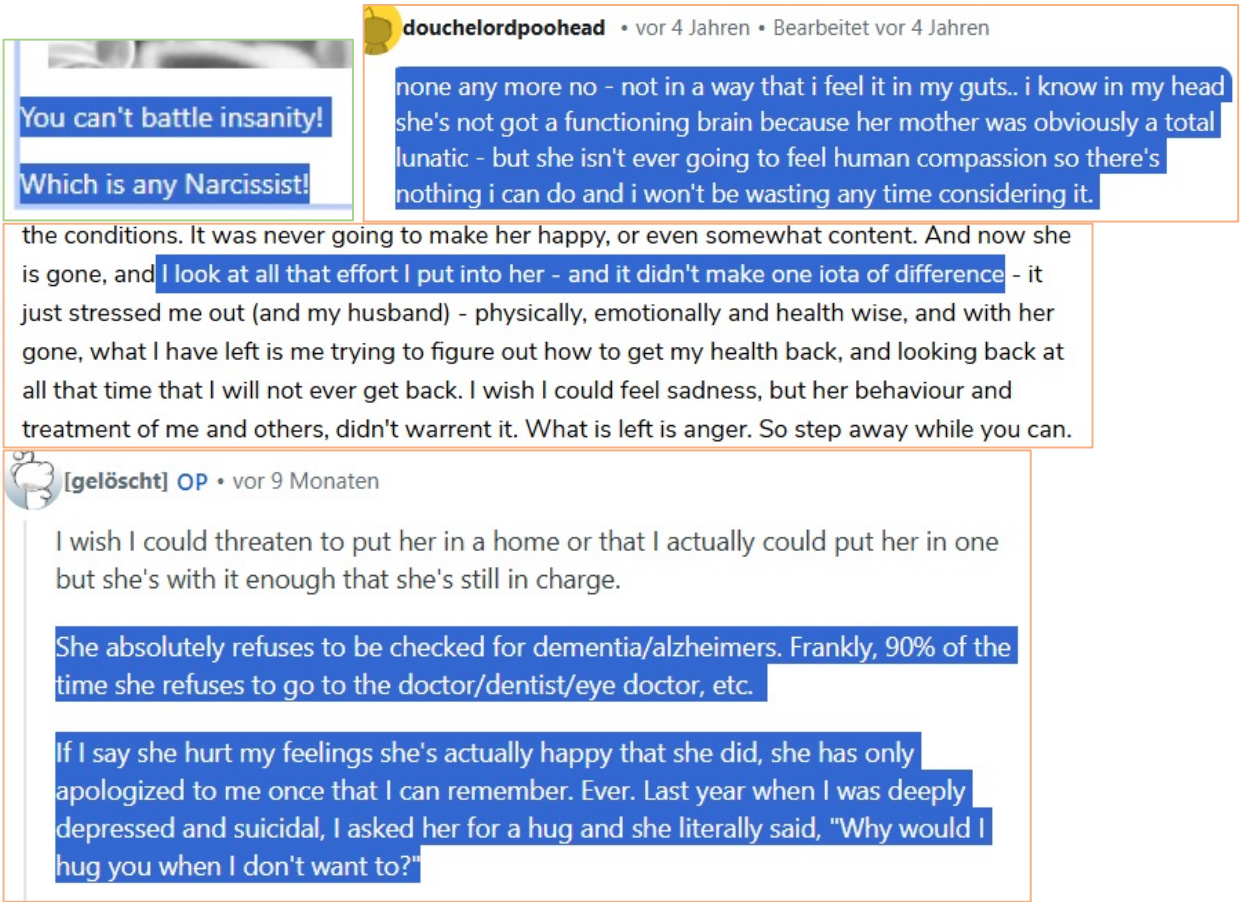
<u>February 18, 2025</u>
In the movies that I watch, narcissism appears too … like in this series „**Ransom**“, for example … baffling me:


I'm sorry, Evie,
but your father is a narcissist
and a manipulator, who will say
and do anything to get what he wants.
A feature of narcissistic
personality disorder
Ransom - Season 1
is a tendency to form false memories.
They get edited to
remain consistent with
a... a positive sense of self.



Oh wow. How real-life-like. And scary to consider.

I can't help but read up at night … every time when my father again gives me the hateful-maniac-treatment … which is always, except when he feels sick … which he does, sometimes. It is indeed scary, to think that this broken brain leads around a body and in it trapped a soul … giving other innocent humans suffering and pain. These people should not be allowed to roam any society.


You can't battle insanity!
Which is any Narcissist!
douchelordpoohead • vor 4 Jahren • Bearbeitet vor 4 Jahren
none any more no - not in a way that i feel it in my guts.. i know in my head she's not got a functioning brain because her mother was obviously a total lunatic - but she isn't ever going to feel human compassion so there's nothing i can do and i won't be wasting any time considering it.
the conditions. It was never going to make her happy, or even somewhat content. And now she is gone, and I look at all that effort I put into her - and it didn't make one iota of difference - it just stressed me out (and my husband) - physically, emotionally and health wise, and with her gone, what I have left is me trying to figure out how to get my health back, and looking back at all that time that I will not ever get back. I wish I could feel sadness, but her behaviour and treatment of me and others, didn't warrent it. What is left is anger. So step away while you can.
[gelöscht] OP • vor 9 Monaten
I wish I could threaten to put her in a home or that I actually could put her in one but she's with it enough that she's still in charge.
She absolutely refuses to be checked for dementia/alzheimers. Frankly, 90% of the time she refuses to go to the doctor/dentist/eye doctor, etc.
If I say she hurt my feelings she's actually happy that she did, she has only apologized to me once that I can remember. Ever. Last year when I was deeply depressed and suicidal, I asked her for a hug and she literally said, "Why would I hug you when I don't want to?"

Ken Heilbrunn
Former Retired Radiologist (1984–2012) · Author has **2.1K** answers and **9.3M** answer views · 4y

Related **What happens when you stand up to a narcissist, such as cussing at them and standing your ground? How does that make them feel towards you?**

Others have answered correctly. I will just add this:

A pwNPD is a leaky, empty shell (low self-esteem, insecurity complex) that the narc tries desperately to fill with reactions from others. Those reactions can be positive or negative. Your "standing your ground" is exactly what he thrives on: confirmation that he exists, that his "shell" is not empty, at least not for now.

Moreover, the instant you "stand your ground," he will pull the rug out from under you. You will be defending yourself (like a maniac) against his counterattacks. You just took on a master samurai swordsman with kitchen knife. You have neither the will nor the skill to "win," for by "playing," you just "lost."

The truth means everything to you. It means absolutely nothing to hm. He will make up the most cockamamy lies about you and you will take the bait by defending yourself. You will be dangling by his hook. He will slander you to your friends with those lies and the "friends" will believe him (flying monkeys).

So what to do? Leave. No words, not even nice words. They too will be held against you. Accept the emotional blackmail and the slander. It is inevitable. Sorry, but there is no way to avoid it or feeling pissed off by it. Put your ego — that thing that wants you to "stand your ground" — on shutdown. Emotions are stronger than reason, but this is one time reason has to take over. Tell you ego to take a long vacation.

No one who has gone through this will tell you otherwise. The pain of this experience will fade but never die, ever. At the same time, you will see healthy people as truly beautiful.

You have a mountain to climb. He, on the other hand, is on a gradual slippery downward slope.

Roger Carroll
Upvoted by Neva Sanchez, B.S./M.Ed Psychology & Biology, Southwestern Oklahoma State University (1991)Author has **1.5K** answers and **11.5M** answer views · 6y

Related **What does it look when a Malignant Narcissist begins to unravel?**

The anger and contempt that has always been hidden right under the surface is no longer 'hidden'. The lies that they have 'denied' now become 'undisputable truths' that welcome 'confrontation'. The rages that used to be 'avoidable by agreement' are no longer 'avoidable'. The 'veiled' or 'subtle' insults, putdowns, and projections not only become openly stated but often become more taunting and boastful as in "yeah, I said/did that, so what are you going to do about it".
They often lose all 'pretense' of 'trying to get along' or 'working things out' and adopt the approach of 'my way or the highway'. Instead of trying to manipulate to 'get their way', they often resort to threats of 'what will happen' if they DON'T 'get their way'. They often assume a 'beat down' approach to whoever they perceive to be the 'cause' of their 'unraveling'.
Their behavior often becomes more erratic to the point of being a 'scary' kind of unpredictable.
Their 'requests' that used to be manipulated by offering 'rewards' seem to become 'demands' manipulated by threats.
The 'gloves are off' and the 'mask' is cast aside as the concessions and behaviors that would once 'appease' them into putting the mask back on no longer work.
Past 'friends' become bitter enemies and past enemies become 'friends' and each person's 'status' with them can change without notice or noticeable 'cause'.
Everything and anything that is not in TOTAL admiration of, awe of, or fear of THEM is perceived as 'punishable' slight.
They have been 'victimized' by being prevented from 'winning' and everybody around them is usually faced with hell to pay or 'helping' them get what they want to prevent further 'unraveling'.

Always had the Power
Studied Personality Disorders · Author has **151** answers and **2.6M** answer views · 4y ·

Related **What does it look when a Malignant Narcissist begins to unravel?**

No longer pretending to be your friend or have your best interests at heart it has now become a battle of titanic proportions. Eggshells of the past were a comfort zone compared to this as you honestly fear for your life now , the hate you feel is palpable, the contempt burns and words of detest are aimed as arrows upon your heart .

Taylor Ann
Dating narcissist, domestic violence, etc. · Author has **376** answers and **385.4K** answer views · 5y

Related **Why would a narcissist act like you wronged them if you didn't?**

You wronged them by saying "No."

You wronged them by standing up for yourself.

You wronged them for not saying "please" or "thank you."

You wronged them when you did not ask "nicely."

You wronged them for telling them no when you didn't feel like having sex.

You wronged them for embarrassing them.

You wronged them for asking them for help.

You wronged them for not doing what they asked, when they asked it.

You wronged them for not doing anything the right way, their way.

You wronged them for not being the perfect robot.

You wronged them for catching them in a lie.

You wronged them for making them feel stupid and inferior because you had more knowledge than them in a subject.

They don't take responsibility for any wrongdoing. They only know to manipulate, twist things around, deceive, lie, project, blame, and accuse anyone and everything that brings to light that they were wrong, did wrong, etc. Though they'll say they are never wrong, deep down in their core, they know what is wrong and what is right. They just prefer living in denial of ever doing it because they don't want to live with the consequences and take responsibility for anything. They would rather shift it and project it on someone else.

No one who has gone through this will tell you otherwise. The pain of this experience will fade but never die, ever. At the same time, you will see healthy people as truly beautiful.

Narcissists will confuse you and then insult you for being confused.
They will drive you insane and then tell you that you are crazy.
They will provoke and harass you and then shame you for getting angry.
They create the scenarios that they use to convince you that something is wrong with you when the only thing wrong with you is them.
@lookingbehindthemirror

Mental Debate: Narcissism

Answered by Amarys Romero · Author has **404** answers and **1.3M** answer views · Oct 14

Listen to me:

The most important thing you can put in the front of your mind is that the problem with your parent(s) is NOT about you. The problem is that your parent has a disordered personality that is structured in such a way that they NEED someone to take out their self-hating feelings on. The role of the person that they do this to the most is called 'the scapegoat.' child.

Education Science Research

Studied at Psychology · Author has **91** answers and **58.9K** answer views · 2y

It definitely does happen because the law of sowing and reaping applies. An individual cannot get away with causing so much distrust in an individuals life without it not affecting their own. It doesn't work that way. One does not get to try to destroy another individual life without it not affecting their own.

I can only imagine what is going on in a narcissist life when they try to destroy another persons life. When they caused so much harm in another persons life.

When they do things that are so hurtful and so harmful and so unnecessary.

It must reap a heap load of disturbance in their own life.
Because the law of sowing and reaping is something that is a natural consequence in this life.

People do not get away with causing so much hurt like I said before.

I firmly believe in this Bible verse

Galatians 6:7-8

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. 8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

Brandon Ward

Masters in counseling from East Central University (Graduated 2015) · 3y

Related **Is a narcissist generally not self-aware? Or do they realise how they make people feel, but don't care?**

Yes. They are aware. If they didn't think they were wrong they would be open and honest. No gas lighting or secretly having a side piece. When the big final discard happens (if you can track them through their ghosting tatics) , then they will tell you straight out they are a horrible person just to avoid arguing. My ex covert narc told me flat out " I know I'm a cold hearted bitch".

They do it because they feel entitled. If you mistreat your dog or forget to feed it or take it for walks, do you apologize to your dog or give it extra time or a treat to make up for the neglect? No you don't. Your dog is all the more happy when you come home. Do you feel guilty? No. You are superior to your pet.

To a narcissist you are a pet, a toy, their property. They care enough about their image to not appear so cruel because if people knew how heartless and cruel they are then that will hinder future supply , as people tend to avoid evil.

Nothing is sacred to them because they feel superior to mortal humans. They are immune to future consequences. Things like marriage is nothing more than a piece of paper. They are above their spouse, the person they have an affair with, and the other person's spouse.

In reality you are not a pet. You deserve a healthy life in a relationship with Mutual respect. The truth of them will eventually surface. People will pickup on ther pattern. The law of the harvest exists. We reap what we sow. Read 2 Timothy chapter 3. Cut them off before they cause you more damage and let God handle them, but you have to get out of his way.

February 21, 2025

Taking walks at Hafnersee lake with my boy is giving me joy and peace. I dread the summer when everything will be full with people and dogs …

Oh so hard, everything. I have to read up on how to deal with malignant narcissists most nights to comfort myself … because the way he behaves is outright insane, but „normal“ for broken brains like his … but one must know that this is a fucked up organ leading the whole body and the soul in it … I cannot stand this much longer.

How do I know? Because believe it or not – because my father is unbearably toxic, my liver is acting up! Seriously … I noticed the weirdest stench in my breath, sweat, urine and poop … and it is called „fetid liver stench“ (fetor hepaticus) … when the liver is having trouble processing the toxins. And I eat absolutely healthy, am in fresh air a lot and do not smoke or drink any alcohol. My liver is telling me that I must urgently get away from the poison my father is pouring over me every day … It sure involves my pancreas and my stomach … as the stench occurs immediately after I started eating something … so maybe it is rather a stomach ulcer, I am thinking as I am writing this down? Can be, too. But in any event – I must heal it. With oatmeal and milk thistle and red beet juice.

I had to take a day off today … from being confronted with him … poor Sandy, but I went there every day to go for a walk with the poor animal … and I went shopping for my father, brought him food … he is not feeling well, but he is aggressive and mean to me as fuck.

Plus the ultimate betrayal again by CH … I don't go into details, but the damage she has done to my trust and our „relationship“ is beyond repair. I despise of her now. She is a manipulative liar … but wait! I know that I am attracting narcissists, so … why am I even surprised?

But things must change. I have bought liver-cleansing and stomach-aiding juices and essences for me … and it will be better. My two loves Jacqui and Tino are my bright lights – and I do love Sandy, and I wish so much she could be with us. I need to find a house to rent and live in. Soon.

I have managed to work a bit, just a few hours and pages, on my script „Mothership“; and I did enter „Hulihuli Moon“ to a comedy script competition of ISA (International Screenwriters Association).

So there. I am doing things for myself. And I told CH all I think about her. Brr. What a loser and conniving lying bitch.

I did find interesting things, too … and I saw nature remind me that „behind“ it all – there is another realm. And look at the mushrooms on that tree at lake Hafnersee.

February 23, 2025, Sunday – **Clams synchronicity**

Strange synchronicities happening … but I am so stressed a lot of the time that I cannot take note or write down in time … same for dreams. The situation with my father weakens me, and I must fight to keep myself up and healthy. Now his body is displaying signs of decline, and his angry broken insane brain cannot keep up. He was happy for me to come and bring him food today … I found him at the cemetery, quite desperate, as he had no lighter for the candles with him … we had not appointment there, but I drove looking for him when he was not home and Sandy locked inside the kitchen. I took Jacqui and Tino with me today for her to have some fun … but she is so sad and slow … aways hoping for me to take her with me for a walk … but today I could not, I did not feel strong enough myself.

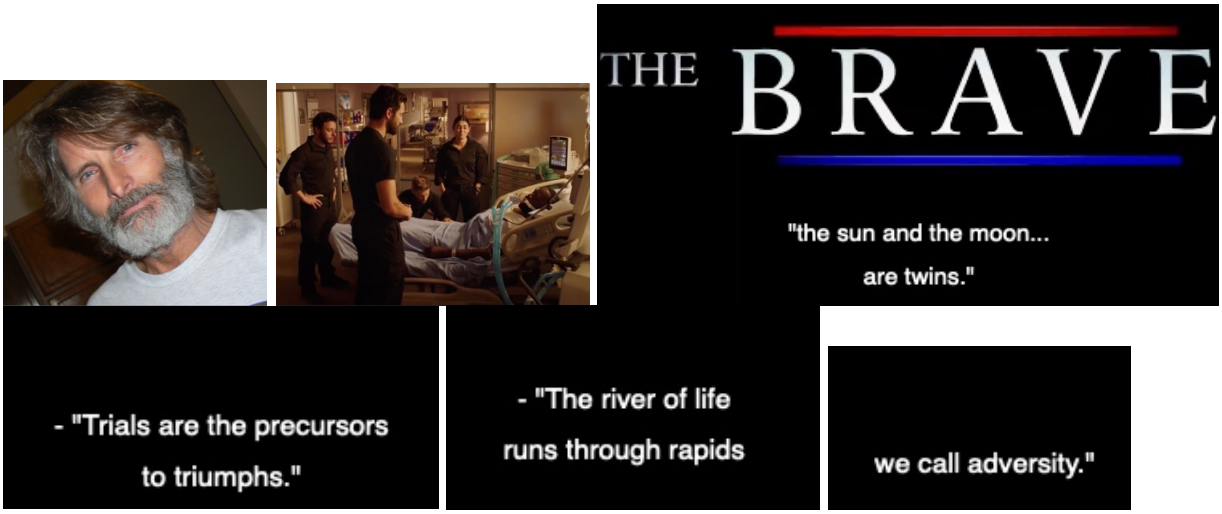
Esme Shelby
INFJ,Raising NPD Awareness,A Peaky Blinder,Metro Detroit,MI · 4y

Related **Does malignant narcissist get worse with age?**

Most definitely! As A malignant narc ages they become ***MUCH WORSE***, bitter, resentful and evil. Their manipulation tactics are more refined and become more deceptive. They reveal more of the grotesque and evil side of themselves, while at the same time becoming more insidious and cunning. They become more inhumane and delusional as time goes by. As they age they become full blown delusional and are absolutely estranged from truth and facts... They become totally engulfed in fantasy and will shoot down the truth at every turn! They become extremely needy and will constantly need more and more narcissistic supply at every turn in order to fill that black hole or void inside of themselves that can never be filled! One analogy I will use to illustrate this void is: it's like trying to put gasoline into a car while there's a hole in your gas line. The more you attempt to pour the gasoline into the tank,the more you waste it, and it spills out onto the pavement because of the hole in your gasoline line. That is a demonstration of how narcissistic supply correlates with the narcissist and particularly with the malignant narcissist, especially as they need more and more narcissistic supply as time progresses. Malignant narcissists are very dangerous individuals no matter their ages, very sadistic and cruel, but even more so when they get older... More so because people look upon aging as time of toning down, mellowing out, and becoming a better version of yourself. Malignant narcissists don't tone down or mellow out, they never ever become a better version of themselves!.. They use aging as a cloak to hide their evil and deception. Malignant narcissists are much worse than your garden variety narc due to having ASPD (Antisocial Personality Disorder) coupled with NPD, which mean's they have two Cluster B personality disorders at play in one body. I don't even classify these individuals as human due to the absolutely demonic, evil, cruel things they engage in... Unfortunately as they get older and these dual personality disorders that I just named are at play within this person, the person only becomes more amoral, unethical, deluded, strange, duplicitous, obsessive, deceptive, annoying and attention seeking, childish due to a low emotional quotient (EQ), the chronic boredom they suffer from gets worse so they go out and create more drama as a way to cure the boredom, vicious, hateful, deranged, unhinged, unstable, and a lot more ***PARANOID*** as they age... Much more bitter and cruel!.. Much more this and much more that and etc! So as they get older the only

So back home I ate the cake pieces that Gabi gave me – advance „payment“ for me driving her to the dentist again, on the coming Wednesday … and then I felt like googling the mating of sharks, no idea why I did that … but then, weirdly, I saw an article about ***Jacob's Clams*** in Norway, and I google those as I wanted to see what they look like … and then, as I watched the last episode of the series I have been watching for the last three days, „**The Brave**“ (kind of okay, very much unbelieveable and implausible, but with interesting characters“ … and the last song's words were: „***The sun and the moon are twins***“ … and I have been so so much in „conversations“ with Bob in the last days … And the text goes on … and it makes me cry, because I am so sad about who I had to become to be able to survive this whole last year. But like a character said in a different movie: „Any act can be an act of love.“ Even if it means hurting someone … because maybe sometimes one has to hurt the body to help the soul that is trapped inside of it.

I happened upon a **picture of Bob directly looking at me** … fuck, those were the days.



Yeah no shit.

Like … how much have I tried to „save“ CH … and how disappointed have I been when I found out again and again and again that she had been lying and conniving. And now I will not forgive her anymore, and I will not hinder her final demise. Maybe me backing off will get her to recover and survive for a little while longer – as the true being she could be. Maybe my father's wrecked evil brain will slow down and become weak and let his soul shine through in the end. That is my hope.

He was kind of mild and mellow today. Strangely. Compared to the evil toxic maniac he normally is … he says he feels sick … and he hurt his hip in the night but won't let me get a doctor … well … I can only watch and wait.

That image of Bob pains me … on „The Brave“ the island of „Kauai“ was mentioned of all places last night … it hit me so deep, as that was the plays I traveled to all the time way before I even knew Bob. I have been thinking of Serge Kahili King a lot in the last months …. How strange it would be if he should pass on = die and I would be still a mortal and alive and know that he is there now and knows everything about me … and how much he missed out on the opportunity to really support and further me …

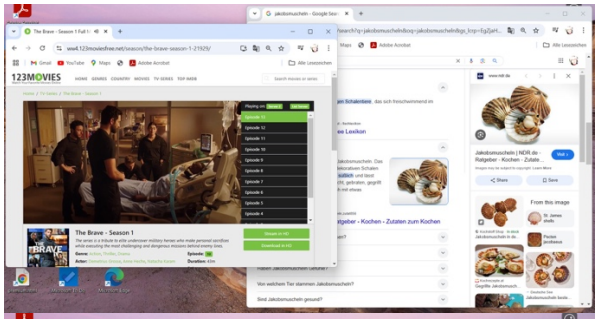
Well, the one taking the photo of Bob … that was me back then … (And I will have to watch that video of Bob eventually, don't I …) I did live on Maui with Bob once upon a time, for real … I was a filmmaker … all kinds of stuff I experienced and did … and today, it all shrunk or imploded to the ridiculous life I have now … or is it big, is it necessary … what I am doing with and for my parents? Who never gave a fuck about me in my adult life and not

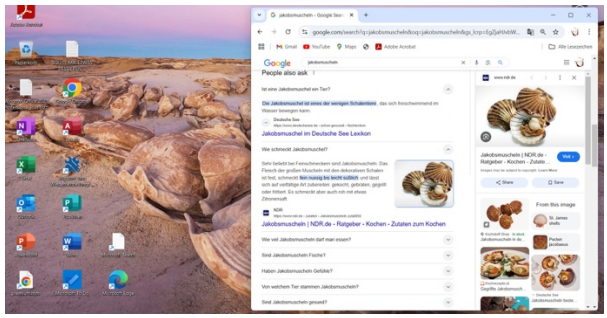
much when I was a teenager … those two narcissist monsters? Not their fault, I know. And there is the soul inside of each of them.

But their broken brain have been leading their bodies onto paths of cruelty and ignorance, and I was on the receiving end … and now, they have no insight in that, in their doings, so I will the fuck NEVER get any satisfaction through them apologizing and changing … never will they, because they have NEVER seen me and the world and themselves like I did.

Oh fuck the human condition.

And then … wow, I clicked the movie window closed, when it was over … and there it was: Google had just pulled out an automated image change on my Lenovo … and it displayed that wondrous landscape that looked like a whole lot of – **clams**!





The clams that I had just googled – WITHOUT seeing the imagery beneath.

I feel so desolate, so often. I get so angry at my little dog Tino that I must discipline myself very tightly … when he licks the piss off everything when we walk and does the strange „tasting“ thing with his fucking little dog mouth, thrilling his tongue between his teeth … I don't know why this upsets me so much … it should not, but it triggers violent reactions in me. This should not happen. He is so innocent, but I go crazy when I see it.

Can't get the sight of poor Sandy out of my head, the way she looked after us when we left …

Well I will see her again tomorrow … and perhaps this coming week is going to be the time when I will have to call a doctor for my father. No matter how much he rages. He is deadscared to be brought to a hospital and never getting home again. Well … he will get home again, for sure, but before that he would have to stay in some care for a time, that's for sure too.

February 24, 2025 – **Aloha & Toes in the Sand**

I have a hard time with my mom, since she seems not to notice in what horrible shape her unwashed hair mostly is … and how she stinks of sweat in the shirt she wears for weeks … when I say something, she immediately turns belligerent – and I am SO tired of being accused and cursed and yelled at. She lies in front of the TV the whole day, barely ever eats her meals on wheels, I must see to that … would not take a walk on her own, must always be motivated … Jesus Christ, I do not want 80 years old aggressive stubborn kids! My „parents“

do not give a shit about me – it someone else would do for them what I do, they would not even have one thought for or about me. It would not have occured to my mother to buy me at least some sweets for my birthday … and my father did not mention it at all. And I am with him every fucking day – he is so forgetful. And evil. And yet – I do know that they are using me. But not much longer. I want to move away.

„Aloha“ for me … oh shit. I just started watching „**CSI**“, which I have never before, but I saw that Ted Danson is in it from season 12 on, and so I switched on the premiere … and immediately, someone greeted someone else with **„Aloha!**“, because they had been in Hawaii for a holiday. Go figure. Rewatched it … even „Toes in the Sand“ was there … Geez, what a greeting from Bob. The song by Steve Zuwala that Bob loved so much actually goes ***like „I got my toes in the sand, a cool drink in my hand, watching sunset on Polo beach“*** (that's where Steve lived back then, between Kihei and Makena on Maui, at Polo beach … fuck, those were the days …)

I'm in Hawaii,
toes in the sand,
drink in my hand.
And I won't be looking at bugs.
Aloha, stranger.
Aloha.
- Did you have a good training session?
- Yeah, you know, three weeks
of sand, surf and scarabs.

But strangely … the woman said „Aloha“ to the wrong guy! Because the one who had been in Hawaii, had just left! And the other mentioned „scarabs“ … so this sounds more like Egypt?

Plus … wow, my digestive system is weird. Haven't had diarrhear like that in … decades. (Note March 4: It would become dangerously … let's say „wrong“, but I fixed it.)

Common spiritual interpretations of diarrhea

From a spiritual standpoint, diarrhea is often viewed as a form of **release**. This release isn't just physical; it's believed to encompass emotional and spiritual aspects as well. Some interpret diarrhea as:

- A sign of **letting go** of negative emotions or experiences
- A process of **cleansing** emotional toxins
- An indicator of **spiritual transformation** or growth

The concept of energetic purging is central to understanding diarrhea's spiritual significance. This perspective suggests that diarrhea can be a way for the body to **rid itself of negative energy** or **emotional blockages**.

Spiritual Perspectives on Diarrhea Across Cultures
Traditional Chinese Medicine: Imbalance in the Wood element, related to anger and frustration
Ayurveda: Excess Pitta dosha, associated with transformation and metabolism

Emotional stress can manifest as physical symptoms through various pathways in our body. The gut, often called our "second brain," is particularly sensitive to emotional states. This sensitivity is due to the **gut-brain axis**, a bidirectional communication system between our digestive tract and our central nervous system.

When we experience strong emotions or stress, our body can react with digestive disturbances, including diarrhea. This reaction is part of our body's **fight-or-flight response**, which can alter gut motility and secretion.

Common emotional triggers for diarrhea include:

- Anxiety and fear
- Unresolved anger
- Overwhelming stress
- Grief and loss

Understanding these triggers can help us address the root causes of our digestive issues. By recognizing the emotional components of our physical symptoms, we can take a more holistic approach to healing.

- Visualization exercises focusing on the colors red (root chakra) and orange (sacral chakra)
- Affirmations for chakra healing, such as "I am safe and secure" for the root chakra
- Crystal therapy using stones like red jasper or carnelian

The process of emotional release through diarrhea

In some spiritual traditions, diarrhea is viewed as the body's way of **releasing pent-up emotions** or negative energy. This process of release, while uncomfortable, is seen as a necessary part of emotional and spiritual healing.

Understanding this perspective can help reframe the experience of diarrhea from a purely negative one to a potentially transformative process. It's important to approach this idea with an open mind while still addressing the physical symptoms appropriately.

Signs that diarrhea might be part of a spiritual cleansing process include:

- Sudden onset after emotionally charged events
- Feelings of lightness or relief following the episode
- Increased intuition or spiritual awareness
- Synchronicities or meaningful coincidences in life

And more the next day … just most days I read up on how other people deal with narcissists and what those are realy about.

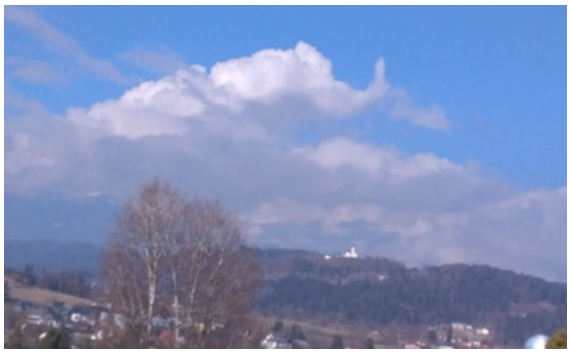
You may be criticized and judged for your weaknesses, and put down and dismissed for your strengths. Your reality as a worthy person is obliterated, and your sense of self cancelled. This can be unnerving, awful, and crazy-making. It can create a sense of helplessness: "What can I do to make this person happy? It seems like my simply breathing is a problem." True. You are turned into an object that is scorned regardless of what you do. You exist only in reference to the narcissist's projection of what they are feeling at the time. This is nothing you can control. Their accusations and blaming are a substitute for their own self-examination. You become trapped behind this thick layer of projection and may not understand why. You become the garbage can for their projections of ill feelings towards themselves.

of what you do. You exist only in reference to the narcissist's projection of what they are feeling at the time. This is nothing you can control. Their accusations and blaming are a substitute for their own self-examination. You become trapped behind this thick

This envy causes trauma and loss for the envied one. It feels objectifying. It causes the envied to experience crippling self-doubt and wonder what is wrong with them. Many adult children of narcissistic parents report that they can't give themselves credit, and feel they have to play themselves down with their families or loved ones. They don't dare to be their authentic selves because it brings scorn and disapproval.

feel they have to play themselves down with their families or loved ones. They don't dare to be their authentic selves because it brings scorn and disapproval.

Wait, is this cloud giving me the finger?



February 25, 2025

Found a strange cap of something … saying **„I Don't Have an Attitude Problem, it's Supposed to be this way".** Huh.

February 28, 2025

Took Sandy on a new route … and there was that car with the license plate number that I have been seeing around … „**910 EC**" … I „read", „910 is right here", „EC" reads as „ici", French for here.

And I fed a lonely insect. Too early for insects out there.

And, why did I find a leftover clove of **garlic** in the forest? No other veggies around, just this?! And that amazing cloud … like trying to spread ist wings.

March 1, 2025 – **The Saint, Raspberries and the 10-Euros-Bill**

Oh something miraculous happened.

I took Sandy on a walk along an unusual route … and sure enough, there it was: A pendant with the image of a saint, **St. Antonius**, patron of bakers, miners, travelers, women, children, horses and donkeys.

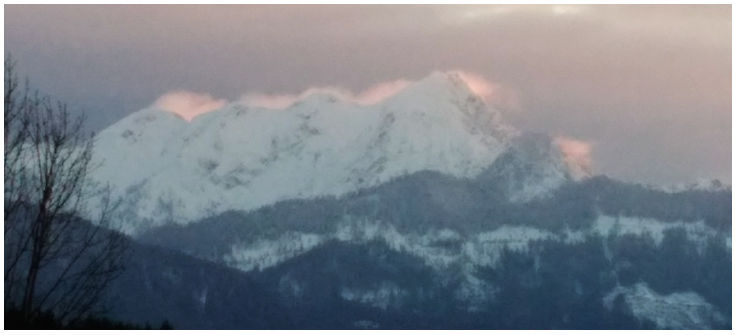
We walked on … and in the forest I came across an **empty plastic container for raspberries** that I had seen before, but left there in the forest, thinking someone else will pick it up … I walked by, but then returned and took it with me, threw it in the next garbage can. Just a few steps later – I suddenly saw a receipt on the forest path, and there were only a few items on it, among them – raspberries! And right next to it was – a 10-Euro-bill. I thought, „Wow, I am thanked for picking up the raspberry container trash!“

So I walked on – and there was a piece of an upside down piece of paper with something written on it that I had seen, walking Jacqui and Tino, just a night before. This time I picked it up – and there was a name written on it: „Hannes“. That is the name of my dead uncle Hansi. And I found a „Cannabis“ lighter.

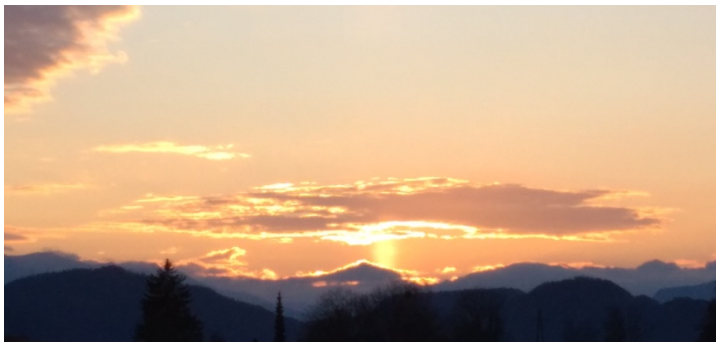
Oh wow. I try to think about my just freshly dead uncle (November 9 last year) now and then … but it feels like my mind is just so … exhausted … I have a hard time focusing … or picking themes for my brain to deal with. Working on my Contact Diary and sometimes a bit on my screenplay „Mothership“ is about as much „me“ I can muster these days. The rest is emotional self-defense (against my parents while I have to care for them) and care for my dogs (including Sandy, while I always have the feeling I do not give them enough love and time) – and I never have the feeling that I have „arrived“ … anywhere.

I also took a walk with mom and the boys at Rosegg … and the heavy amazing cloud truly reflected the feeling I have a lot of times when I know I must again face my „father“ … that sick brain … the heaviness of its hatred:

Also … the mountain glow was amazing.

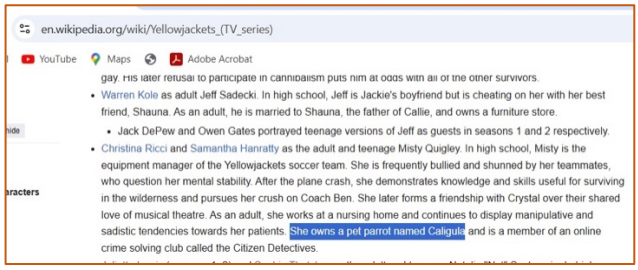


And then – driving back from Aich with the boys:



(Later)

Weird thing … I googled „Yellowjackets“ for the real-life aspects of the series (which I cannot watch, don't like it at all), and on Wikipedia there it was: Someone owned a parrot named „**Caligula**“ … and I wrote a series („Serafina“) where the main character owns a parrot named „Caligula“. Hm. My writing career is supposed to … happen?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Maps
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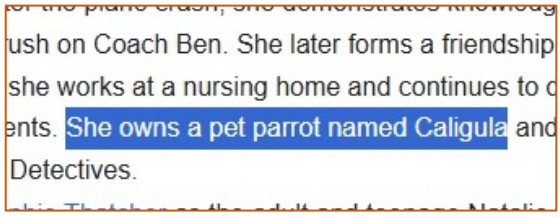
gay. His later refusal to participate in cannibalism puts him at odds with all of the other survivors.
Warren Kole as adult Jeff Sadecki. In high school, Jeff is Jackie's boyfriend but is cheating on her with her best friend, Shauna. As an adult, he is married to Shauna, the father of Callie, and owns a furniture store.
Jack DePew and Owen Gates portrayed teenage versions of Jeff as guests in seasons 1 and 2 respectively.
Christina Ricci and Samantha Hanratty as the adult and teenage Misty Quigley. In high school, Misty is the equipment manager of the Yellowjackets soccer team. She is frequently bullied and shunned by her teammates, who question her mental stability. After the plane crash, she demonstrates knowledge and skills useful for surviving in the wilderness and pursues her crush on Coach Ben. She later forms a friendship with Crystal over their shared love of musical theatre. As an adult, she works at a nursing home and continues to display manipulative and sadistic tendencies towards her patients. She owns a pet parrot named Caligula and is a member of an online crime solving club called the Citizen Detectives.

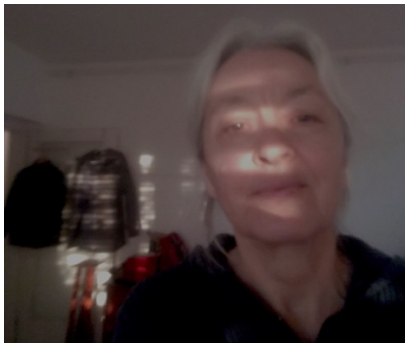

ush on Coach Ben. She later forms a friendship
she works at a nursing home and continues to
ents. She owns a pet parrot named Caligula and
Detectives.

Also … this pattern showed up in the movie „**Ocean's 11“** – JUST after I had looked at a magazine with suitcases with exactly that pattern … that I considered ordering.

Also …

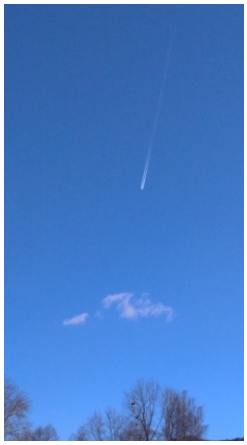
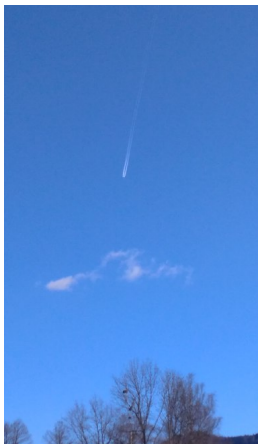
A little later there was a **sunset scene**, and the glow of the last rays of the sun put this golden pattern everywhere, and on Julia Robert's face … and in that exact same moment, the

sunset happened in real life at my place and put the glow on my face too! Just as I was watching the same happening to the character Julia played!



March 2, 2025
Oh look at this fish in the sky! My outings in nature with the dogs are saving my spirit.

Watched a plane … like so many times with Bob … it seemed to „aim“ directly at a bunch of clouds …

Found a scarf … nice one, actually. Yes. Lying there all alone at lake Hafnersee. The first time I saw it I picked it up and hung it on a bench. Next day – I adopted it.

And … read again narcissist-theme blogs at night:

> Stop. Stop with this pattern of thought before it either damages you and you become consumed by vindictive and petty thoughts, or you condemn yourself to a lifetime of false hope that the person who hurt you will one day realise the error of their ways and seek or wish to make amends.

March 4, 2025

Oh wow … I cried today. Because life is so fucking hard … when I have NOBODY to support me. My father is an insane monster, my mother an aloof ignorant evil bitch … the „friends“ I have always need something from me – particularly me driving them somewhere – but they never ever have any interest in who I am or what I am doing.

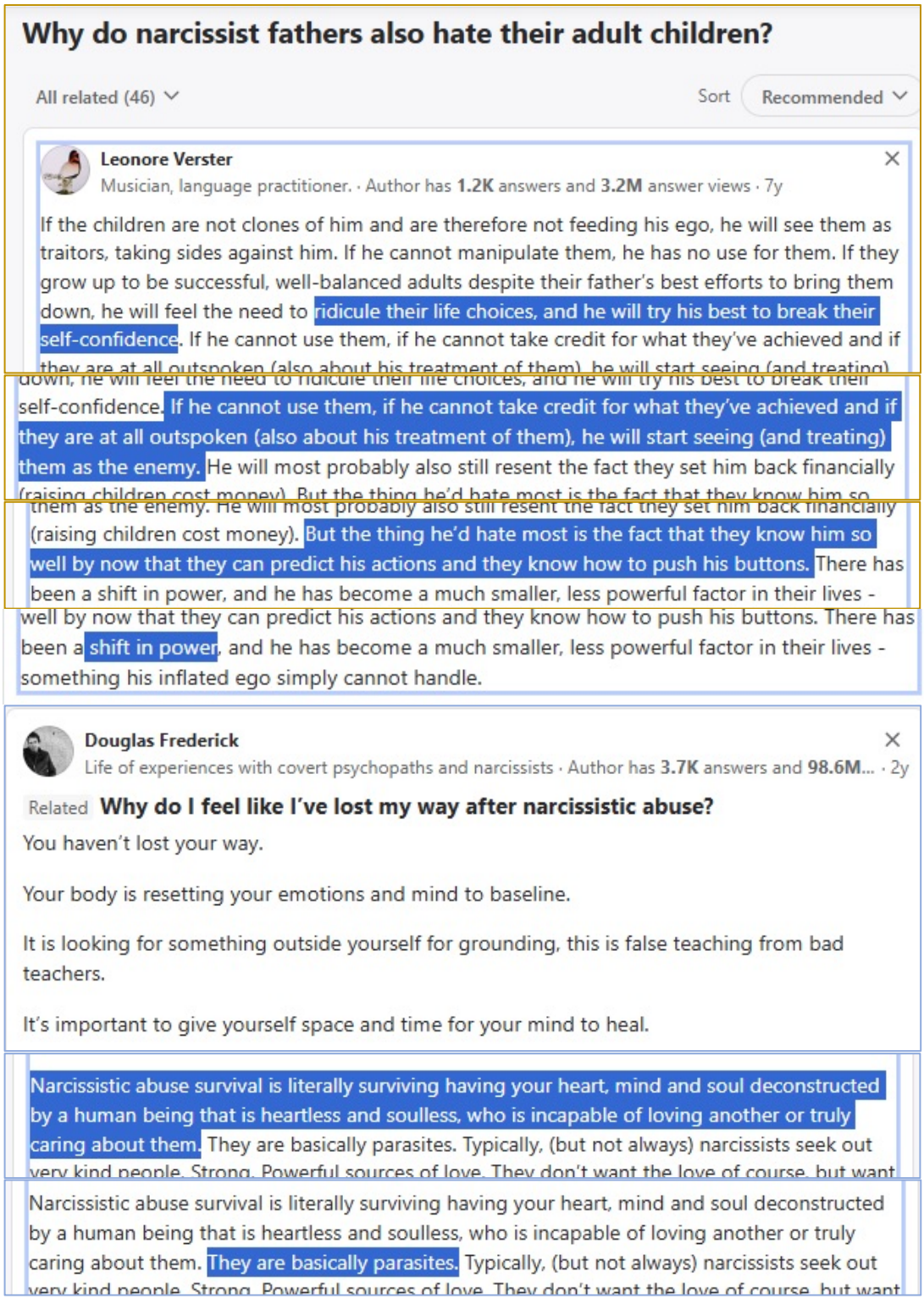
So I think back to being with Bob … in fact, he was the only person in the world ever who cared about me and what I am all about – except when he betrayed me, ignored me, lied to me and disrespected me … all because he had big emotional problems, was probably a covert narcissist and on top of it all had developing dementia.

I don't know where all this goes … but for now, I must survive my „father's“ cruelty and get Sandy to the vet for a checkup and getting her teeth cleaned, and then I must find a place to live with dogs and all. It is so strange that I am now in the „retirement age“.

This one just parked right in front of my nose …

March 5, 2025

Hard … hard … with my „father“ … oh geez I just keep flashing back to the years with Bob and how HE actually behaved like a fucking covert narcissist with frontal love dementia developing … how often he betrayed and disrespected me … how he really did not like me once he got to see how talented I am … the jealousy. The fear of … just anything. And he was outright mean and cruel to me … yes, I am talking about my „dear“ „beloved“ Bob. All thought he was such a „saint“ … but he was cold and aloof and aggressive and angry and violent. Yes. Bob. My Bob. Geez. What a life. Dealing with this:



Why do narcissist fathers also hate their adult children?

All related (46) Sort Recommended

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Musician, language practitioner. · Author has **1.2K** answers and **3.2M** answer views · 7y

If the children are not clones of him and are therefore not feeding his ego, he will see them as traitors, taking sides against him. If he cannot manipulate them, he has no use for them. If they grow up to be successful, well-balanced adults despite their father's best efforts to bring them down, he will feel the need to ridicule their life choices, and he will try his best to break their self-confidence. If he cannot use them, if he cannot take credit for what they've achieved and if they are at all outspoken (also about his treatment of them), he will start seeing (and treating) them as the enemy. He will most probably also still resent the fact they set him back financially (raising children cost money). But the thing he'd hate most is the fact that they know him so well by now that they can predict his actions and they know how to push his buttons. There has been a shift in power, and he has become a much smaller, less powerful factor in their lives - something his inflated ego simply cannot handle.

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Life of experiences with covert psychopaths and narcissists · Author has **3.7K** answers and **98.6M**... · 2y

Related **Why do I feel like I've lost my way after narcissistic abuse?**

You haven't lost your way.

Your body is resetting your emotions and mind to baseline.

It is looking for something outside yourself for grounding, this is false teaching from bad teachers.

It's important to give yourself space and time for your mind to heal.

Narcissistic abuse survival is literally surviving having your heart, mind and soul deconstructed by a human being that is heartless and soulless, who is incapable of loving another or truly caring about them. They are basically parasites. Typically, (but not always) narcissists seek out very kind people. Strong. Powerful sources of love. They don't want the love of course, but want

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you while they suck the life out of you, do their crazy making so well they drive you to a point where you appear to be the crazy one. It sucks. It hurts. And you're not alone. You can and will feel better, but you have to make yourself get there. No small feat considering you've had you brain chemistry changed (trauma bonding), your mind had countless seeds of their vile hatred (of themselves acted out on you) planted in your brain, as they played with your heart as though it were a cat toy and they overdid the nip.

where you appear to be the crazy one. It sucks. It hurts. And you're not alone. You can and will feel better, but you have to make yourself get there. No small feat considering you've had you brain chemistry changed (trauma bonding), your mind had countless seeds of their vile hatred (of themselves acted out on you) planted in your brain, as they played with your heart as though it were a cat toy and they overdid the nip.

It is your fault. Its not always the malignant ones who destroy (the ones who know what they are and take pleasure in destroying a "weak" person) lives. They are severely disturbed. We can't wrap our brain around it so we simply don't see it. Well...unless we've lived through it and/or have healed the original wound.

So to sum this up...yes, you can heal. I promise. You have to want to. Then you getto decide what that looks like in terms of ever dating again. Educate yourself. Youtube it baby. There are amazing vids that will teach you what happened to you. Your brain chemistry has been altered, your mind fucked with beyond what you know. We all reach a point where we feel like we have a phd in personality disorders. The pain does lessen. You realize what this monster did to you. It

your mind fucked with beyond what you know. We all reach a point where we feel like we have a phd in personality disorders. The pain does lessen. You realize what this monster did to you. It aint pretty, and at some point you will say, "oh hell to the no..." and begin to look at yourself and healing. Don't give up. I didn't. He's a memory. And believe me, I felt the same way you

One more thing. No contact. None. Block. Don't even peek. The trauma bonding will get you. It's not him you want but the cocktail of cortisol and oxytocin in your brain. You're not crazy.

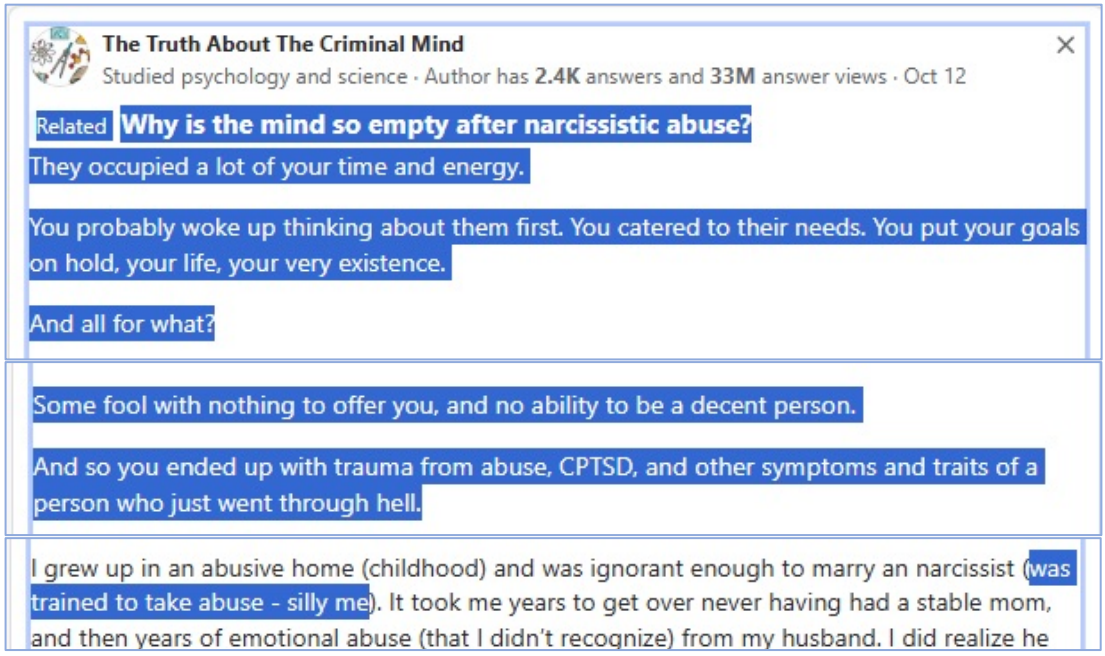
Related **Why do you feel detached and emotionless after narcissistic abuse?**

I felt detached, emotionless and empty after the narc abuse. I felt that way because the man who said he loved me and wanted to share life with me destroyed my love and trust and tried to destroy me. I let my guard down with the narc because he lovebombed me and sold me with his charming personality and schmoozy lines. I opened up to him about my physically abusive first husband, and the narc swore he would never hurt me.

Related **Why do we become emotionally paralyzed after narcissistic abuse?**

Fear. Plan and simple, fear.

scared them once (or a couple times) they would quit and most people would. This is normal. You're able to end the fear you are made to feel.



The Truth About The Criminal Mind
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Related **Why is the mind so empty after narcissistic abuse?**

They occupied a lot of your time and energy.

You probably woke up thinking about them first. You catered to their needs. You put your goals on hold, your life, your very existence.

And all for what?

Some fool with nothing to offer you, and no ability to be a decent person.

And so you ended up with trauma from abuse, CPTSD, and other symptoms and traits of a person who just went through hell.

I grew up in an abusive home (childhood) and was ignorant enough to marry an narcissist (was trained to take abuse - silly me). It took me years to get over never having had a stable mom, and then years of emotional abuse (that I didn't recognize) from my husband. I did realize he

Stop. Stop with this pattern of thought before it either damages you and you become consumed by vindictive and petty thoughts, or you condemn yourself to a lifetime of false hope that the person who hurt you will one day realise the error of their ways and seek or wish to make amends.

You were supply to the narcissist. Most likely unknowingly so even to them. Most narcissists aren't self-aware of the deeper root of their actions — their maladaptive traits are tethered right back to extreme childhood trauma and abuse they suffered at the hands of those who were meant to nurture and protect them and teach them positive social relationships. Imagine the pain you're feeling now due to the abuse you experienced then multiply it a hundredfold.

the pain you're feeling now due to the abuse you experienced then multiply it a hundredfold. *That* is the reality of their experience from day dot. The damage done to them was so severe that developing a dickhead personality disorder was the only way they could protect themselves.

The overwhelming odds are that a narcissist will have forgotten about you the moment you were discarded, and this isn't likely to change. You don't hold the importance to them that they once showed when they idealised you. Accept that. Let it go. If they do end up having an

reflective and talkative about their own victimization. Neither came to any kind of epiphany that suggested that they were aware that they were victims of their own choices. Instead, they became hyper-focused on describing the ways in which they had been victimized by others.

get them to stay alive) may have, ironically, triggered their desire for control and defiance—causing them to eat less, in fact, because they ***hate*** the feeling that they are being manipulated or controlled. In an interesting and uncomfortable sense, I loved them both to death.

Both also sought much greater personal autonomy and control as they saw these powers slipping from them. Like the emotional children that they were, both asserted the principle that nobody could tell them what to do, including my friend who twice refused to get in an

My experience is that these emotional children, at the end of their lives, cling ever-more tightly to their primitive defenses. I saw no epiphany, nor did I hear any acceptance of responsibility. Instead, I saw desperate attempts to blame-shift and retain whatever control over their lives

Instead, I saw desperate attempts to blame-shift and retain whatever control over their lives that they could. When they could no longer control even their own bodies, however, both were ready to die, and they both actively chose death once they were reduced to that state.

The one factor that would qualify this - is the extent of comorbidity to psychopathy. So, the more sociopathic they are, the less likely they are to start to accepting self blame for the situation they find themselves in.

The answer is NO.... The whole problematic system of thinking for a narcissist is that they are NEVER to blame, it is the world and not them. Their loneliness and bitterness is the fault of all the good people who became terrible all of a sudden when they quit giving said narcissist indulgences. The people they insult and abuse become distant, because they are "too sensitive " to the criticism in the eyes of narc (ie become sick of narcs crap).

they do not and will NEVER reflect and feel remorse... for what??? They think they are perfect they have a right to insult and criticize, especially children because they think they are a reflection and extension of themselves.

troglodytes (that would be all the rest of us). It's been my experience that NPDs get uglier and more spiteful with age. That, and what filters they've ever had on their nastier sides, starts wearing transparently thin.

The basic argument of narcs is that they are never wrong. So, the point about any realization isn't worth discussing.

children avoid them, their friends distance themselves, and they may even lose their jobs. Eventually, they become depressed, experience chronic sadness, mood swings, and may turn to unhealthy habits like alcohol, drugs, or reckless behavior.

As a kid, I hated to eat with my family, especially when my father was around. You may wonder why. Well, he had some weird and toxic eating habits that would make sharing a meal with him a very painful experience. Instead of letting you fill your tummy with food, he would fill it with stress and trauma. I remember always leaving the gathering in a torn-apart state, feeling confused

At the very best they will not give one single fuck. At the worst they will take your past trauma and recreate it for their amusement.

Related **What are the most damaging things a narcissistic parent does to their children?**

They are without empathy so they emotionally abuse and then emotionally abandon their children,

They call them names to attack every part of their confidence, value, worth, and strengths.

They project their hatred, emptiness, and insecurity by blaming the other parent for their abusive actions.

They force their children into adult matters, like custody, divorces, and other situations kids shouldn't even know about.

They take their dark emotions, rages, and lack of control out on their kids.

They make them perpetually feel unsafe.

March 8/9, 2025 – **MOTHERSHIP the message & Sandy the beagle**

Took a nap around 9 pm, because I was so so so tired …. And I had an impression of Bob … and I cried and cried … don't even know whether it was for real or in a dream state. ***(I did not know that just hours later I would receive a synchronicity message de luxe.)***

Before that … all those so fucking meaningful license plate numbers, „808", „222", „910", „480" and „911" … one after the fucking other. In a way I am maybe even jealous of CH, who went full alcoholic with a new partner, not working, not doing shit, just holing up in her fucking apartment drinking, fucking, eating, sleeping … and that after taking up my time again and again with her need for me to help her be clean … with the internet and shit … oh fuck it.

Going to see my father every day … I am even tired of writing about it. Not every day with my mother because she has caretakers and little event … but yesterday managed to get her to the dentist … her artificial tooth-device need urgent touch-up … and the best: She said that she herself had often said that it was necessary to go to see the dentist ... HAHAHA! Every time I mentioned it she gave me so much shit and refused refused refuse .. and my father just denies everything he said the day before … he is fragile and angry …

Today, when I arrived as talked about yesterday to make Palatschinken pancakes for him, he had already cooked another sausage, like he does every day … and to my shock he brought a big bottle of sparkling wine! I realized right away that he ran out of beer and even would drink sparkling wine just to have alcohol!

He did not drink then, because I was present … and he loved the pan cakes and ate three, and he drank three full big glasses of cold tap water that I simply put in front of him … he was so thirsty. I then drove to by mineral water … he is so helpless.

Tomorrow his „heir" comes. I am not sure what good it does to discuss even anything with my father.

Weirdly …

So … I had to lie down a little after 9 p.m. as I got so tired while watching „30 Rock" – which gives me so much joy and divertment – and I fell asleep – and there was **Bob** in my dream while I was **crying** and crying and crying so hard over losing him … and he cried to, and I asked him if he was sad too … and I kind of was awake, but crying so hard that I thought my heart would burst. I kind of saw many places in Hawaii where we had been … I remembered myself there … in my life with Bob … the places – where we had NOT been in all those years on Maui …

On „30 Rock" just a few episodes back, the main character „Liz Lemon" talked with someone about which island was better - Kauai or Maui! Can you believe it? „My" two islands. I could cry …

My „retirement" is official now. At least I have a secure economic basis right now … but now I must restart somehow. I think I will start with a fast.

My liver stench or whatever the fuck that is keeps coming back … it is a stink that seems to be everywhere. I have now the theory that it is in my nose or my brain – that stench, because it simply is not possible that the smell of an onion, of dog shit and the air in the

house's corridors, my sweat, my breath and my poo and can be the same stink?! Maybe there is something in my head?

It is a distinct stink – yes, similar to Bobo's smell. Bob's tumor. Yes. I have tumor smell all over my perception sometimes. Then it subsides, and then it is very strong. What the fuck.

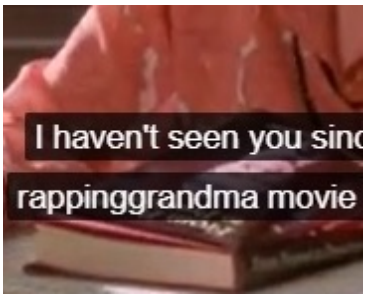
Oh the crying in my „dream" … I thought while in the sleep state how sad I really am … about everything … about what became of my life. Bob fucked up so bad. He was sick in his head – I know it now. I was advised by a „friend" many years ago (Alf Lüchow) to „always ask the right questions" especially early in a relationship. I did not do that with Bob – because I was afraid of the answer and of realizing the troubles that were lurking. All those „troubles" blew up all over my life years later.

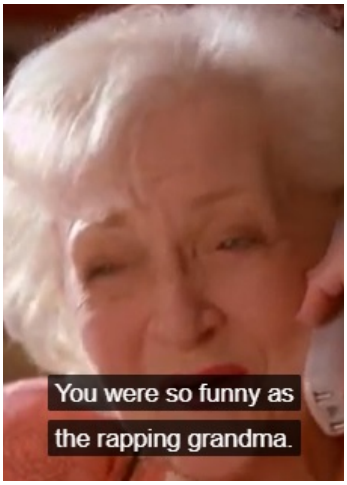
(Later)

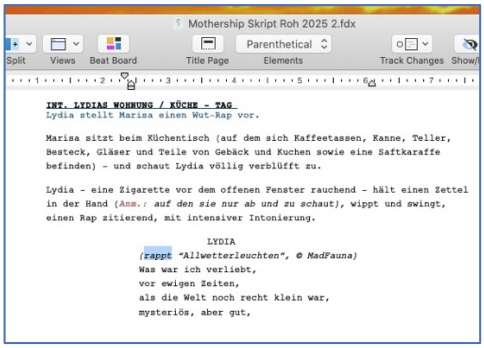
Ok – it happened! **MOTHERSHIP! Betty White! SANDY!**

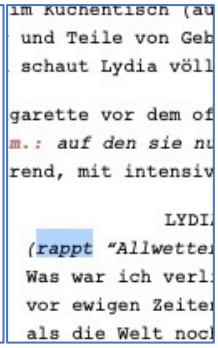
I got a message, loud and clear. So around midnight I sat back down to my online TV-watching-session and clicked on another episode of „30 Rock", already in season 4. And there it was – two things directly out of my life:

I have the project **„Mothership" in the works – about a group of elderly Rappers!** And there it was! Directly spoken out – a „movie about elderly rappers"! There are no odds!

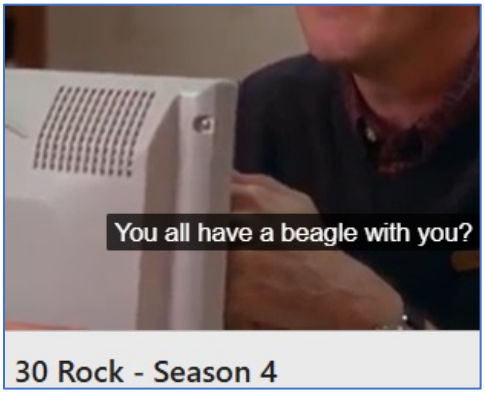





Mothership Skript Roh 2025 2.fdx
Split
Views
Beat Board
Title Page
Parenthetical
Elements
Track Changes
INT. LYDIAS WOHNUNG / KÜCHE - TAG
Lydia stellt Marisa einen Wut-Rap vor.
Marisa sitzt beim Küchentisch (auf dem sich Kaffeetassen, Kanne, Teller, Besteck, Gläser und Teile von Gebäck und Kuchen sowie eine Saftkaraffe befinden) - und schaut Lydia völlig verblüfft zu.
Lydia - eine Zigarette vor dem offenen Fenster rauchend - hält einen Zettel in der Hand (Anm.: auf den sie nur ab und zu schaut), wippt und swingt, einen Rap zitierend, mit intensiver Intonierung.
LYDIA
(rappt "Allwetterleuchten", © MadFauna)
Was war ich verliebt,
vor ewigen Zeiten,
als die Welt noch recht klein war,
mysteriös, aber gut,



And then – I walk **Edith's Beagle dog Sandy** almost every day, remember, and I have been talking with Edith in my mind a lot how she could just leave this plane and have me deal with the fucking chaos she left behind and her innocent dog that has to live with the beast who hates her … and there one character says, a play on some weird word used in the American Midwest … see for yourself:



RIGHT? Also, it is **Betty White** (from the Golden Girls) who said that – which is double important, because she died shortly before her 100st birthday two years ago – and just before her passing she said the name of her beloved husband, ***Adam … as if he had been right there to pick her up!*** And also – ***„Betty White" is the name of the author of „The Unobstructed Universe" … remember?*** The one who got me to write this Contact Diary in the first place … oh how long that I have not been focused on it … because of all the horror of dealing with my parents and Sandy and all. And my own health. But things will change now. They must. And I just got reminded of it. ***„They" are all around and need me to be efficient.***

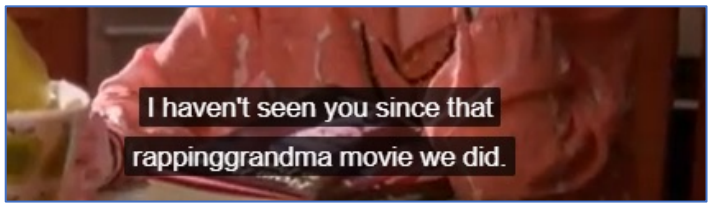
We are on, Bob, Betty, Stewart, Edith, Peter and y'all. „30 Rock" is something I discovered just for my „head" to be „put straight" again … because the main characters are ***„Liz Lemon" a genius writer*** aka **Tina Fey** and „Jack Donaghy" aka Alec Baldwin, a sexy and smart and rich man. I just am not sure how to „imua". And with what. I long for a partner, I do. For making films. For protection. For love. Maybe I will check out those partnership agencies, not online, the „analog ones"!

Just yesterday I googeld „Tina Fey", and her name is actually „**Stamatina**", and my Italian is good enough to know that this means ***„This morning".*** And yes … ***this morning*** (I am writing this on March 9) I have received major insights, see below.

Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Tina_Fey
Tina Fey
Elizabeth Stamatina "Tina" Fey is an Am
producer. She was a cast member and
Filmography · List of awards and... · Jeff

I actually „met" Alec Baldwin in 2009 in Los Angeles, when I walked to my then rental on Franklin Boulevard, in the morning, from shopping, and he came right at me in some sort of sports outfit. I also „met" Ellen the Generes that day … and both ***GREETED ME!*** And I remember this now – why?

Makes me cry … how impossible it is … the thing with the „Rapping Grandmas" … as if I „found" „30 Rock" (no idea, how and why) **JUST to get to the point where Betty White says that.** I actually read up on season 4, because I did not like the first 2 episodes. But I did keep watching …



(So I'm supposed to „do" the „rapping grandma" movie?)

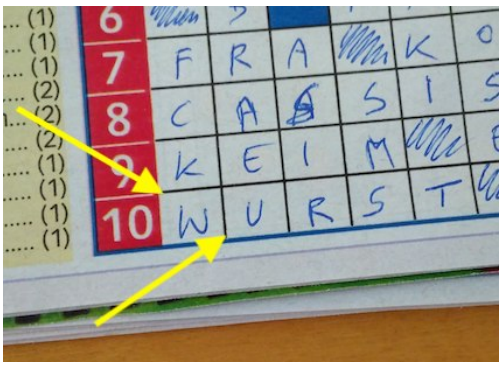
March 9, 2025, Sunday – **Sausage & the Network**

Did a quiz during breakfast … and there is my name! For the first time, ever! „Wurst". Sausage. Fucked up name, right?

But yesterday I had received a sausage from my father … to eat, yes. I made him pancakes and received the leftover sausage (filled with cheese) … I just now realize that I should share food with „them" again … so today, for the first time ever in my riddle/quiz solving period there is the word „**Wurst**" as a solution.

Go figure.

So … Bob and I could have been successful like Tina and Alec together … and in the end, Bob was ready to believe in it and want it … with me being the genius writer (as Bob always called me) … and then he fucked everything up. And died …



Tina + Alec dream team.

Something „better" to come? Right. I am very close to tears and actually crying a lot these days over Bob and what happened. And I can share it with nobody. Because CH has decided to sink back into the alcoholic's mist of fuckedupness for good. What a pity. She has a great mind, too. But she wants to fuck it all up. Fuck her.

It is hard to not see Sandy today, but I will not contact my parents today, don't want their energy … want to just be with the dogs … during our morning walk I was so impatient with Tino, who is young and wants to sniff and run and lick … and there was a **„network" in the sky** today. Yes. **Networking**. That is what I got to do. Thanks for the hint.

Oh, just to mention it … I LOOOOOVE ***Rupert Friend.*** So I took some screenshots from the movie „Companion“ that I watched on March 1 … what a bloody fuck fest … but he was in it, as a Russian Millionaire. And becoming my screen-background, too, oh yeah baby.

In this first picture – he is SO MUCH LIKE BOB! In his goofy good days. He was so torn, my Bob. So nice and promising and talented and so fucked up. (Also, this first screenshot I took days ago is very much like the ***„impression“ of Bob*** I had recently, a few times, including stamatina, this morning.)

Helps in dealing with this …

Does anyone else feel pity for their narcissistic parent?

[Question]
Basically, my dad is a raging, delusional narcissist who is the main reason my whole family is messed up. My mom, siblings, and I have a lot of issues due to the way he's treated us and we can't stand to be around him.

I've gone through a huge range of emotions towards my father: anger, apathy, sadness, abandonment, you name it. But lately I've just felt sorry for the man. Not like "boo-hoo, he's

I think some of what I feel for the Ns in my life is pity, but also a bit of pity for myself that a relationship that is supposed to be such a central part of my life and development was so stunted and fucked up. You're not really sad for your Ndad; you're sad for the person he could have been, and the life you could have had together. At least, that's the way I see it.

development was so stunted and fucked up. You're not really sad for your Ndad; you're sad for the person he could have been, and the life you could have had together. At least, that's the way I see it.

And then yes, there's a little bit of genuine pity for anyone as broken and hollow as Ns are.

They're old now. They've wasted their entire lives on their stupid N games, getting more and more miserable and pathetic as the decades have gone along.

But, they still do nothing to help themselves. Instead, they're digging themselves deeper and deeper into the pit, clinging onto their shovels ever more tightly, tossing the waste in wider and wider circles, so more and more people retreat from them to avoid the mess.

I understand what your saying. It's pity because they will spend the later years in their life alone and without the comfort of friends and family. It's hard to deal with because as humans, we naturally want to bond with family. I wonder what the next step is (emotion wise) after the feeling pity phase? Indifference?

As a veteran of many years of NC, yes, the final stage is glorious indifference.

All that aside, I see what my mother is like and how miserable she is. She has had chances to be happy - like really happy - but she never takes them. She thrives on feeling miserable and hateful. But I've seen the toll this has taken on her life.

continually chooses to protect her version of events over any living person, herself included. I am sorry that she wakes up every day and has to be her - I can't think of anything worse.

"It's about secret things. The Destructive Narcissistic Parent creates a child that only exists to be an extension of her self. It's about body language. It's about disapproving glances. It's about vocal tone. It's very intimate. And it's very powerful. It's part of who the child is."

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Many of her putdowns are simply by comparison. She'll talk about how wonderful someone else is or what a wonderful job they did on something you've also done or how highly she thinks of them. The contrast is left up to you. She has let

Because her abusiveness is part of a lifelong campaign of control and because she is careful to rationalize her abuse, it is extremely difficult to explain to other people what is so bad about her. She's also careful about when and how she engages in her abuses. She's very secretive, a characteristic of almost all abusers ("Don't wash our dirty laundry in public!") and will punish you for telling anyone else what she's done. The times and locations of her worst abuses are

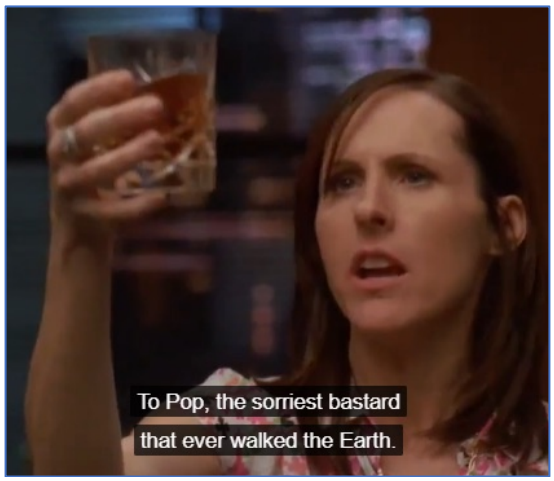
I watched an episode of „**Elsbeth**“ … and there was a touching scene – that remind me of my father … how he always says he feels so sick during the night, and he wants to die … and there was this ***old man who looked a bit like my father*** … dead, in his bed. It is my greatest dread – but it is also an image he brings up all the time! It is very very stressful. I feel so sorry for my father, I see that he is not well – but the he opens his mouth and out come only spite and insults and just outright evil shit about everyone and anyone and especially me! He writes down things that I „did“ in his calendar – that are not true! It is so baffling. He lives entirely in his sick world … never writes he down all I do for him and that I am there every day … he makes up bad stuff about me so that his image of the world and him as the „victim“ can be kept up: What a horrible way of life. Sad. I do feel compassion … bring him food and sweets and shop for him – but then he opens his mouth again and yells at me out of the blue, is incredibly rude to me, looks at me with such hatred – and everything inside of me kind of „drops“. And there was this scene in „Elsbeth“.

March 10, 2025 – **JOMA & Father and Mother Reflected**

Oh fuck … big learning today: I had grown something like … a tender feeling for my „father“ … in the days of last week when he looked so frail and acted so lost – but today, he was the beast that he really is. Mean and demeaning, nasty and hurtful, just an old bitter evil asshole. I had kind of recovered a bit emotionally over the weekend, but I was literally shaking today.

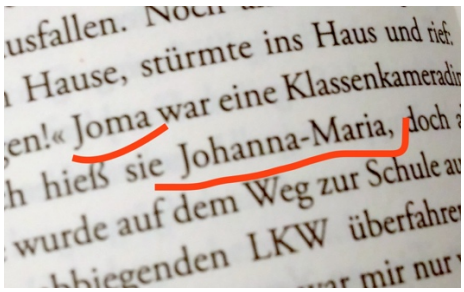
I had taken Sandy back home with me to see Jacqui and Tino … and the girl was so happy … My father had given her all the food I bought for the dog for several days within two days … and she seems still more bloated. Her poop was bright yellow – I just can't stand this anymore! She has a teeth-cleaning appointment on Wednesday, and she will need anaesthesia … my father does not give a shit about her wellbeing. I noticed that her lying space in the kitchen was now smaller! And it has already been small before … I can totally imagining him living out his evil control-maniac-lusts on the dog! There is nobody there! He yelled at me and insulted me so badly today … that never never never again will I feel sorry for him.

And guess what! Even **on „30 Rock“ my agony with this creature is reflected** … I can't remember when that was and which episode, but I took screenshots …



Another one is about someone's mother … hahaha! Before I „inherited“ my father from Edith … I had that shit with my mother. And you should see how hateful she looks at me after all those years that I know cared for her … Oh I am so tired of this drugery. For what?

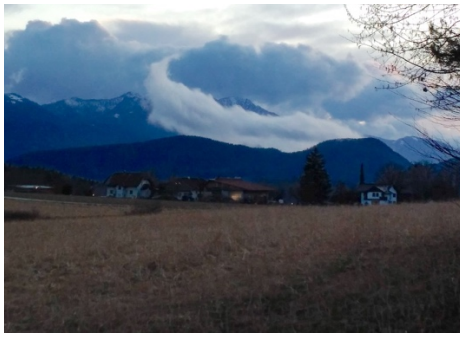
And then **„Joma“** showed up. In the book „Beyond Matter“ by the famous scientist Dr. Prof. Oliver Lazar he mentions how the death of a young girl named „Joma“ opened him up for the idea of an „afterlife“, and he susequently began to experience after-death connections and wrote about it.

PROF. DR. OLIVER S. LAZAR
JENSEITS VON MATERIE
Bewegende Erfahrungen eines Wissenschaftlers mit der geistigen Welt und seine Jenseitsforschung
GIGER

usfallen.
Hause, stürmte ins Haus und rief:
en!« Joma war eine Klassenkameradin
h hieß sie Johanna-Maria, doch
wurde auf dem Weg zur Schule au
biegenden LKW überfahren

Now, the girl's name was actually „**Johanna Maria**" – **and those are the two names of my two grandmothers.** And at lake Hafnersee where I go with my dogs, **there was an abandoned soccer ball, named – „Joma".**

Strange, right?

The evening fog at Aich was very moody today, too. Like „ghost" making their presence known. And amazing cloud. Being out with my boys brings me solace. I wish Sandy was with us.

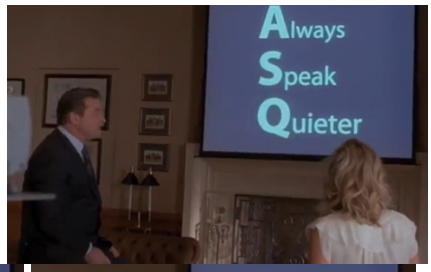


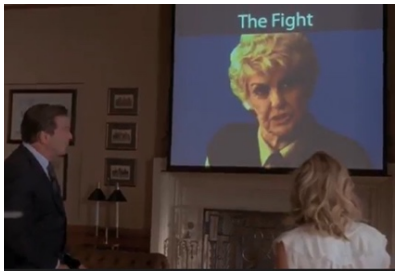
Also … yesterday, just as I was talking to (!) Bob while driving, and just then, a car drove by with the license plate number „**911 DL**", I „read" „September 11 was the day Dany Left" (which is true) … and then „**222 SM**" came! Yes, „StoneMan" at our beloved address, „Haulani Street 222" … I could cry and throw up. All the time.

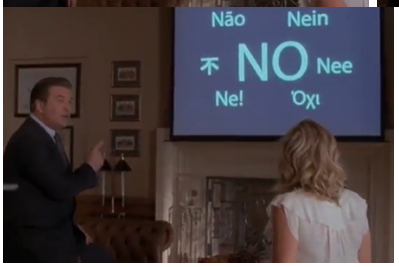
And on the sweet side … even my white Chihuahua showed up!

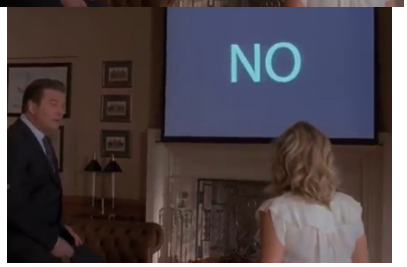
Plus I have a gazillion of new snippets about facts regarding narcissists … if I wouldn't get to read these experiences and advice by total strangers … I would not how to survive this. Everything you read in these snippets – it relates to my father, and he behaves and acts EXACTLY like described. He has really a very broken brain …

Oh – oh – and the scenes where „Jack" on **„30 Rock"** taught a colleague **how to deal with an overbearing narcissist parent: Say „No"!** Oh I would say „No" – but only once Sandy is safe with me. I don't know what my father would do if I just took her … but she is so lonely so much, so often locked in, he won't walk her, he can't, he keeps her obese … she is so happy when I come – and he hates that! He yells at her for loving me … he is such a monster. But he is not well. Maybe nature will solve the problem soon – and he will finally end up in care? Surrounded by people who make him the center, and other people to comiserate with?



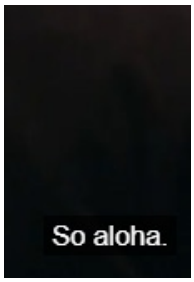






March 11, 2025 – **Aloha & the Asshole**

Watching „30 Rock" … a greeting?



And something „fun“: I have been calling my father an „**asshole**“ in my mind (and in the car, out loud) so often … because he is one … that now, I „manifested“ one: ***An image of an actually anus.*** As a sticker on a light-pole. And that … surrounded by beautiful nature. Go figure!

March 12, 2025 **– The Smell of Onion**

Oh poor Sandy. That said … she did not understand much of what happened today. Hopefully, has no pain, now, in the night … oh I wish she could be with me and the dogs. But my evil fuck-ass father would never allow for her to feel good. She must be alone in the kitchen … even after 5 teeth (!) had to be pulled, her jaw is all infected … and I can't believe I waited so long to finally just do it and go to the vet with her, against my father's wishes. Did that about 10 days ago and made an appointment for today – picked her up in the morning, my father was already having breakfast at 9 am, but had forgotten to put the trashcans out that I had prepared …

I was so afraid for Sandy, that I could barely sleep, but she did only get an injection that put her into a deep sleep right away … still, it was so hard to leave her there. Picked her up three hours later … and learned in what horrible shape her teeth and jaw were … along with her being so overweight, her internal organs probably at the verge of failing …

She slept an hour in my car, while I picked up mom – who behaves like a total moron when dogs approach her, and she pulls disgusted faces …. I just ignore it all.

So I brought Sandy back to my father – who greeted me with his usual anger, where „we had been out and about so long“ … and when I told her about the ordeal, it was HE who needed to be pitied, he actually cried! He did not give a fuck about Sandy's health, all the last year … and the years before … and now, that I took care of her, it is all about HIM and how HE is all emotional and oh so pitying himself! Crying … and in all that, shooting bitter insults at me.

And on top of it all: I happened to drive through his street with my mother on the way to the pharmacy – and there he was, pulling Sandy along the pavement, barely able to walk the both of them! He NEVER walks Sandy, but today, when I did what he never did for her, care for her, he had to get her outside to show to the people that she is his dog?! I can't possibly express my frustration and fright! For Sandy! He put her in grave danger! She needed to rest and not walk until the evening!!!!

I could cry … actually tearing up right now … I don't know what to do about it! She should not be alone in the kitchen tonight after this operation! But he yelled at me like a crazy fuck when I suggested she be with us!

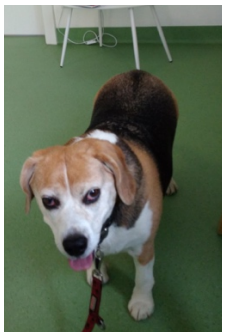
This insanity must end! It must!

Mom's birthday is tomorrow.. Of course, she mentioned it already today. That we should „go out for dinner“ to celebrate. Well. This is what she said about my birthday. Never had that dinner. So now … what? I am supposed to pay for hers? I'm curious. She is strange … but I don't want to get into this … she is forgetful and yet nasty to me … refuses to take walks with her caretakers … not sure what she does with her meals on wheels when I am not with her eating it …

Oh and **„30 Rock“** … I have been smelling that odd smell all over me for days, and it strongly resembles onion! And there „Avery“, the character in „30 Rock“ yells in her pregnancy-hormones haze outraged:

„Why does everything smell of onion?“

What ar the fucking odds?


… my sweet sweet Sandy.

Reading blogs about other folks dealing with people like my father … it helps me. There is nothing else that helps. I feel entirely lost. He is so impossible to handle, to speak with – he needs so much help, but he hates hates hates me and shows it every time.

I have never regretted it. It enabled me to purge my resentment and pain and I do not feel the shame, anger and grief that I know would have followed me if I had not reconciled with him. I had to do what I needed to do to be free from his pathology and heal myself. He would have continued to contaminate my psyche and my life if I had not. But I had to learn who I was without his toxicity in my world before I could attempt to reconcile (to the extent a person can with a narcissist).

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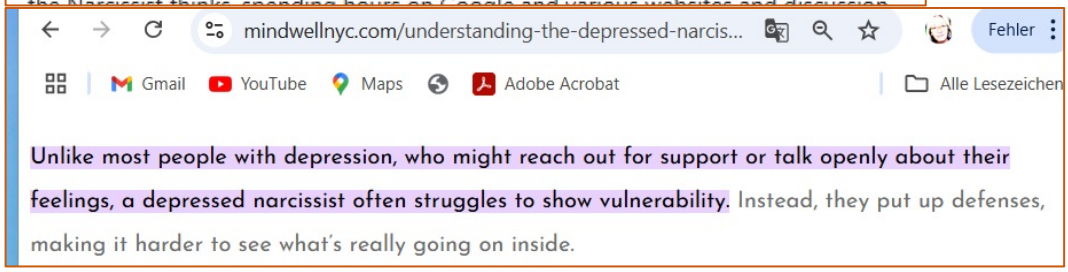
abused?? What if your father didn't teach you how to protect yourself from narcissist, or to (have boundaries)? What if you're sick, and tired of being blamed for everything? What if your father doesn't love you?!?

so far. To understand I needed to feel what he felt. I didn't know how. It was beyond my concept that a person could not be capable of loving no one else but themselves, unable to feel empathy or compassion for others. I came to realize for the first time in my life I was not able to empathize. I was consumed with my quest to understand how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Unlike most people with depression, who might reach out for support or talk openly about their feelings, a depressed narcissist often struggles to show vulnerability. Instead, they put up defenses, making it harder to see what's really going on inside.

5. **Frequent Mood Swings**: Their emotions can be all over the place—one moment they're craving attention, the next they're distant and withdrawn. These shifts can be confusing for those around them, especially if you're trying to offer support.

WHY DEPRESSION HITS NARCISSISTS DIFFERENTLY

The core of a depressed narcissist's struggle lies in a major conflict between their need for admiration and their deep-seated feelings of unworthiness.

A narcissist's confidence often hinges on how others perceive them, so when depression strikes, it challenges their self-image.

This conflict can lead them to act defensively or to distance themselves from anyone who might see through their emotional armor.

For a depressed narcissist, the usual depressive behaviors—like seeking comfort or sharing their sadness—might feel uncomfortable, even threatening. Instead, they may respond to depression by trying to control situations or people around them, so they don't have to confront feelings of vulnerability or sadness directly.

HOW TO SUPPORT A DEPRESSED NARCISSIST (WITHOUT GETTING PULLED IN)

Supporting someone with these complex traits is no easy feat.

If you're close to a depressed narcissist, you might feel like you're constantly walking on eggshells. Here are a few tips for navigating this situation:

1. KEEP FIRM BOUNDARIES

A depressed narcissist may unintentionally push you to your limits, so having clear boundaries is essential.

These boundaries can protect your well-being and prevent their behavior from taking a toll on your mental health. Be clear about what behaviors you're willing to tolerate, and don't be afraid to prioritize your needs.

2. ENCOURAGE PROFESSIONAL SUPPORT

While you may want to help a depressed narcissist overcome their struggles, depression and narcissism are complex, often needing specialized therapy.

Encourage them to seek support from a mental health professional who can offer strategies tailored to their unique situation.

3. AVOID TAKING BLAME

A depressed narcissist might try to project their struggles onto those around them, often by blaming others for their unhappiness.

Remember that their feelings are not your responsibility, and resist the urge to take on their emotional burden. A compassionate yet firm stance can make a big difference.

4. RECOGNIZE WHEN IT'S TIME TO STEP BACK

Supporting a depressed narcissist is challenging, and there might come a point when stepping back is best for your own well-being.

Acknowledging that you've done your best and that you're not responsible for someone else's happiness can be a healthy decision.

NAVIGATING YOUR OWN EMOTIONS WHEN DEALING WITH A DEPRESSED NARCISSIST

It's natural to feel overwhelmed, frustrated, or even confused when interacting with a depressed narcissist.

Their behavior can make you question yourself, but remember that you're not alone in feeling this way. Consider reaching out to a therapist or support group where you can talk about your experiences and find ways to cope.

FAQS

What is a depressive narcissist?

A depressive narcissist is someone who displays a combination of symptoms of narcissistic personality disorder with signs of depression. This unique combination can make their depression manifest in different ways, like anger or withdrawal, rather than typical sadness.

What happens when a narcissist has a mental breakdown?

When a depressed narcissist faces a breakdown, they might react defensively, avoiding vulnerability, and may lash out or isolate themselves. This reaction often stems from their fear of being seen as weak or flawed.

Can you live peacefully with a narcissist?

Living with a depressed narcissist can be challenging, especially if they struggle with boundaries or blame-shifting.

Establishing clear boundaries and encouraging professional help can improve harmony in the relationship.

What happens when you finally leave a narcissist?

You feel anxious when you're not with your abuser (separation anxiety). You experience bouts of anxiety, depression, or even panic attacks when you come across triggers that remind you of your abuse. You have trouble sleeping and experience body aches and pains. 1 Feb 2023

Denial-Busting Truths for Children of Narcissists A to Z

- **A**buse. You experienced abuse. People with narcissistic personalities are relational antagonists who use and hurt others to make themselves feel better. Beneath the surface veneer, they are controlling, competitive, exploitative, hostile, and reactionary, and they have a traumatizing effect on others, *especially* their children.
- **B**ully. Your narcissistic parent is a bully. You may already recognize your overtly narcissistic parent's bullying behaviors, such as monologuing, belittlement, and rage outbursts. Bullying can be harder to see in the covert type of narcissist, who uses more "passive" aggression like dismissal, barbs, backhanded compliments, withholding acknowledgment, and gossiping about you behind your back.
- **C**ognitive empathy. Your narcissistic parent probably has cognitive empathy, which enables them to imagine what you're thinking or feeling and therefore more effectively manipulate you. What they don't have is sustained, if any, emotional empathy, which is an experience of shared emotion and compassion for another.
- **D**elusional. Your narcissistic parent is delusional. Narcissists hold reality at a distance and tell themselves they are superior beings who are entitled to special privileges, justified in hurting others, and always the wronged party in conflicts.
- **E**nmeshment. Narcissistic parents are often enmeshed in one or more of their children's lives. Enmeshed parents cross their child's boundaries by doing things like controlling their decisions, interfering in their relationships, or handling things they need to learn to do themselves.

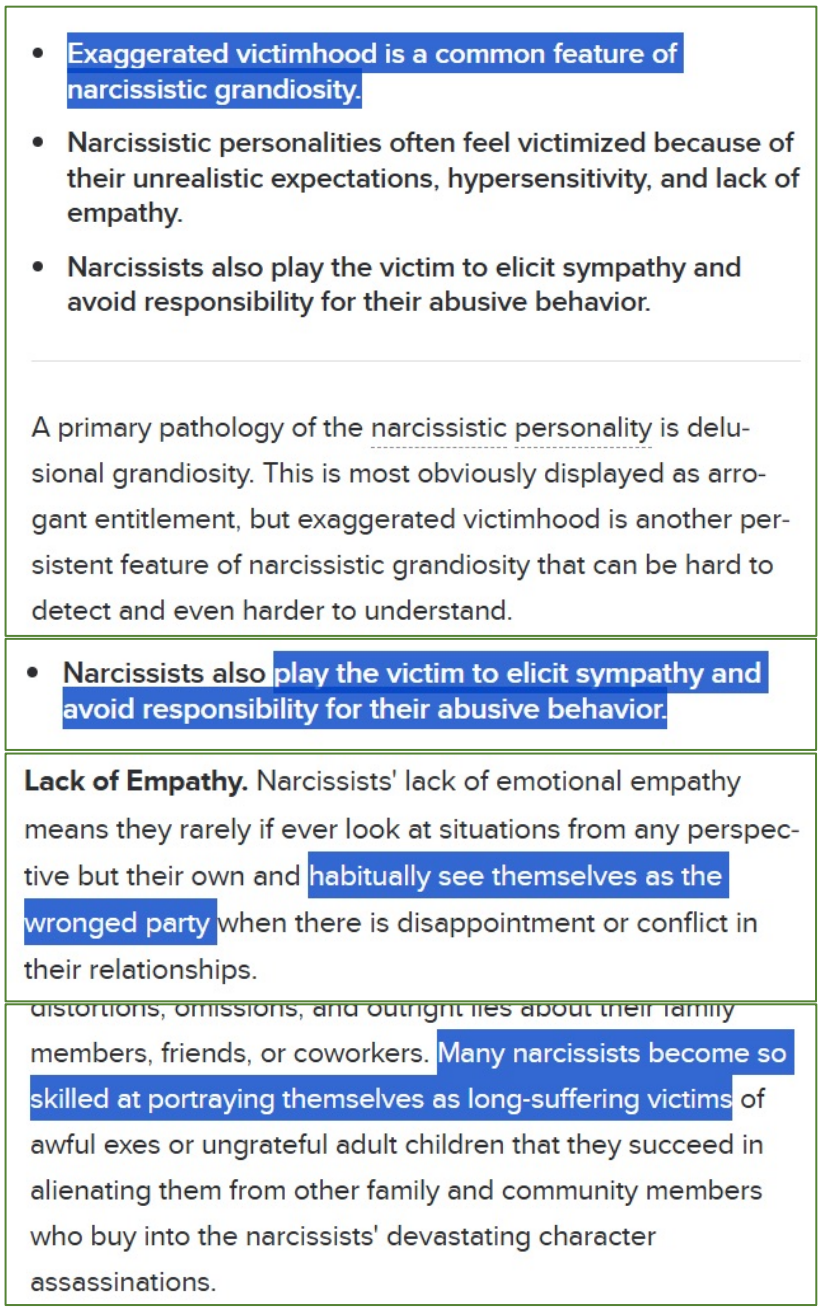
- **F**ear. You have a fear-based relationship with your narcissistic parent. Your parent's reactivity and inability to provide an empathetic response to your dependency needs in infancy and childhood elicited a fear response (fight/flight/freeze/fawn/flop) in you that may still persist today. Children who fear the people they rely on for survival experience fundamental attachment trauma that shapes their development and future relationships.
- **G**aslighting. Your narcissistic parent has been gaslighting you (undermining your sense of reality) your whole life. Narcissistic personality disordered parents groom their children to accept their control and abuse by deliberately undermining their confidence in their own feelings and perceptions. Examples of parental gaslighting include telling kids they're too sensitive, irrational, or weak when
- **H**ypervigilant. Your reactionary parent has made you hypervigilant to the moods and feelings of others. Your nervous system has been conditioned to be on high alert around other people, especially bullies, and you can easily escalate into a fight/flight/freeze/fawn/flop response.
- **J**ustification. Your parent's lack of empathy and entitled self-beliefs allow them to justify neglecting, exploiting, and hurting you to meet their own needs.
- **K**indness vs. **L**ove-Bombing. Your narcissistic parent may at times love-bomb you with idealized attention, excessive praise, or gifts, but this is not kindness. Kindness is rooted in empathy and compassion, and it is what children need most from their parents.
- **M**ask. Most narcissists learn to mask their self-serving, cruel, and cynical view of life to get the attention and approval they crave and to avoid being socially ostracized. This is why your parent may go to great lengths to put on a winning face for people in their social circle while directing contempt and rage at you or other family members at home.
- **S**elf-referential. Your narcissistic parent is highly self-referential. This means they see situations only in terms of what it means for them or how it makes them feel.

- **U**nreliable narrator. Narcissistic personalities are by nature unreliable narrators because of their delusional thinking. They are prone to lies and distortions, selective hearing and remembering, rewriting history, and the list goes on.
- **V**ulnerability avoidant. Narcissists see vulnerability as weakness, and they armor themselves against it with denial, projection, and forms of aggression. This is why your narcissistic parent attacks your vulnerability and is incapable of real intimacy.

- **W**illful denial. Your narcissistic parent knows the difference between fact and fiction, truth and lies, fair and rigged, right and wrong. When they deny the truth, they do it because it is more convenient for them.
- E**X**it. Narcissistic personalities rarely change, mainly because they avoid self-reflection, refuse accountability, and tell themselves they're perfect the way they are. This is why it becomes necessary to exit the trauma bond you have with your narcissistic parent. An adult child's decision to limit or end contact with an abusive parent is nearly always a slow and agonizing one that becomes a matter of safety and survival.
- **Y**earn. It is human to yearn for love from our parents and blame ourselves for not getting it. Many children of narcissists spend their lives seeking affirmation that never comes, without realizing that their parents are incapable of giving it.
- **Z**ero-sum game. Your narcissistic parent sees life as a zero-sum game in which they can only gain if someone else loses, and someone else's gain is a loss to them. In

Words of Caution About Releasing Denial

As you work on releasing your own denial about your narcissistic parent(s), be patient and compassionate with yourself. These truths can feel scary, confusing, destabilizing, and painful, and they take time to process. Other people may not understand your experience or may feel threatened by hearing about it. Remember to guard yourself and be careful about whom you confide in.



- Exaggerated victimhood is a common feature of narcissistic grandiosity.
- Narcissistic personalities often feel victimized because of their unrealistic expectations, hypersensitivity, and lack of empathy.
- Narcissists also play the victim to elicit sympathy and avoid responsibility for their abusive behavior.

A primary pathology of the narcissistic personality is delusional grandiosity. This is most obviously displayed as arrogant entitlement, but exaggerated victimhood is another persistent feature of narcissistic grandiosity that can be hard to detect and even harder to understand.

- Narcissists also play the victim to elicit sympathy and avoid responsibility for their abusive behavior.

Lack of Empathy. Narcissists' lack of emotional empathy means they rarely if ever look at situations from any perspective but their own and habitually see themselves as the wronged party when there is disappointment or conflict in their relationships.

distortions, omissions, and outright lies about their family members, friends, or coworkers. Many narcissists become so skilled at portraying themselves as long-suffering victims of awful exes or ungrateful adult children that they succeed in alienating them from other family and community members who buy into the narcissists' devastating character assassinations.

March 13, 2025

Mother's birthday … took her to lunch … no word about MY birthday-dinner never happened … but at least she felt „celebrated". (Found out later, that the panties I got her, because she needs new ones, she never tried on but claimed they were too small …) She is never genuinely nice to me … always the brooding resentment in her glance … very hard to bear. I just do not deserve this shit.

„30 Rock" delivered again – an evil evil fuck-face unfair gloating horrible mother – just like my father and my mother, two narcissist fucks!

March 15, 2025

Oh nice shot – in a series I found about android-cops, „Almost Human“ … ***someone holding a glass***, while I am having so many different juices these days, trying to cleanse my liver, my pancreas, my stomach … or whatever is wrong in there.

Of course, reading narc texts to save myself … dealing with that insane person who is my biological „father“ is just so exhausting. Can’t „stomach“ it anymore. No wonder my abdominal world is all fucked up.

I have never regretted it. It enabled me to purge my resentment and pain and I do not feel the shame, anger and grief that I know would have followed me if I had not reconciled with him. I had to do what I needed to do to be free from his pathology and heal myself. He would have continued to contaminate my psyche and my life if I had not. But I had to learn who I was without his toxicity in my world before I could attempt to reconcile (to the extent a person can with a narcissist).

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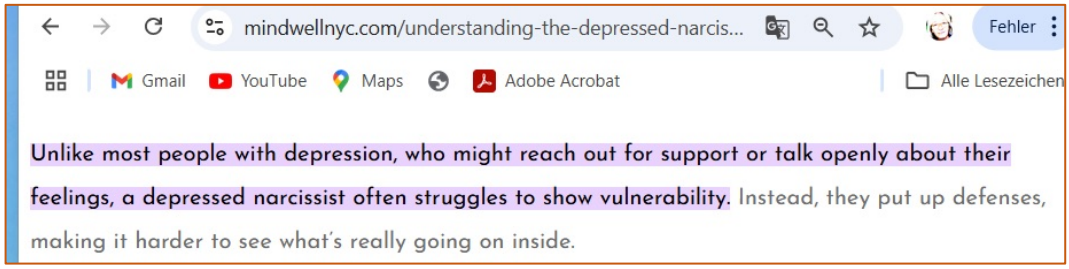
abused?? What if your father didn't teach you how to protect yourself from narcissist, or to (have boundaries)? What if you're sick, and tired of being blamed for everything? What if your father doesn't love you?!?

so far. To understand I needed to feel what he felt. I didn't know how. It was beyond my concept that a person could not be capable of loving no one else but themselves, unable to feel empathy or compassion for others. I came to realize for the first time in my life I was not able to empathize. I was consumed with my quest to understand how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Unlike most people with depression, who might reach out for support or talk openly about their feelings, a depressed narcissist often struggles to show vulnerability. Instead, they put up defenses, making it harder to see what's really going on inside.

5. **Frequent Mood Swings**: Their emotions can be all over the place—one moment they're craving attention, the next they're distant and withdrawn. These shifts can be confusing for those around them, especially if you're trying to offer support.

WHY DEPRESSION HITS NARCISSISTS DIFFERENTLY

The core of a depressed narcissist's struggle lies in a major conflict between their need for admiration and their deep-seated feelings of unworthiness.

A narcissist's confidence often hinges on how others perceive them, so when depression strikes, it challenges their self-image.

This conflict can lead them to act defensively or to distance themselves from anyone who might see through their emotional armor.

For a depressed narcissist, the usual depressive behaviors—like seeking comfort or sharing their sadness—might feel uncomfortable, even threatening. Instead, they may respond to depression by trying to control situations or people around them, so they don't have to confront feelings of vulnerability or sadness directly.

I do believe, that my father is in fact depressed – he has lost his slave and subordinate and the person he could utterly and thoroughly control … so of course it is exactly like he says: His life is without meaning. Of course he has a daughter, grand kids, a dog … but his is all „nothing“ … like he reminds me at every visit. Always he says „I don't know for whom I did all this“ … And „You are nothing … you are nobody.“ The fragile lonely old guy with increasing dementia. And when I remind him, that he „did“ „all this“ for himself and for Edith who lived in „this“ for decades and not giving a shit about my brother and me … he rants that my mother should have died and not his Edith … and that's when all my compassion for him goes up in flames.

HOW TO SUPPORT A DEPRESSED NARCISSIST (WITHOUT GETTING PULLED IN)

Supporting someone with these complex traits is no easy feat.

If you're close to a **depressed narcissist**, you might feel like you're constantly walking on eggshells. Here are a few tips for navigating this situation:

1. KEEP FIRM BOUNDARIES

A depressed narcissist may unintentionally push you to your limits, so having clear boundaries is essential.

These boundaries can protect your well-being and prevent their behavior from taking a toll on your mental health. Be clear about what behaviors you're willing to tolerate, and don't be afraid to prioritize your needs.

2. ENCOURAGE PROFESSIONAL SUPPORT

While you may want to help a depressed narcissist overcome their struggles, depression and narcissism are complex, often needing specialized therapy.

Encourage them to seek support from a mental health professional who can offer strategies tailored to their unique situation.

3. AVOID TAKING BLAME

A depressed narcissist might try to project their struggles onto those around them, often by blaming others for their unhappiness.

Remember that their feelings are not your responsibility, and resist the urge to take on their emotional burden. A compassionate yet firm stance can make a big difference.

4. RECOGNIZE WHEN IT'S TIME TO STEP BACK

Supporting a depressed narcissist is challenging, and there might come a point when stepping back is best for your own well-being.

Acknowledging that you've done your best and that you're not responsible for someone else's happiness can be a healthy decision.

NAVIGATING YOUR OWN EMOTIONS WHEN DEALING WITH A DEPRESSED NARCISSIST

It's natural to feel overwhelmed, frustrated, or even confused when interacting with a depressed narcissist.

Their behavior can make you question yourself, but remember that you're not alone in feeling this way. Consider reaching out to a therapist or support group where you can talk about your experiences and find ways to cope.

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FAQS

What is a depressive narcissist?

A depressive narcissist is someone who displays a combination of symptoms of narcissistic personality disorder with signs of depression. This unique combination can make their depression manifest in different ways, like anger or withdrawal, rather than typical sadness.

What happens when a narcissist has a mental breakdown?

When a depressed narcissist faces a breakdown, they might react defensively, avoiding vulnerability, and may lash out or isolate themselves. This reaction often stems from their fear of being seen as weak or flawed.

Can you live peacefully with a narcissist?

Living with a depressed narcissist can be challenging, especially if they struggle with boundaries or blame-shifting.

Establishing clear boundaries and encouraging professional help can improve harmony in the relationship.

What happens when you finally leave a narcissist?

You feel anxious when you're not with your abuser (separation anxiety). You experience bouts of anxiety, depression, or even panic attacks when you come across triggers that remind you of your abuse. You have trouble sleeping and experience body aches and pains. 1 Feb 2023

Denial-Busting Truths for Children of Narcissists A to Z

- **A**buse. You experienced abuse. People with narcissistic personalities are relational antagonists who use and hurt others to make themselves feel better. Beneath the surface veneer, they are controlling, competitive, exploitative, hostile, and reactionary, and they have a traumatizing effect on others, *especially* their children.
- **B**ully. Your narcissistic parent is a bully. You may already recognize your overtly narcissistic parent's bullying behaviors, such as monologuing, belittlement, and rage outbursts. Bullying can be harder to see in the covert type of narcissist, who uses more "passive" aggression like dismissal, barbs, backhanded compliments, withholding acknowledgment, and gossiping about you behind your back.
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- **C**ognitive empathy. Your narcissistic parent probably has cognitive empathy, which enables them to imagine what you're thinking or feeling and therefore more effectively manipulate you. What they don't have is sustained, if any, emotional empathy, which is an experience of shared emotion and compassion for another.
- **D**elusional. Your narcissistic parent is delusional. Narcissists hold reality at a distance and tell themselves they are superior beings who are entitled to special privileges, justified in hurting others, and always the wronged party in conflicts.
- **E**nmeshment. Narcissistic parents are often enmeshed in one or more of their children's lives. Enmeshed parents cross their child's boundaries by doing things like controlling their decisions, interfering in their relationships, or handling things they need to learn to do themselves.
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- **F**ear. You have a fear-based relationship with your narcissistic parent. Your parent's reactivity and inability to provide an empathetic response to your dependency needs in infancy and childhood elicited a fear response (fight/flight/freeze/fawn/flop) in you that may still persist today. Children who fear the people they rely on for survival experience fundamental attachment trauma that shapes their development and future relationships.
- **G**aslighting. Your narcissistic parent has been gaslighting you (undermining your sense of reality) your whole life. Narcissistic personality disordered parents groom their children to accept their control and abuse by deliberately undermining their confidence in their own feelings and perceptions. Examples of parental gaslighting include telling kids they're too sensitive, irrational, or weak when

- **H**ypervigilant. Your reactionary parent has made you hypervigilant to the moods and feelings of others. Your nervous system has been conditioned to be on high alert around other people, especially bullies, and you can easily escalate into a fight/flight/freeze/fawn/flop response.

- **J**ustification. Your parent's lack of empathy and entitled self-beliefs allow them to justify neglecting, exploiting, and hurting you to meet their own needs.
- **K**indness vs. **L**ove-Bombing. Your narcissistic parent may at times love-bomb you with idealized attention, excessive praise, or gifts, but this is not kindness. Kindness is rooted in empathy and compassion, and it is what children need most from their parents.
- **M**ask. Most narcissists learn to mask their self-serving, cruel, and cynical view of life to get the attention and approval they crave and to avoid being socially ostracized. This is why your parent may go to great lengths to put on a winning face for people in their social circle while directing contempt and rage at you or other family members at home.
- **N**ice. Most narcissists can be nice at times, perhaps even fun, interesting, or helpful. Parental abuse and neglect usually coexist with neutral or positive experiences. The fact that your parent fed and clothed you, taught you things, or made you feel special at times does not change

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- **U**nreliable narrator. Narcissistic personalities are by nature unreliable narrators because of their delusional thinking. They are prone to lies and distortions, selective hearing and remembering, rewriting history, and the list goes on.
- **V**ulnerability avoidant. Narcissists see vulnerability as weakness, and they armor themselves against it with denial, projection, and forms of aggression. This is why your narcissistic parent attacks your vulnerability and is incapable of real intimacy.
- **W**illful denial. Your narcissistic parent knows the difference between fact and fiction, truth and lies, fair and rigged, right and wrong. When they deny the truth, they do it because it is more convenient for them.
- E**X**it. Narcissistic personalities rarely change, mainly because they avoid self-reflection, refuse accountability, and tell themselves they're perfect the way they are. This is why it becomes necessary to exit the trauma bond you have with your narcissistic parent. An adult child's decision to limit or end contact with an abusive parent is

- Self-referential. Your narcissistic parent is highly self-referential. This means they see situations only in terms of what it means for them or how it makes them feel.

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- **Y**earn. It is human to yearn for love from our parents and blame ourselves for not getting it. Many children of narcissists spend their lives seeking affirmation that never comes, without realizing that their parents are incapable of giving it.
- **Z**ero-sum game. Your narcissistic parent sees life as a zero-sum game in which they can only gain if someone else loses, and someone else's gain is a loss to them. In

Words of Caution About Releasing Denial

As you work on releasing your own denial about your narcissistic parent(s), be patient and compassionate with yourself. These truths can feel scary, confusing, destabilizing, and painful, and they take time to process. Other people may not understand your experience or may feel threatened by hearing about it. Remember to guard yourself and be careful about whom you confide in.

- Exaggerated victimhood is a common feature of narcissistic grandiosity.
- **Narcissistic personalities often feel victimized because of their unrealistic expectations, hypersensitivity, and lack of empathy.**
- **Narcissists also play the victim to elicit sympathy and avoid responsibility for their abusive behavior.**

A primary pathology of the narcissistic personality is delusional grandiosity. This is most obviously displayed as arrogant entitlement, but exaggerated victimhood is another persistent feature of narcissistic grandiosity that can be hard to detect and even harder to understand.

- Narcissists also play the victim to elicit sympathy and avoid responsibility for their abusive behavior.

Lack of Empathy. Narcissists' lack of emotional empathy means they rarely if ever look at situations from any perspective but their own and habitually see themselves as the wronged party when there is disappointment or conflict in their relationships.

It's a stressful time for most, but what if that parent is narcissistic and consequently you don't have a strong emotional connection? Perhaps there has been childhood abuse and a lifelong lack of bonding or closeness. You may have had limited contact for years or even no contact. Maybe you have a superficial relationship and talk only about the weather or mundane topics. Now your parent has reached the age where elder care is needed. What do you do?

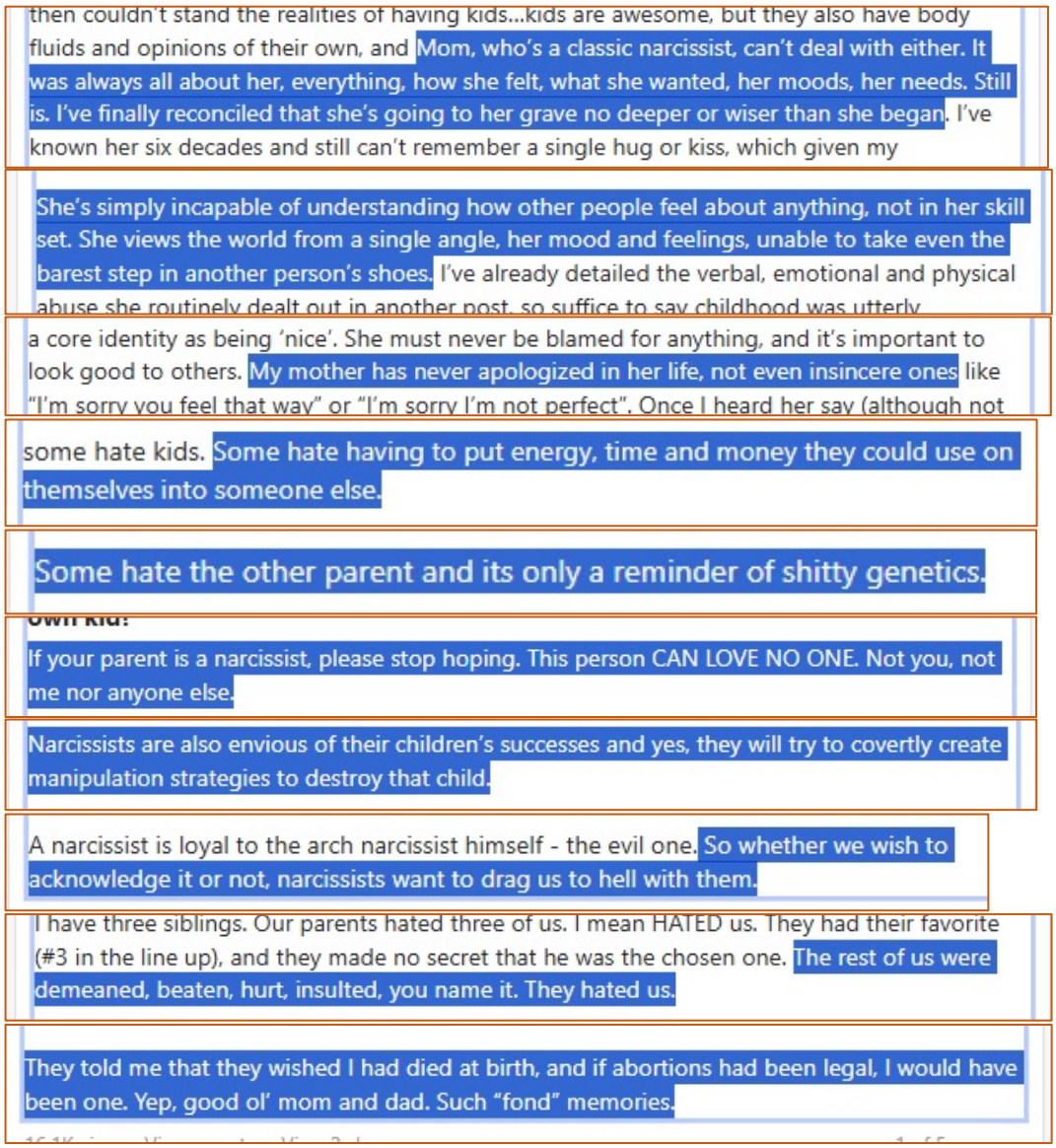
directions is certainly a sign of the times. But, there is an additional strain for adult children of narcissistic parents. When raised by a narcissist, the healthy parental hierarchy is skewed. The child is expected to be there to serve the parent and is unlikely to get his or her own needs met. When that parent becomes elderly, the expectation becomes more intense. The soul searching begins. Suddenly guilt, obvious disconnectedness and disturbing childhood memories cause an internal battle. Things don't change in narcissistic families. The patterns repeat. You find yourself in yet another adult passage of life. Where do you go from here?

you cannot love. You may have had an influential grandparent or another adult who guided you. Maybe you did your own personal work. Knowing *how to love* is more important than being loved! When we know how to love, we can make decisions based on our own values that feel good to us, even though we may be giving to someone who has not been able to reciprocate. While this may seem counterintuitive, it makes sense in practice. When we have worked our own recovery that includes self-fulfillment and gentle internal empathy, we are more able to give what feels right to us. We learn to do that with good self-care and appropriate boundaries. It no longer has anything to do with tit for tat. It is about following your heart.

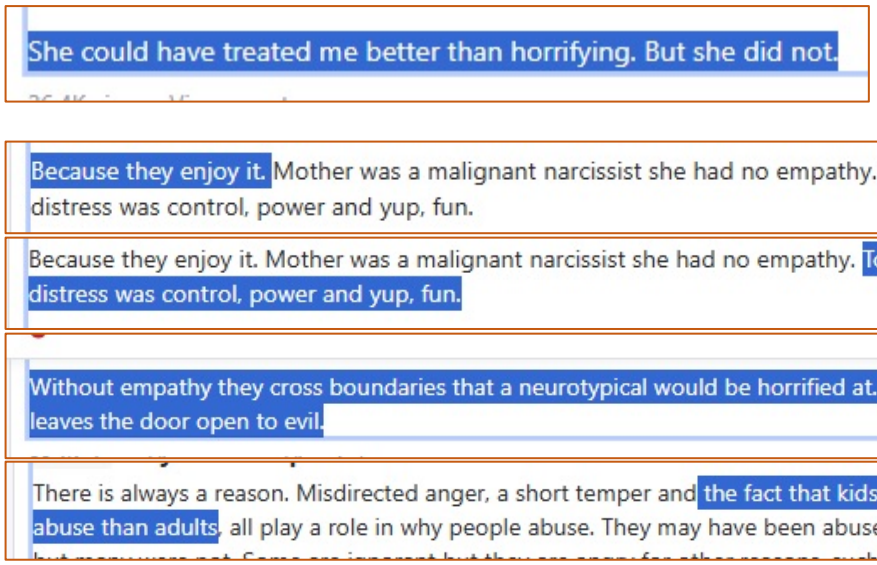
That said, there are some adult children who were raised by such toxic parents that they couldn't be around them or care for them. This is also good self-care. But, it is a very individual decision and should be made after recovery steps are taken and embraced. Each of us knows what is right for us when we take the *time* to work the recovery. We cannot judge another's path. I know many people who had to make a decision to completely separate from their family of origin and for good reason.

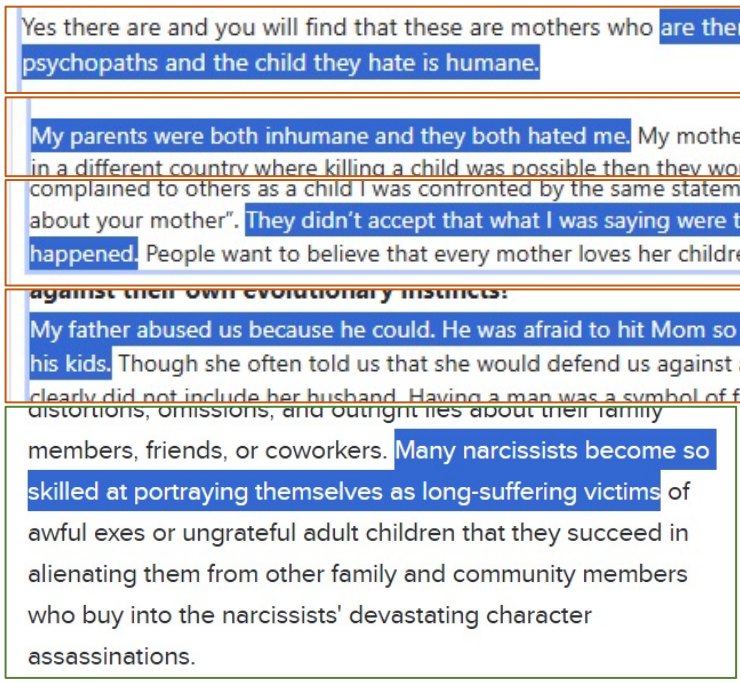
Originally Answered: Could a parent ever dislike their child?

Definitely! Mine has never liked me and near as I can tell, never will. I've joked for decades that I could win the presidency and she still wouldn't like or respect me. It simply doesn't matter what I do or don't, it's always been so.


then couldn't stand the realities of having kids...kids are awesome, but they also have body fluids and opinions of their own, and Mom, who's a classic narcissist, can't deal with either. It was always all about her, everything, how she felt, what she wanted, her moods, her needs. Still is. I've finally reconciled that she's going to her grave no deeper or wiser than she began. I've known her six decades and still can't remember a single hug or kiss, which given my
She's simply incapable of understanding how other people feel about anything, not in her skill set. She views the world from a single angle, her mood and feelings, unable to take even the barest step in another person's shoes. I've already detailed the verbal, emotional and physical abuse she routinely dealt out in another post, so suffice to say childhood was utterly
a core identity as being 'nice'. She must never be blamed for anything, and it's important to look good to others. My mother has never apologized in her life, not even insincere ones like "I'm sorry you feel that way" or "I'm sorry I'm not perfect". Once I heard her say (although not
some hate kids. Some hate having to put energy, time and money they could use on themselves into someone else.
Some hate the other parent and its only a reminder of shitty genetics.
If your parent is a narcissist, please stop hoping. This person CAN LOVE NO ONE. Not you, not me nor anyone else.
Narcissists are also envious of their children's successes and yes, they will try to covertly create manipulation strategies to destroy that child.
A narcissist is loyal to the arch narcissist himself - the evil one. So whether we wish to acknowledge it or not, narcissists want to drag us to hell with them.
I have three siblings. Our parents hated three of us. I mean HATED us. They had their favorite (#3 in the line up), and they made no secret that he was the chosen one. The rest of us were demeaned, beaten, hurt, insulted, you name it. They hated us.
They told me that they wished I had died at birth, and if abortions had been legal, I would have been one. Yep, good ol' mom and dad. Such "fond" memories.

Of course, there are narcissist mothers, too … haha, how would I know?


She could have treated me better than horrifying. But she did not.
Because they enjoy it. Mother was a malignant narcissist she had no empathy. To her causing distress was control, power and yup, fun.
Because they enjoy it. Mother was a malignant narcissist she had no empathy. To her causing distress was control, power and yup, fun.
Without empathy they cross boundaries that a neurotypical would be horrified at. No empathy leaves the door open to evil.
There is always a reason. Misdirected anger, a short temper and the fact that kids are easier to abuse than adults, all play a role in why people abuse. They may have been abused themselves


Yes there are and you will find that these are mothers who are themselves inhumane, like psychopaths and the child they hate is humane.

My parents were both inhumane and they both hated me. My mother claimed that if they were in a different country where killing a child was possible then they would have killed me at birth. complained to others as a child I was confronted by the same statement "how can you say that about your mother". They didn't accept that what I was saying were things that actually happened. People want to believe that every mother loves her children.

My father abused us because he could. He was afraid to hit Mom so he took out his anger on his kids. Though she often told us that she would defend us against anybody, that "anybody" clearly did not include her husband. Having a man was a symbol of femininity. It meant you

distortions, omissions, and outright lies about their family members, friends, or coworkers. Many narcissists become so skilled at portraying themselves as long-suffering victims of awful exes or ungrateful adult children that they succeed in alienating them from other family and community members who buy into the narcissists' devastating character assassinations.

March 18, 2025

My parents keep proving through they behavior towards me that they are crazy, evil, cruel nutjobs … both of them. I do not want to even try and handle this anymore. They are not (!) „mother" and „father" to me – they never played those roles and certainly they don't today, they are old sick people, strangers to me.

March 19, 2025 **– Bob close and far at the same time**

Woke up from an **amazing and terribly enlightening dream about Bob** … as if he had chosen to show himself to me in my dream and MAKE me finally „get it". What I „got" was, that Bob was very similar to my father to me … he never stood by me, he disrespected and betrayed me, he was cruel and ignorant towards me – of course all because of his own ailings, but still he did what he did to me. I called it the „Maui-Schmerz", the „pain of Maui" when I woke up … and realized that it had awoken. I had ignored the hardship I had to endure living with Bob for so many years … when he was just an asshole to me.

And there I had been – with my longing and my hope that one day he would truly be my partner and want everyone to see it, hold my hand and be with me, proudly, me, „his woman". But he only did that for a very very short time in the first year of our relationship. Then – he dropped me. The emotional connection dried up – from his side, and he became for the most part an aloof and cold person with „fits" of warmth but also rage. Only much later I realized and admitted to myself that he simply did not want me – for whatever reasons inside himself, he rejected me and all I stood for, the relationship, the companionship, the collaboration … was I too loving, too smart, to pretty, to capable? Probably all of this.

In my dream tonight, **I somehow „called" Bob** to join me in some kind of event crowd, but I don't remember what we did there … just that there were buildings with some kind of ballustrades, built on some kind of hill, maybe close to some ocean beach … and lots of people … somehow it now has the feel of some big picknick, some potluck, a gettogether, but with a goal – like there would be groups, and they would travel somewhere or to something particular.

So I „made it so" that Bob showed up – and I was so happy and so proud, and *I thought that Bob would immediately join me and be with me and make all the others see that we were and belonged together.* But Bob, tall and handsome and intense like he was in real life – barely acknowledged my presence, and immediately joined a man! To talk and work and be

and travel with that man, as if this had been the sole purpose of me even „getting“ Bob to appear. I kind of knew in my dream that Bob was actually dead, and that him showing up was some very magical and mysterious thing … but I did not think much more about this in my dream … I watched Bob from the sidelines, **saw him bond – yes BOND – with that person and be nice and aware and interested with other people and just ignored me.**

And waking up I realized hat exactly this had happened in real life! ***Bob had always turned to other people***, he pretended to be that „saintly“ guy, and so smart and capable and good.

But a lot of the work that he was credited with during the 16 years that we knew each other, was actually done by me. Yes, he was nice at home with me, in our beloved housie, and there were fun and good times – but he NEVER fully considered me his partner. And he was angry and violent and unfair and nasty and cruel. A lot. He was desperate, he knew, that dementia was creeping up on him … and he had experienced enough trauma in his childhood (his father broke his neck working 3 times, and Bob‘s mother saw her eldest boy as the „man in the house“, a role, he could neverfulfil…) to develop deep narcissist streaks … and all that I got to deal with when I thought I had met my perfect match. In a way I had – I had attracted exactly the catastrophically hurtful personality that my father and mother had been all through my life before meeting Bob.

I loved Bob. But when I realized that there was this sick and dark part of him, I did not leave. I tried to ignore it, „love it out“, help him, talk about it, ignore it some more … and I got disrespected and treated so badly that I should have run. But by that time I had spent so many years away from Austria and had begun a huge project (the „Native of Owhyhee“ documentary series) that I would not leave Maui without finishing it. I had to take something with me, something that I had created and that made all the suffering worth it.

Bob had **betrayed** me so often … how many times had I waited for him to finish his projects so that he would help with with the tech and editing aspects of my documentary project as promsed – and then, when I thought the day had come, he had told me (yes, several times through the years!) t*hat he was about to leave for California the next day to be with his parents for several weeks!* I was in shock. At first, I could do nothing without him. So I wrote screenplays while he was gone. But eventually I forced (!) him to show me how to do editing myself – and then I would work in his studio while he was done. He made this possible with such begruding aversion … I had „forgotten“ about these so horribly bitter experiences … where Bob had shown me utter disrespect and ignorance. But I could not just leave with nothing … I had to get the series done. And I did. Many times Bob made so bad mistakes „helping“ me that he almost ruined everything. One time, he replace all the carefully calibrates audio tracks (my work!) with one track – in an 8-hour series! – with one setting! Can you imagine, what that means? All the interviews, all the outdoors-parts, the songs, the chanting, the nature sounds – ALL gone through the same filter with the same settings?

I had to redo everything. I realize then, I remember right now, that Bob could not handle what I had created, that documentary, inspite of all the stones (Hahaha, pun!) that he had thrown in my path!

Or how many times he did not give me the money he owed me for helping out on productions (all the time, while I also did the entire household) – and said that I would get it once I would be back on Maui. And when I asked him if he wanted me to come back, he said „I’m fine either way“. When he saw my shock he would smile and say „Of course I want you back, Dany.“

That was before I saw the email he had sent to a woman he had met in 2009 that he had „a houseguest who has way overstayed her welcome“ … me. When I had helped save his ass and was always busy doing that with all his work – because he was NOT that great producer and editor anymore that everyone thought he was. He had severe problems with focus and much more … and the I was the one who had overstayed her welcome?

That woman turned out to be a horrible nuissance to him, and he got rid of her right after I had left … and I would come back to be with Bob for always 3 months at a time many times after that … and I saw his mental health decline. Not his fault. Not mine either.

And it my dream tonight … the memory of the dread of those years came back. Stayed into the real life world. And probably that is Bob's gift to me.

Because: In my dream tonight I watched Bob dumbstruck how he could even be so cruel and aloof to not even look at me! He had no interest in me, did not care what I was doing! He joined that guy and focused only on him and his doings with him.

And that's when the **„Maui pains"** set in. And I woke up with them. I was so disappointed and hurt and scared and sad for so so so so much time when I lived on Maui – and it was because of Bob's behavior.

Of course I realize that he and I had to play certain roles in that story that we are both parts of … but, so I asked myself today, what does this mean for the mortal that I still am? What am I supposed to do with this presentation of Bob in my dream?

And sometime today – as I did not see either of my parents and somehow could „access myself" better than usually, when the sick evil energy of my parents affects me so deeply – a thought entered my mind, as I flashed back to tonight's dream:

„Let me go, Dany."

That was Bob. Talking to me.

I have to let him go. Let go of connecting with him. I must follow my own story now with full throttle.

Now I only need a sign, a hint of proof that I got that right, what I „heard" in my head, that I should let Bob go – and that way free myself from him and from the pains he caused me. Because those would keep weakening me. And I need all my energy for this final chapter of my life.

Right?

Is that so?

This also means, that I must finally close up this Contact Diary and send it to the people I know must receive it.

I can then continue to write a diary, but the Contact Diary as a documentation project must finish as I let Bob go.

I do believe that in his realm I can help him to move on. I can also hinder him. I think I must support his next stage of existence, too. By „letting him go". And the full insights into the real nature of our relationship is the basis of it. Of course that „still image" of the video that I have of Bob speaking to me as I filmed him spontaneously so many years ago, showed up today, too. Before closing this Contact Diary, I will have to watch that video and tell you what Bob says. But seeing Bob „alive" and speaking to me … this was something I couldn't handle to this day. I will have to „handle" it, soon. Brings tears to my eyes, right now. Just thinking of it.

Why?

I don't know. Sadness over all that I lost on Maui, all the opportunities missed because of the kind of person Bob was? Because of all the mistakes I made dealing with him, because of all the questions I never asked but should have asked, but didn't dare to for fear of the answer? Sadness because I was so hurt and innocent and good and hopeful when I met Bob – a mirror image of my parents … who would hurt me some more.

Now, so many years later – 23 years in May, that I met Bob – I realize all of this.

I have more „**kuleana**“ to live through and relating project to do … like „Regents of Clouds“ … that is my life’s work. And I must be strong and healthy and of a sound and unpained mind to do that.

So it is okay that my parents behaved like evil maniacs in the last year … this makes it easier for me to do the much needed detachment. They do not need „me“. They need „someone“ to take care of them. But not me. They hate me.

My dogs and Sandy need me. And for them I will recover, psysically, mentally and emotionally. And I will find the perfect home for us.

And I will pick up me real work.

Promise.

Also … I saw a *mistle toe bloom* today. This is next to impossible. Because the mistles are so high up in the tree, usually. But this one was in the shore brush at lake Hafnersee. Mistle toe. A cancer remedy. That Bob took. That I trusted Bob with taking it. When he was already dead sick. But then … I had no idea that he would go to a fucking hospital and betray me again and fuck everything up.

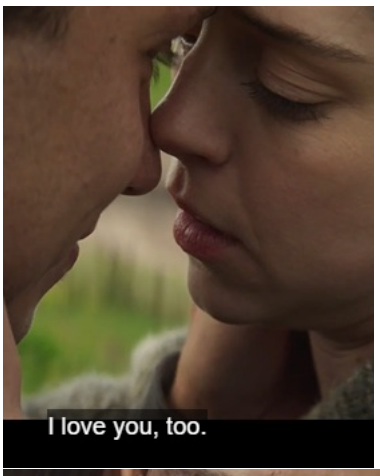
Also I found a beer cap – something I see nearly every day at my „father’s“.

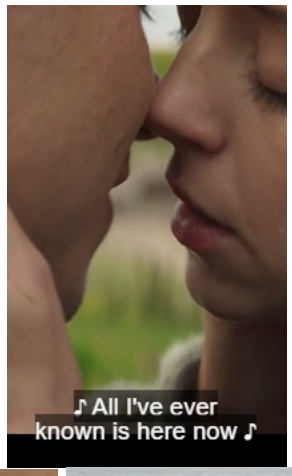
March 17, 2025

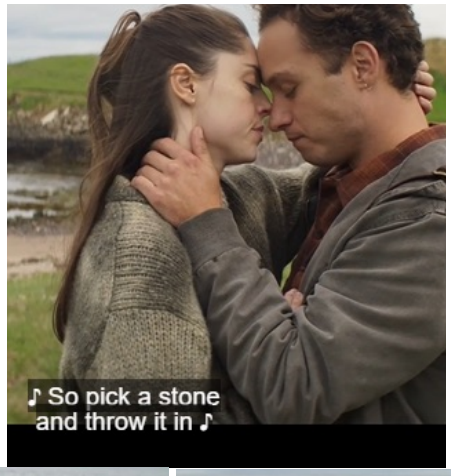
Double clouds at Rosegg … amazing. A bit comforting.

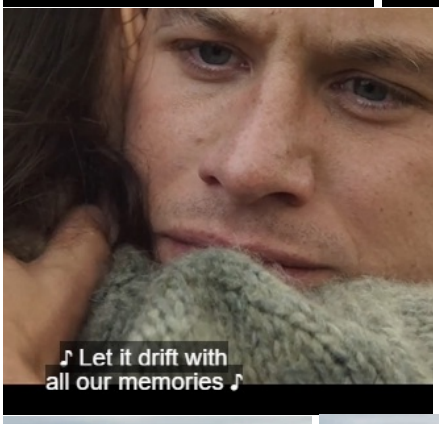
March 20, 2025

Watched a movie about a true story about an oil pipeline repair diver … and in the end, there was such a beautiful song … so sad, so true …

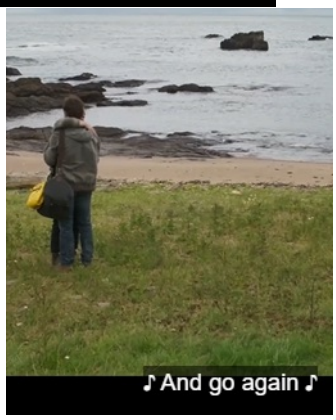

I love you, too.

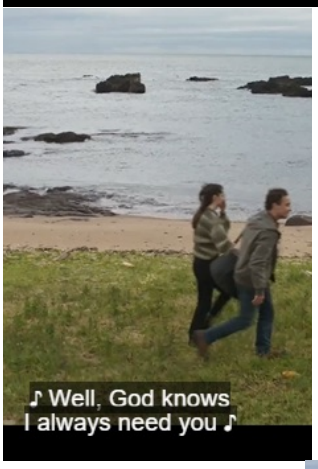

♪ All I've ever
known is here now ♪

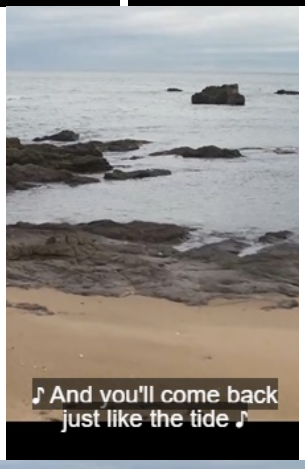

♪ So pick a stone
and throw it in ♪

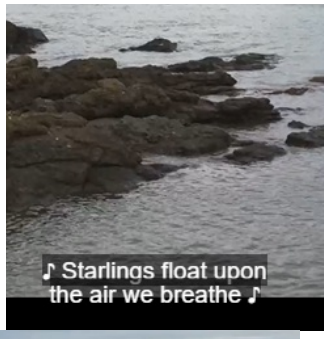

♪ Let it drift with
all our memories ♪

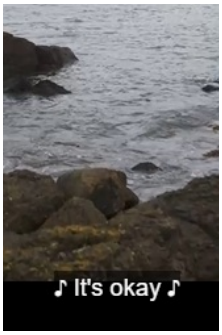
♪ The times we've laughed ♪

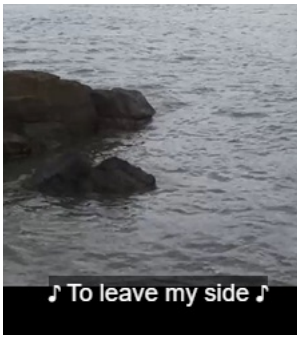

♪ And go again ♪

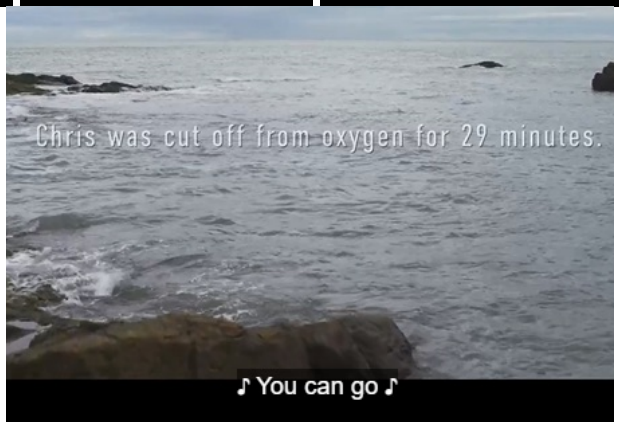

♪ Well, God knows
I always need you ♪

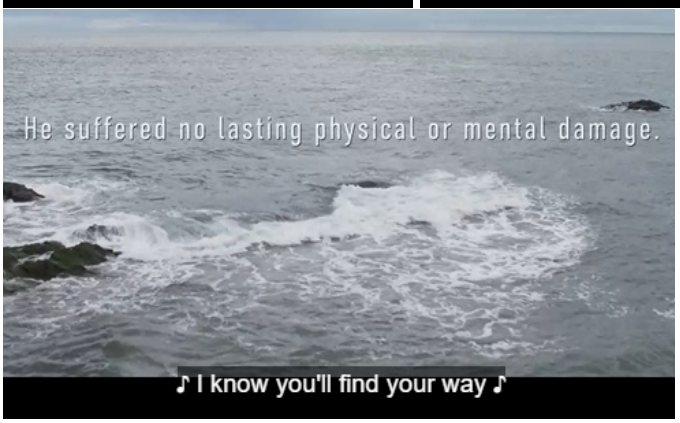

♪ And you'll come back
just like the tide ♪

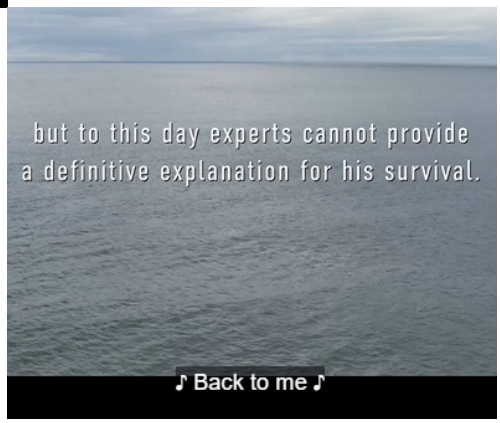

♪ Starlings float upon
the air we breathe ♪


♪ It's okay ♪


♪ To leave my side ♪


Chris was cut off from oxygen for 29 minutes.
♪ You can go ♪





March 21, 2025

I found a star. Tiny. On the ground at lake Hafnersee. Just that one. Nothing else.

Also – another **fish hook!** A Polynesian one! Close to where my father lives. When I walked Sandy on a new route, I saw it. And the double line in the sky … kinda telling.

March 22, 2025

More amazing dreams – and insights:

In August it will be 24 years that Kimba died and that I moved to Maui – does that have to do with the 24 silver hearts I found on Schafberg in 2018, shortly before traveling to Maui for the last time to find Bob a dying man?

Are things to change drastically this year? Next year it will be 24 years that I will have met Bob, in May 2002 that happened. So these three years with „24“ in them respectively in their meaning will make the big difference in my life?

Good.

Today, walking with Jacqui and Tino, I had the inspiration for a film „Die Gefangene“, meaning „The Prisoner“ (talking about a soul, not a mortal person) – and I want to fictionalize the story of my „father“ and me ALONG with the wisdom of Elizabeth White and Stewart White. Walking, I suddenly knew how to write that … and I must right now (14:26 pm) get to do it and put down a concept. I might have to write this. Otherwise the horror of dealing with my insane „father“ will suffocate me.

Luckily, I took all the right medicine to fight the internal fuck-up that happened in my stomach and/or pancreas and/or bowels and/or lungs … the horrible tumor-taste and -smell that was everywhere is now only left in traces in my stool … no longer in my breath and sweat and pee. Good. I took Kardenwurzel and Rosmary (antibacterial), Cat's Claw and Boswellia Serrata (anti-tumor) and various herbs to support the liver like Mariendistel-Dandelion-elixir. Continuing with a few of them.

Feeling so much better, also looking better. I got some color in my cheeks, and sometimes I find my mirror-image appearing to be very youthful. Go figure.

Also, in a **dream**, I tried to save my mother who was at the same time CH, from a guy who kept looking into a mirror. He was tall and slender – and he just would not tell me where she was … so I had to leave. There was a **tidal wave** coming, and since I was by myself and couldn't do anything for my mother, I just dove into it. In the wave, under water, I thought, that this was not so bad. But then I thought in my dream, *„On shit, the land behind me is uphill, so when the ocean rolls back, I'll surely be killed – pulled way out into the ocean or squished or blugeoned by debris.“* Luckily, I woke up.

(Note, so now, March 29, sorting through the remaining images I have collected, I found these of a special kind of tidal wave in a „Mission Impossible“ movie: Wow.)

(dream)

Also … kind of sweet that in one of my favorite shows, „***Elsbeth***“, the communication with „the dead“ is a topic:

Lieutenant, do you think it's true?
Do you think people can communicate with us
after they're gone?
I do.
So, how does this work, exactly?
At your direction, I will connect you
with departed family members.
Does it have to be... family?
No, it can be loved ones, friends,
anyone that you're d-drawn to.
Let me see who I can connect with, okay?

And then – „Betty“ appeared, and I had been working on my new project „The Captive“, with **„Betty“ Stewart** connecting with the main character.

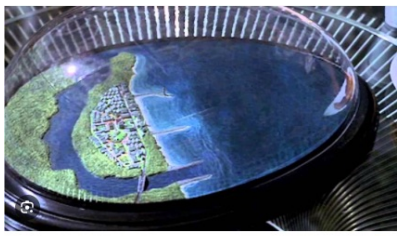
March 23, 2025 – **The Doll & the Dome & The Truman Show**

Found a blonde doll walking with Sandy.

Started **screenplay „The Captive“** – a fictionalized story about my horror-experiences with my „father“. The „prisoner“ is actually the soul of my father trapped in his body that is lead by an evil sick brain.

The bad smell came back. Kidneys? Liver? Ulcer? Shit.

And now: I made myself some **lemon water**, and a strange **bubble** appeared on top of the glass. Immediately I thought of what I had watched just yesterday: **The Truman Show**! The entire story plays under some elaborate giant „**dome“.** And I had thought intensely about Bob and wondered if he had ever seen that show … So that „dome“ seemed to reflect that question … or what are the odds?



March 24, 2025 – **New guy for …? 250 AS & the Owl**

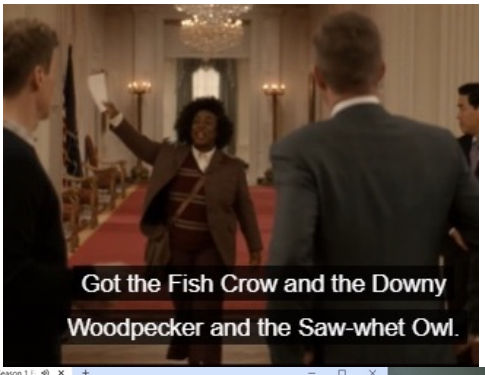
I answered to a contact ad at a local newspaper, a guy, 73, who looks for someone for good talks and some nice hours. ***I don't know why I wrote to him*** – but I just said that I find it nice that he put the ad privately and not through an agency. Now he answered my – with a horribly bad image. And the worst – or best? – part***: His hand!*** Resting on his chest EXACTLY like Bob's hand did – in those weeks that I saw him last when he was dead sick. Oh wow.

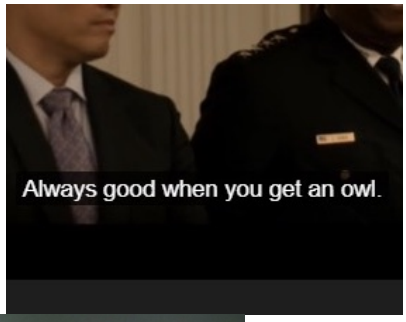
I noticed that right away. He may be a nice guy, though, don't know yet. I will send him info about my film work and dreams … and then I'll see. So far I know that he worked in the hotel biz (of course it immediately gives me thoughts of „Paradise" …) in the English language parts of the world … wow. He used to travel much and is spiritual, loves animals. Sounds lovely. His name is Roman Himmel – and just two days ago, I saw a car with the **license number „ROMY**" closeby, but I did not photograph it. And „Himmel" means – „sky", „heaven" – like „**lani**".

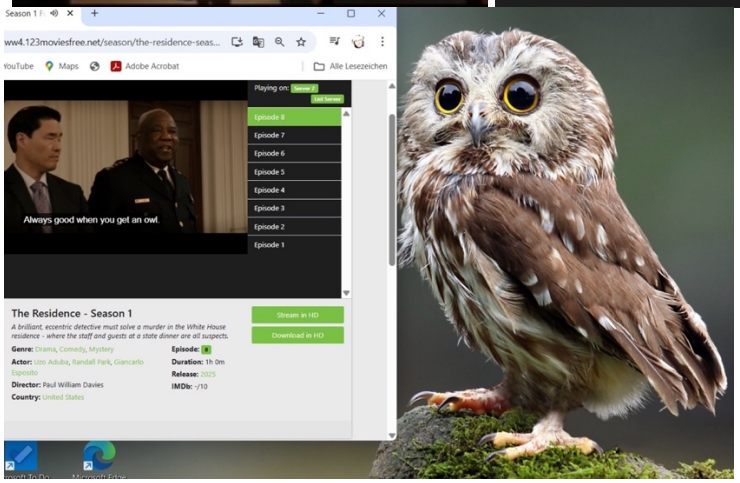
I was pondering upon the possibility of being friends with someone … and how dangerous that is, because older men can always be mental … when a car with the license plate number **„250 AS"** drove by. I „heard" in my mind Bob's phone number (250-8030), „**250** A like **eight**-oh and S like **three**-oh" … it felt like **Bob „calling out to me".** *So what about that guy*? I'll see, I guess.

And something else happened: I watched a new series, *„The Residence"*, and an **owl *appeared in the story*** … and just then, my screensaver in the background turned into an **owl**!

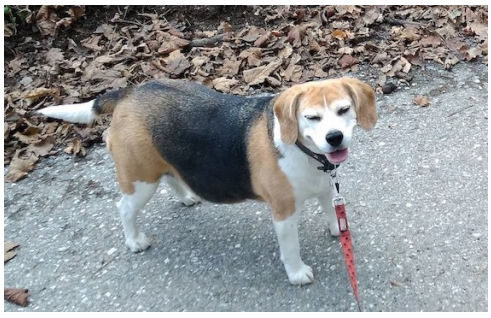
What are the odds?







My father is in bad shape but still evil as shit. I don't know how to handle him. **Sandy** must be taken away from him … he is still overfeeding her, he is so confused, that she is not safe with him anymore. I walk her every day … but it is hard, because he always is straightout nasty to me. Sometimes I feel sorry for him, but then he is so cruel, that I detest him. Things from my childhood keep coming up – ALL due to his behaviour as a mentally ill fuck, a psychopath narcissist-sadist.



Sandy (born 10.12.2015)

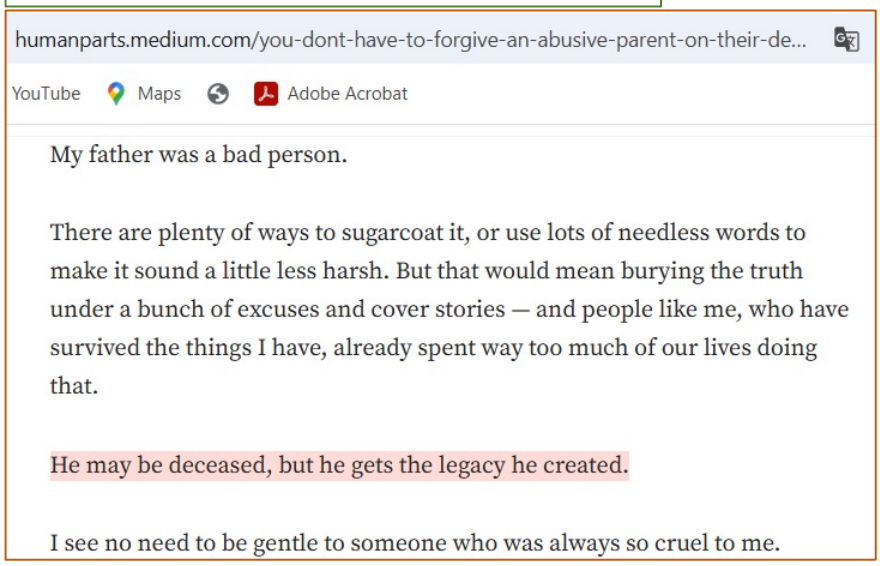
March 25, 2025

Strangely lit deer – or something – in the middle of the forest this morning … strange that something so small can be visible so strongly … is that meant to teach me something?

Had to read some blog entries again … the situation with my „father“ is close to unbearable. Maybe my body is telling me that I must stop trying to bear it … I must take action to get my father into a care facility. But how?

He has been so cruel … also recently, and I have been lashing out on my dogs, those always-patient-loving princes … and this cannot go on.

humanparts.medium.com/you-dont-have-to-forgive-an-abusive-parent-on-their-deathbe...
YouTube
Maps
Adobe Acrobat
You Don’t Have to Forgive an Abusive Parent on Their Deathbed
Telling me to forgive my father means erasing the years of abuse I suffered at his hands


humanparts.medium.com/you-dont-have-to-forgive-an-abusive-parent-on-their-de...
YouTube
Maps
Adobe Acrobat
My father was a bad person.
There are plenty of ways to sugarcoat it, or use lots of needless words to make it sound a little less harsh. But that would mean burying the truth under a bunch of excuses and cover stories — and people like me, who have survived the things I have, already spent way too much of our lives doing that.
He may be deceased, but he gets the legacy he created.
I see no need to be gentle to someone who was always so cruel to me.

I watched a series about life in an Innuit-Town, „North of North“ … and whilst I did not like it one bit, the main characters were all either awfully inconsiderate and selfish or dumb, there was a mentioning of „Bob“, just when I thought of him …

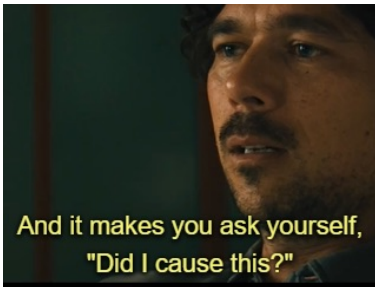
March 26, 2025 – **Street Number 222**
Wow.

Something is happening. It is like I see Maui references everywhere. Walked my boys last night, along a route I have been taking many times … and suddenly I saw it: **The number „222“ ON the street.**

Like my beloved address on Maui, Haulani Street 222.
Sigh. And now what?

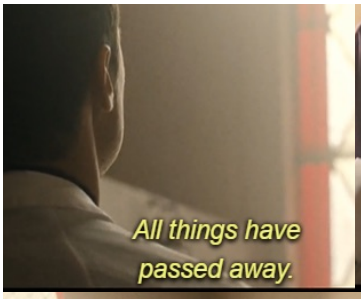
I found an interesting series, „Scrublands“, about a priest who took down a bunch of assholes, but for the price of being killed himself. First, I love that actor, Jay Ryan (first saw him in the series „Mary Kills People“, a genius series. But … therewere a few conversations, that just so so so spoke to me … like the daughter trying to help her father who keeps rejecting her …

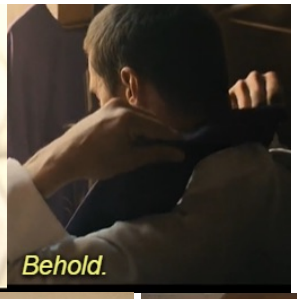
You've been a shit dad.
Maybe I've been a shit daughter too.
Let's not dwell on that.
But of all the shitty men in my life,
you're kind of coming up trumps right now.
But if you were out here with me, I could... lend a hand.
Bye, bye!
Might not be what we intended or...
sometimes, you just find yourself in the middle
of this whole fucking disaster.

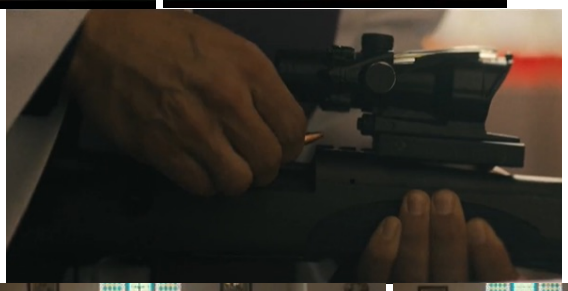


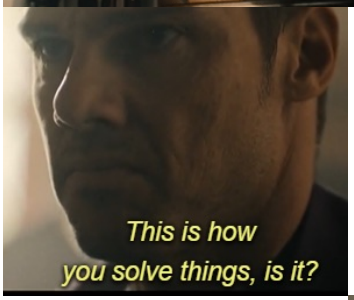
My beloved dog's name came up, too, „Jacqui" … and even „my" „Stone" Bob:

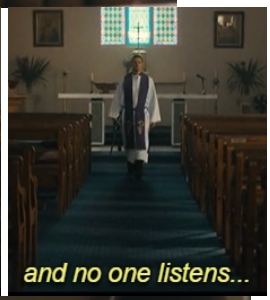
„*Two-sided" – no shit.*

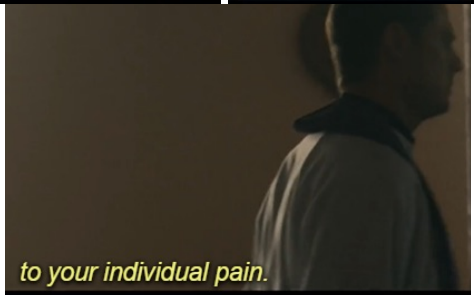












March 28, 2025 – **Image of Bob & major Insight & A Teal Stone Put in a Girl's Hand!**

Oh my. My stomach. My whole abdominal area. Stinky. Sick. WTF.

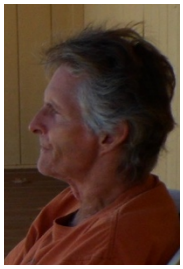
But insight: ***So now I know why I answered to that ad!*** My new pen pal – Roman – is supposed to be a different lesson than I thought he would be. He is so similar to Bob – **that I am supposed to say NO to any further acquaintance.** That has been clear to me since this morning, when I woke up and thought of that guy and what he had written to me – and I felt a „knot" in my stomach, nothing comfortable about the thought. I continued working on my new script „The Captive", about my life, my father and Betty's and Stewart White's work … and I kept thinking how uncanny similar that guy is like Bob – in all that he has so far revealed about him. Roman is, all facts down, exactly what I do NOT need or want in my life in a man. All „quiet" and withdrawn, not making friends, a dead partner and dead dog, not wanting much, just a peaceful life, of a Buddhist persuation. Brr. Just writing about it … and truth be told … his picture is offputting. So I had to write to him to be sure that **I must „let Bob go"** … a thought that has been very strong just a few weeks ago?

The hand on the chest gives me the creeps and plunges me right back into my past agonies about Bob's life and death and my roles in it – and where I am now.

Roman did not mention that he had looked at the trailer of my spiritual Hawaii docu or looked at any of the other links … and that is it for me. A person who wants to be true friends with me, MUST be totally interested in all that. So … now: I know for sure what I must say NO to. Including CH. She has turned back into being a full-fledged alcoholic, and frankly, after trying again to help her, I do not care anymore. If that is her path – be it. Another lesson learned: She chooses her shit. I am no fucking therapist.

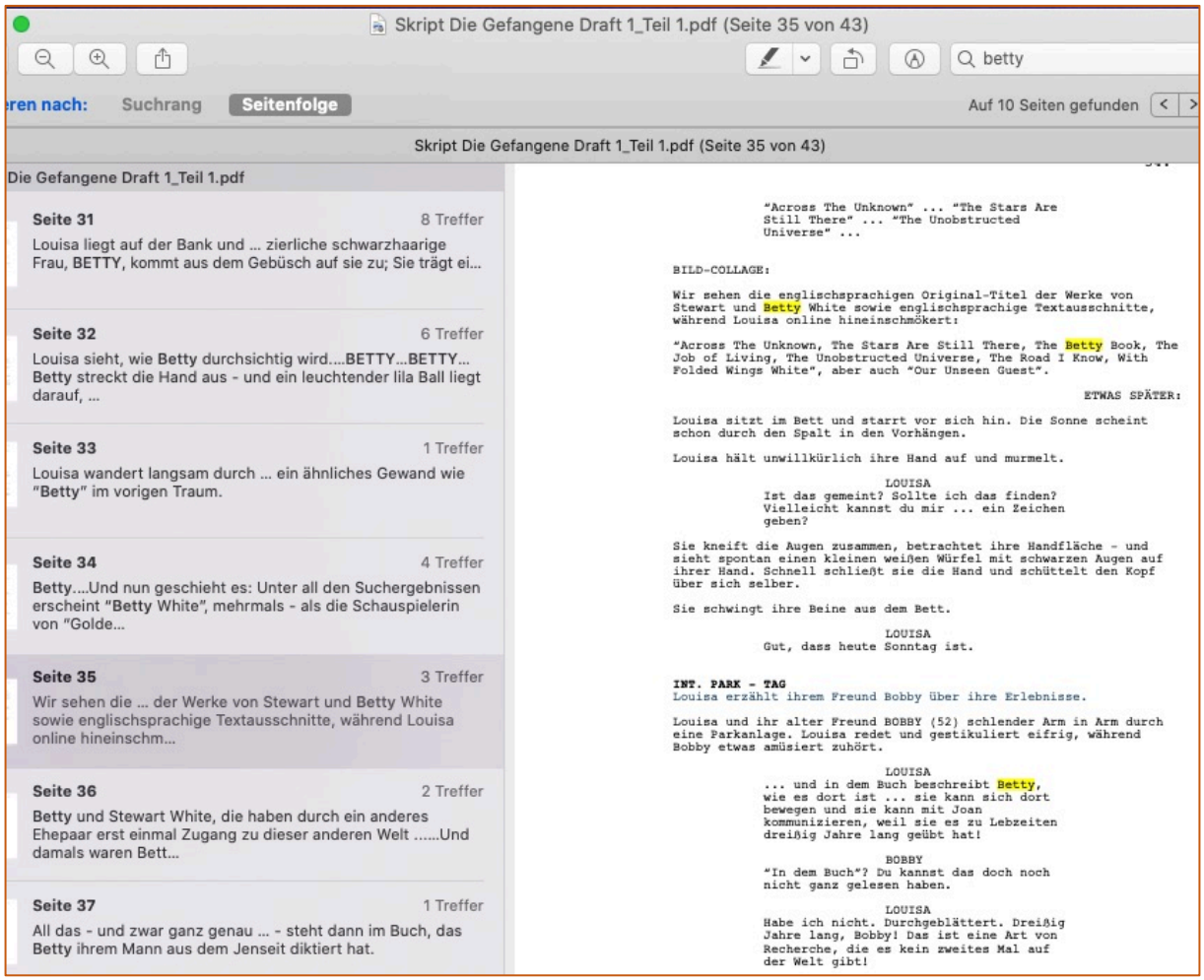
Also: Just earlier I went through a thumb drive to use it as security backup to have with me at all times … and I suddenly stumbled across ***Maui pictures*** I have never seen before. There was Bob – and his two faces. (Grumpy pissed off and jolly. Oh our lanai! At breakfast time. And my spot next to Bob. The „hot black" machine. The jam. The cups, the plates … housie. Those were the days. I could cry.) Oh wow. *(Next to it – see the image of Roman. With his hand in exactly he same position like Bob had it when he was so dead sick … I could pull one picture out for comparison, but I am not up for it.)* Pains me to look at the photos I took of Bob in 2012, Nov. 1 … he had a few days more than 6 years to live, then … Oh wow. What Roman wrote to me about himself – is exactly the kind of person I can NOT use in my life. Thanks, Bob.

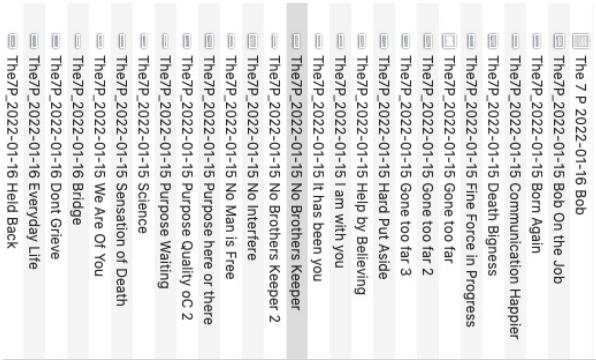
And oh – the syncronicity findings and license plate numbers! It is all very very intense, these days. I feel inspired.

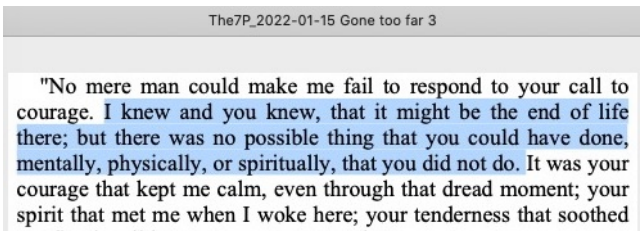


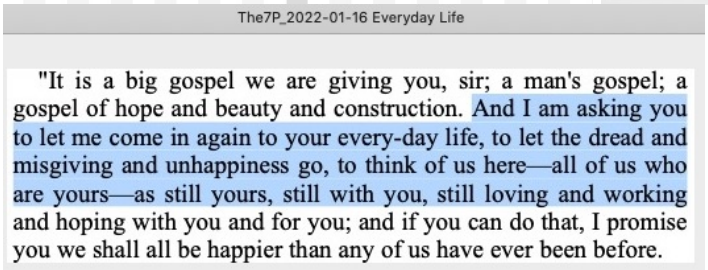
It is raining today. Thank God. Will take a walk with my boys. Maybe not visiting father and Sandy today. Had a night of continuous toilet visits … feeling really cleansed. The horrible tumor smell seems to be gone for now. Okay. What does all that mean?

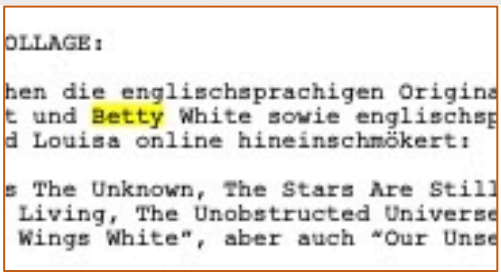
Oh – also interesting: I have included **Betty and Stewart White** into my new screenplay „Die Gefangene“ just today, just earlier – and browsing the contents of that thumb drive, I found excerpts from ***„The 7 Purposes“*** … wow. That all is very encouraging.


Skript Die Gefangene Draft 1_Teil 1.pdf (Seite 35 von 43)
betty
Suchrang
Seitenfolge
Auf 10 Seiten gefunden
Die Gefangene Draft 1_Teil 1.pdf
Seite 31 8 Treffer
Louisa liegt auf der Bank und ... zierliche schwarzhaarige Frau, BETTY, kommt aus dem Gebüsch auf sie zu; Sie trägt ei...
Seite 32 6 Treffer
Louisa sieht, wie Betty durchsichtig wird....BETTY...BETTY... Betty streckt die Hand aus - und ein leuchtender lila Ball liegt darauf, ...
Seite 33 1 Treffer
Louisa wandert langsam durch ... ein ähnliches Gewand wie "Betty" im vorigen Traum.
Seite 34 4 Treffer
Betty....Und nun geschieht es: Unter all den Suchergebnissen erscheint "Betty White", mehrmals - als die Schauspielerin von "Golde...
Seite 35 3 Treffer
Wir sehen die ... der Werke von Stewart und Betty White sowie englischsprachige Textausschnitte, während Louisa online hineinschm...
Seite 36 2 Treffer
Betty und Stewart White, die haben durch ein anderes Ehepaar erst einmal Zugang zu dieser anderen Welt .....Und damals waren Bett...
Seite 37 1 Treffer
All das - und zwar ganz genau ... - steht dann im Buch, das Betty ihrem Mann aus dem Jenseit diktiert hat.
"Across The Unknown" ... "The Stars Are Still There" ... "The Unobstructed Universe" ...
BILD-COLLAGE:
Wir sehen die englischsprachigen Original-Titel der Werke von Stewart und Betty White sowie englischsprachige Textausschnitte, während Louisa online hineinschmökert:
"Across The Unknown, The Stars Are Still There, The Betty Book, The Job of Living, The Unobstructed Universe, The Road I Know, With Folded Wings White", aber auch "Our Unseen Guest".
ETWAS SPÄTER:
Louisa sitzt im Bett und starrt vor sich hin. Die Sonne scheint schon durch den Spalt in den Vorhängen.
Louisa hält unwillkürlich ihre Hand auf und murmelt.
LOUISA
Ist das gemeint? Sollte ich das finden? Vielleicht kannst du mir ... ein Zeichen geben?
Sie kneift die Augen zusammen, betrachtet ihre Handfläche - und sieht spontan einen kleinen weißen Würfel mit schwarzen Augen auf ihrer Hand. Schnell schließt sie die Hand und schüttelt den Kopf über sich selber.
Sie schwingt ihre Beine aus dem Bett.
LOUISA
Gut, dass heute Sonntag ist.
INT. PARK - TAG
Louisa erzählt ihrem Freund Bobby über ihre Erlebnisse.
Louisa und ihr alter Freund BOBBY (52) schlender Arm in Arm durch eine Parkanlage. Louisa redet und gestikuliert eifrig, während Bobby etwas amüsiert zuhört.
LOUISA
... und in dem Buch beschreibt Betty, wie es dort ist ... sie kann sich dort bewegen und sie kann mit Joan kommunizieren, weil sie es zu Lebzeiten dreißig Jahre lang geübt hat!
BOBBY
"In dem Buch"? Du kannst das doch noch nicht ganz gelesen haben.
LOUISA
Habe ich nicht. Durchgeblättert. Dreißig Jahre lang, Bobby! Das ist eine Art von Recherche, die es kein zweites Mal auf der Welt gibt!


The7P_2022-01-16 Held Back
The7P_2022-01-16 Everyday Life
The7P_2022-01-16 Dont Grieve
The7P_2022-01-16 Bridge
The7P_2022-01-15 We Are Of You
The7P_2022-01-15 Sensation of Death
The7P_2022-01-15 Science
The7P_2022-01-15 Purpose Waiting
The7P_2022-01-15 Purpose Quality oC 2
The7P_2022-01-15 Purpose here or there
The7P_2022-01-15 No Man is Free
The7P_2022-01-15 No Interfere
The7P_2022-01-15 No Brothers Keeper 2
The7P_2022-01-15 No Brothers Keeper
The7P_2022-01-15 It has been you
The7P_2022-01-15 I am with you
The7P_2022-01-15 Help by Believing
The7P_2022-01-15 Hard Put Aside
The7P_2022-01-15 Gone too far 3
The7P_2022-01-15 Gone too far 2
The7P_2022-01-15 Gone too far
The7P_2022-01-15 Fine Force in Progress
The7P_2022-01-15 Death Bigness
The7P_2022-01-15 Communication Happier
The7P_2022-01-15 Born Again
The7P_2022-01-15 Bob On the Job
The 7 P 2022-01-16 Bob

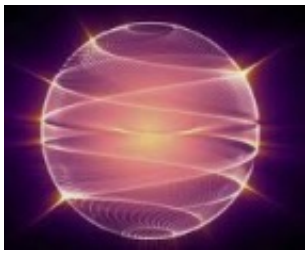

The7P_2022-01-15 Gone too far 3
"No mere man could make me fail to respond to your call to courage. I knew and you knew, that it might be the end of life there; but there was no possible thing that you could have done, mentally, physically, or spiritually, that you did not do. It was your courage that kept me calm, even through that dread moment; your spirit that met me when I woke here; your tenderness that soothed my first bewilderment; your purpose that


The7P_2022-01-16 Everyday Life
"It is a big gospel we are giving you, sir; a man's gospel; a gospel of hope and beauty and construction. And I am asking you to let me come in again to your every-day life, to let the dread and misgiving and unhappiness go, to think of us here—all of us who are yours—as still yours, still with you, still loving and working and hoping with you and for you; and if you can do that, I promise you we shall all be happier than any of us have ever been before.


OLLAGE:
hen die englischsprachigen Origina
t und Betty White sowie englischsp
d Louisa online hineinschmökert:
s The Unknown, The Stars Are Still
Living, The Unobstructed Universe
Wings White", aber auch "Our Unse

But: Last night I went multiple times to the bathroom, as stuff exploded out of me … like cleansing. Of course I had eaten milk rice and drunk plum juice. Well. I hope that the reason for the putrid stink of the past weeks is gone now?

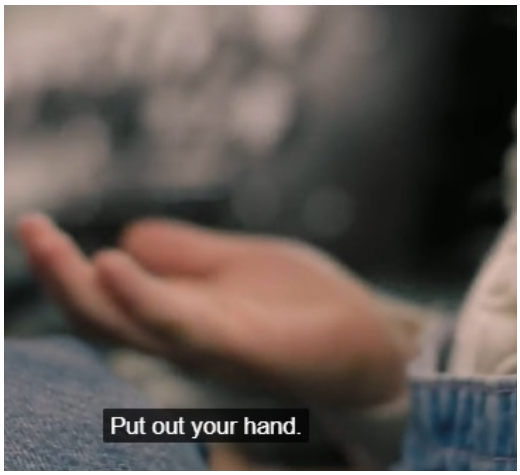
(Later) **The Jade Stone on the Palm**
Oh wow, something amazing just happened:
I had just earlier today continued working on my screenplay ***„The Captive“,*** and I had written the scene where „Betty“ hat put something into the main character's hand, a bright shining ball … and then she found an illuminescent ball on the ground.



*(**Note**: This will be of relevance again tomorrow!)* And another scene where the main character put out her hand again to „receive“ something else as an evidential answer „from the beyond“, and she received a „white cube“ (like I have done with Bob many times, and the white cube scene is from my actual experience) …

… and just now I put on a new show that I only discovered today, **„Happy Face“**, about a woman discovering that her father is a serial killer (after a true story). And – at the same time putting images into this contact diary – I looked over, and there are flashbacks, and look:

What are the odds? A **girl waiting for something to be put into her hand!**



And guess what? It is a **teal colored jade STONE!**

Wow, these theme of ***„putting something into my hand“*** was just displayed so clearly – I do believe t**his means I should continue doing it in terms of communicating with the beyond!** Why else would this appear in a random film I was watching?

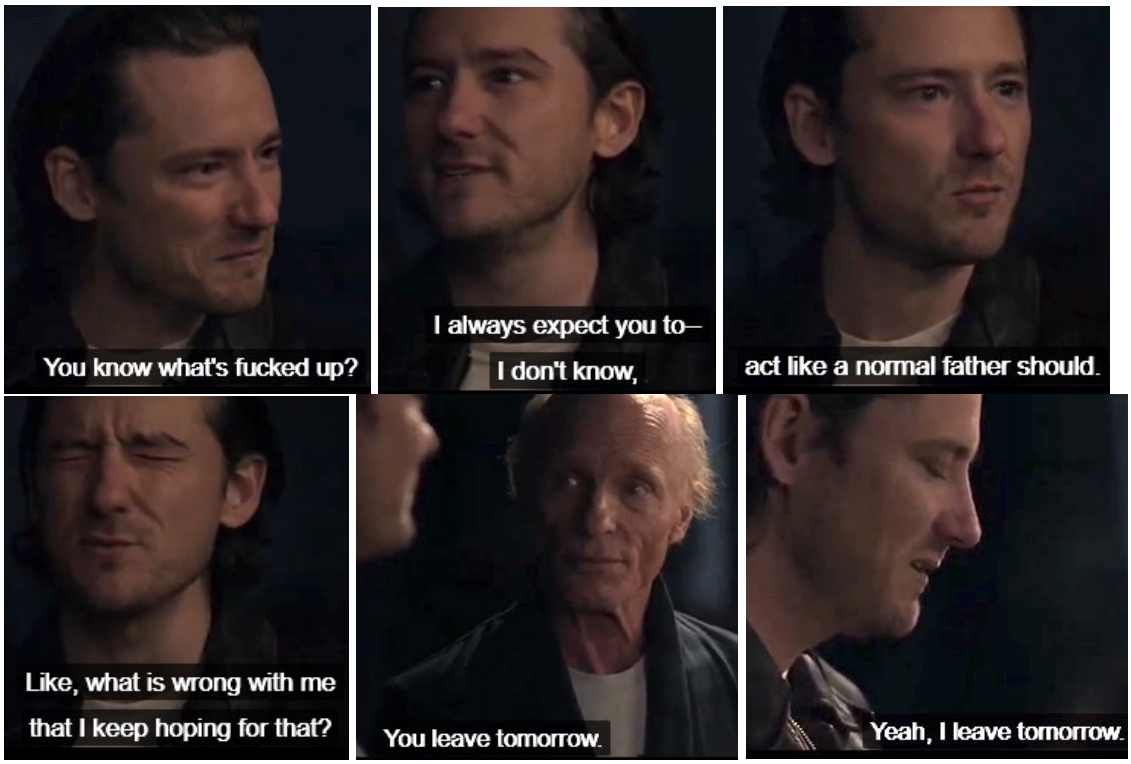
Oh my. I'm a bit shaken up now, gotta admit. My cheeks are burning. Of course … watching on, there was also something that may be so true for my father – who has been behaving like a maniac monster for decades.

(Just waiting for a „**pear**“ to show up somewhere, because that's what I got this morning when I asked Edith to give me a sign that she is with me, helping me to free Sandy.)

Also, yesterday, just after I had written about **„Betty White“,** the wife of Stewart White in my script, I watched ***„30 Rock“*** again, started with season 6, and sure enough: The character Jack Donaghy mentions **„Betty White“** literally! (But of course he meant the one from the „Golden Girls“! Must find a version with subtitles still!)
UNCANNY!

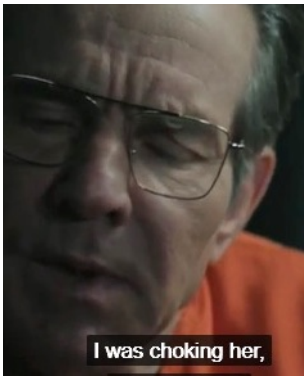
(Later)

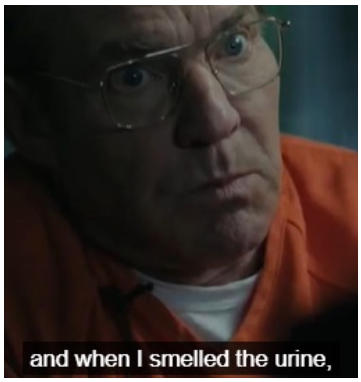
A random new movie I found, **„Riff Raff“** … just to have something running while I am working the images of this contact diary … gave me a monologue that could be absolutely me, that IS actually, ***always my problem with my father:***


You know what's fucked up?
I always expect you to–
I don't know,
act like a normal father should.
Like, what is wrong with me
that I keep hoping for that?
You leave tomorrow.
Yeah, I leave tomorrow.

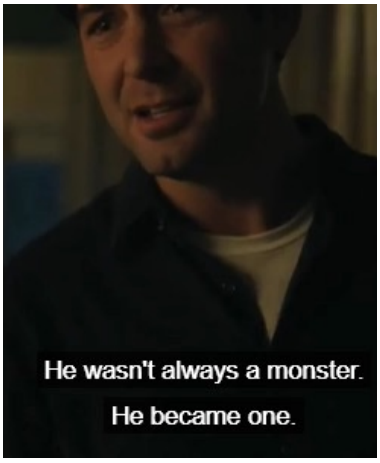
What are the odds? And then, in a true crime series, *„Happy Face“* – some wishful thinking come true:

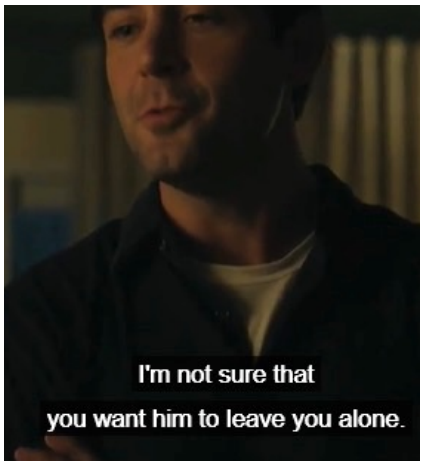
And then – another surprise: The smell in my breath and poop sometimes has a urine tinge … and here it was, a serial killer mentioning it:





And the conflicting thoughts that I know too well … and then, one of the many many video production references in car license plate numbers, „422“ and „480“ …





March 30, 2025, Sunday – **The Light Ball & „Safe“**

I have just recently realized, that I keep seeing a car with the license plate number „HUI 1“.

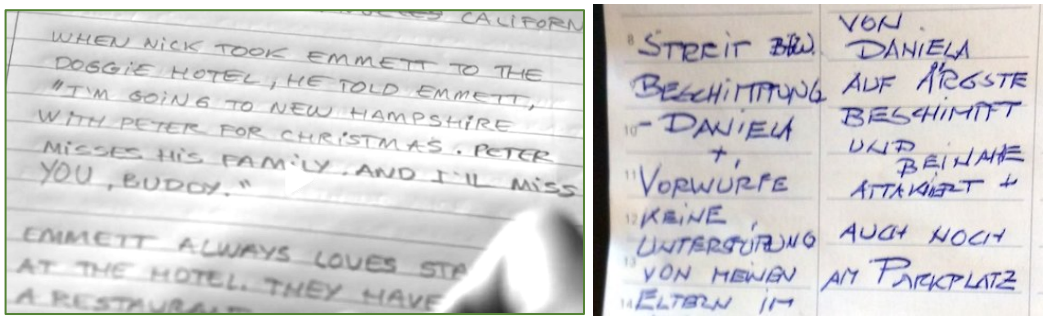
Now, „hui“ is a Hawaiian word meaning „gathering“ or „meeting“, and in the traditional use, one had to call out „Hui?“ upon entering someone’s yard to ask for permission to „meet“.

In Austrian-Carinthian slang, „hui“ is an exclamation of admiration or surprise. I think the car owner means this. BUT:

I just recently remembered something that I had completely forgotten: „Hui“ was the title of the very first screenplay that I wrote when I had just begun to live with Bob. It was an ensemble piece for several youths meeting on a beach … I will have to dig it out.

Recently, I have been so close to my Maui days, in my feelings and recollections … yesterday, waking up from a nap, I was „there“, right there on Maui, with Bob … I felt and saw myself walking about the house, talking with Bob, then we drove to a filming job … it was all there. So direct. So close. So real.
And yet – not real.
I am so sad. So often.

In the show or movie of which I only saw a few scenes today *(„Single all the Way“*), but there was a shot of a **handwriting**, that looks exactly like my father’s handwriting – I have found notes where he wrote down how I „attacked“ him … just fucking unbelieveable. He is making stuff up to … to do what? I don’t know. But he hates me so much … and because I am nothing but nice to him, he must invent something to make me „bad“ … it is so sick. I don’t know how much longer I can stand this.



(R's)

Today I took a walk with the boys, then baked something sweet for my father and brought it to him. He looked sick and miserable, of course was the usual rude and cruel asshole to me. I walked with Sandy, who was happy, gave her herbs for her digestion, treated her eye, then got back to my father, who had already eaten the pastry … and he wanted to sit and chat about the funeral of a „friend" that took place yesterday. But just like in the case of the funeral of another friend – he did not attend. His excuse was, that he had stepped into a puddle, his feet got wet to the ankles, and he did not have other shoes. He has so many shoes … it's a made-up excuse. I know he either forgot or felt too bad to go.

I felt sorry for him, and I let him bla-blah for a while, always the same things, about again one person of his generation is gone … crying, talking about his friend Werner and how they keep telling each other to play the songs they liked for their funeral, depending who goes first … geez, it is so hard to handle. Because no matter what I say, and even if I only comment on what he says, he will lash out at me, rudely and disrespectfully, in his vile and crude way, hateful and demeaning …. And he did it also today, so I simply said that this was just so mean of him and left. Pains me to let him sit there, all alone, nothing to do. But that is what he does – nothing. Life is over for him, he keeps saying, the yard, the houses … all goes to shit.

Again – whatever I say, he lashes out at me with his bitter hatred that has absolutely no foundation.

I called my mother – who immediately lied at me that she had been for a walk on this sunny Sunday (I know, because later she said she hadn't been out and not gotten the newspaper), and I think she also lied at me about having eaten her meals on wheels … but, brr, I cannot care and intervene anymore.

My stomach is a bit better today, the stench came back last night but only in my poor, and a bit in my breath … but I took a good sh*t, and now I feel better, no flatulence, no pain, no stench.

It is so strange this situation I am in. This is not my spot in life.

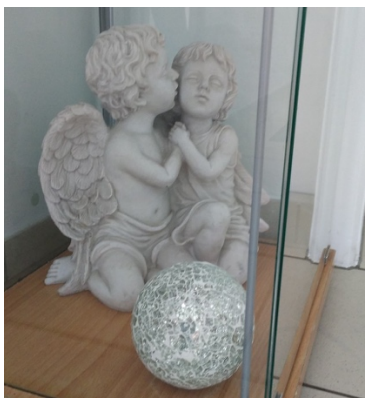
I think about Bob so often, and how in the end, we were sure that we were about to work on our projects.

Well, I will learn soon if I am in the support program for film arts early in 19, and I shall go from there.

Working on putting the missing photographs into this contact diary today.

(Later) **The Light Ball with Me**

Wow – something strange just happened: I am working through photographs and came across one I had taken at my mother's dentist last week, while I waited for her.



And there it is: A „ball lit from the inside“ like the one I myself have described in my **screenplay „The Captive“.**

BETTY
Be real, Lusi ... bleib im Augenblick
... then you might -

Ihre Stimme verklingt.

LOUISA
Wait!

Betty streckt die Hand aus - und ein leuchtender lila Ball liegt darauf, der gelb und rot flackert. Louisa greift danach - aber Betty und der Ball lösen sich rasch auf.

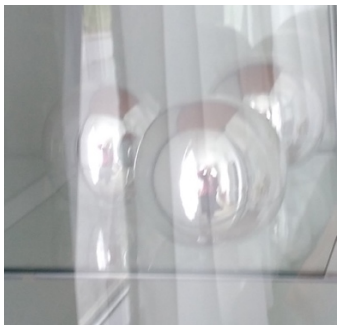
EXT. STRASSE VOR LOUISAS WOHNHAUS - ABEND
Louisa findet den Ball, den Betty ihr gezeigt hat.

Gähnend geht Louisa auf die Eingangstür (des Wohnhauses, in dem sie lebt) zu - als ihr Blick von etwas Leuchtendem angezogen wird.

Im Rinnstein liegt ein orangefarbener, durchsichtiger, gummiartiger Spielball für Kinder - und er leuchtet lila (weil drinnen eine lila Lichtquelle drinnen ist).

Louisa hebt den leuchtenden Ball auf und starrt ihn an.

So I happened to have photographed a ball – with a light inside, and in that light there is – **ME. I AM IN THAT BALL.**



How strange is that?

Also: I watched a bit of the TV-series **„Safe“** yesterday, because it was starring Michael C. Hall from „Dexter“, and I thought that Bob would have liked to watch it. (I stopped after one episode and only read up on the plot.) And guess what? Walking Sandy today, I encountered a car with the license plate number **„SAFE 1“**.

March 31, 2025

Watched – or rather skipped through – a movie about a soldier and a mine, and it was actually in a review I found a message (*the girl is actually dead and a vision):*

> Ultimately, "Mine" is about conquering fear, finding freedom, and embracing your destiny. To do so, we must face our darkest moments and sometimes go through a trial by fire. In the end, it will lead us to the other side — if we can just take that leap of faith.

April 2, 2025

Can't handle my „father" at times … feeling sick again … must read a lot of blog entries to find consolation …

r/raisedbynarcissists • vor 3 Jahren
AnneHawthorne

My narcissist father disowned me, went NC but 25 years later wants me to look after him in his old age. Do I have any obligation?

[Advice Request]

My (F 37) father (78 M) is a malignant narcissist, (undiagnosed like most but he fits the DSM definition like a glove). My childhood was filled emotional trauma and fear. He had hair trigger narcissistic rage that could be brought on by something as simple as someone breathing wrong. He was also big on using emotional abuse to shame and guilt us into complying or as a punishment when he felt slighted.

When I think back on everything, I have really no positive memories of him... just hard traumatic incidents. I distinctly remember being quite young, maybe 6, knowing what divorce was and wanting it, so my father would just go away. I remember thinking I was more mature than him because I had stopped having temper tantrums years earlier.

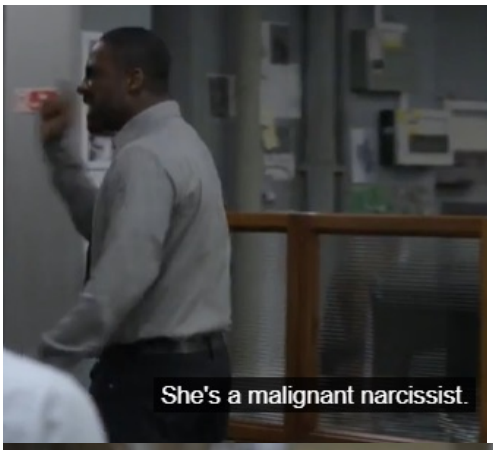
My sister decided to start taking to him after he gave her money. She told me after 6 months that he has never asked her once what the past 25 years of HER life have been like. He even told her, not asked her, but told her that he would be buying a trailer so he could live in her driveway. No thank you please. (She told him no.)

Do not get sucked into taking care of him. I did and it nearly killed me. You have zero obligation to help someone who actively tried to destroy you.

rubberkeyhole • vor 3 Jahren

According to him, he's not even your father, so just keep that in mind when you start to feel bad.

And … wow: Watching „**Luther**“ to distract myself from the dread caused by my „father“ … and sure enough, even there „he“ is:



April 5, 2025

April already. The year is marching forward fast.

Found a plant called „Himmelschlüssel“, „Key to Heaven“. How suiting. Also found a „nest“ made from Bärlapp (Lycopodium, Wolf’s Foot) – something we would do as small children in Kindergarden. Haven’t seen one since. I walked Sandy at lake Hafnersee – she loved it so much. There was the nest. So innocent.

Weirdly, on April 1, I found a bunch of „hair“ in a booth at lake Hafnersee. Odd. Not sure if they are real or not. And a bush of „Goldregen“ – to make up for the gloomiless.

Also, took a walk with mother and my two dogs at the bathing lake at Wernberg, and there was a *heart-shaped cushion* at the fence. Upside-down. Weird.

April 7, 2025 – **Death closeby**

My neighbor Helmut Faschingbauer died today at the hospital where he was in a coma for about two weeks. He was a heavy alcoholic and smoker, ended up with a kaputt liver, cancer in the lungs and liver and a stroke and more. He refused to get help when he became ill about two years ago … now his wife Maria (with who I drove to Villach a few times, she can barely

walk and is mentally slow) and his son Manuel are now all „shocked“ … why? What did they expect? Of course it is hard to know that a person will never come back. Helmut used to stand smoking on the balcony day and night in the house next to the one where I live … ever since they moved in 2 years ago. Manuel kept complaining bitterly that H was a bitter tyrant, he did not allow his son to have a bed, he had to sleep on the floor in the kitchen; He decided when the light was on, when wife and son were allowed to shower, … now, freedom for them. I brought them a flower and a candle. Imagined Helmuts face and sent him as much love as possible for his way onward.

Even took a walk with CH, who had major problems with her new majorly alcoholic boyfriend. Well. I gave my 2 cents, can't do more.

My own health challenges seem to subside. Daily piss tests in the morning show a complete healthy pee … but the smell of my sweat and poo sometimes is excruciating „tumor“. I was thinking that maybe I had a H. pylori bacterial infection, but the pee does not indicate that, and I have no stomach aches. Still I have been taking bacteria-fighting stuff, bought direct-juice from cranberries, olive-oil and broccoli, and I take colloidal silver and now again Boswellia serrata. Much much better. No more explosive diarrhea … I feel better, too.

So I guess I am getting healthy again. I am fasting a bit, too.

Father and mother are not as extreme as only a week ago … well, I am working to keep my calm in the future and not let their toxic ways influence me anymore. Something is inside my body that wants to make me sick – but for now I think I have it in check. Might as well really be the pancreas or something in my digestive system, liver or kidney … something that does not show on a pee test. But so far – I feel fine again. And that horrible smell – weirdly, I smell it also on other things. On dog's poo, on eggs, onion and sometimes out of the blue somewhere. Maybe has to do with my brain?

Whatevah. Have been watching more of „Luther“ – with the most ridiculous story line … but also sometimes some stunning smartness and bravery – and gruesome horrible crimes. Reminds me what the human world really is like. I do live on an „island“ of peace … most places of the world are hell. Already including Vienna, where so many foreign muslims make the life of the locals a fearful unsafe matter. Brr.

April 8, 2025 – **Odd dream & Carneval = Fasching**

What a dream … so weirdly direct-telling … not sure what to make of it:

I was in a small town and on the way on a kind of winding upward street next to a river to some kind of carneval „event“ in a house that was crawling with people who were kind of masqueraded or dressed weirdly, and with a long very narrow kind of corridor that lead up into the attic where something took place.

Weirdly, I found myself with **Walter** I., a guy I had a brief intense „run-in“ a few years ago (…), my first love in life, really … and I was tied to him by a literal string, a long string. I did not think of it much – we were walking amidst the crowd up towards that room where the gathering or even was (I never saw, what it really was, it was just some kind of restaurant and many many people, the walls covered with cloth and veils and stuff, mostly the scenery was black and read with lit patches) … in a way, I „lived“ there, I felt in my dream, it was like I had come straight out of some kind of dorm to walk with Walter. There was stress in the dorm, as new people had moved in – several women – and they appeared to be so inconsiderate, I think I had to move my stuff, and there was a door, and it should have been closed, but it was not, because the newcomers were just moving in and out recklessly, even though I and others wanted to rest or sleep …

But then I was already with Walter, tied on the wrist to him … and it was so strange to follow him upstairs between all they weirdly dressed people, like in a ***carneval***. The **string** was so long that we were not close together, he seemed to know people, it was like „his crowd“ *(Oh while I am writing this, I felt the memory or a sub-plot, something else was happening in that dream with entirely other people and just me, something about sitting and eating with other people … strange.)* … and I tried to keep sight of him, and I called out to him. He then met a woman, a young one, and he strove forwards with her, expecting me to follow along, but in the crowd I lost him! And I was so disappointed because he didn't wait for me … didn't look for me … and I was lost in the huge crowd and the narrow space all decorated and weirdly stuffed with cloth and dark furniture and somehow there was food like on a long buffet …

Suddenly, I found myself alone … in the crowd …

(*Okay, I now remember the **other dream** – it was from yesterday, **April** 7, I was climbing along a wide rock range, trying to save an animal, I think a brown cat, … and at some point I was hanging holding on to a single root that could break off any time, and some people were watching, some family where I was a guest … guys and women, no idea, what I did there, but it was close to the real life home of my mother, „Kolonistenheim“ between Völkermarkt and Brückl … but I managed to get a better grip of the root and made it across the rock surface; my teacher of Hauptschule, Helga **Fasching** was there, too … OH WOW! Now I realize that she has been dead for a long time … and last night, when I dreamed that, and I never dreamed of Frau Fasching before! … it was **the night** when Helmut **Fasching**bauer **died**, at 2:30! … So I was part of that family and managed to save animals and still could join that family who actually like me, and I was accepted, but it is all very blurry in my mind now. Just realizing that the German word for **„Fasching“** is „**carneval**“, like the event in tonight's dream!*)

So then, in tonight's dream … I suddenly realized that I had lost (!) Walter – there was no more string! And I had no idea where he was! I knew he was amongst all those folks in that „carneval“-like setting and that he had fun but without me, and it had not occurred to him to look for me. I found myself dressed in a huge ***white bride's dress with head-veil also all made from gaze and veil*** so that I could barely walk … but I strove to leave the house with the carneval crowd … and I ran away. It was on a slight hill, and I realized that I was in a way close to where Walter had grown up in real life (and me too, closeby) and also in an entirely strange environment.

And as I made my way away from that house with the „event“ – I suddenly saw Walter walk at some distance, and he called out to me – but without looking at me: „… vielleicht schaffen wir es dann auf einen ordentlichen Drink miteinander“, ***„Maybe we will then make it to have a proper drink with each other.“***

And I was happy about that – but I did think that it was not my fault that there had not been a „proper drink“ today, because HE had been the one to simply disappear with and among other people.

So I turned away from Walter and decided I had to leave – and somehow I had to reach Vienna – because now it was definitely the city of Vienna“ where my home was – and I needed to get on a bus. I did find a bus – and strangely I was on a **bike**, suddenly, still wearing that huge ***puffy white-veil-wedding-dress!*** Something like this:

And I had just escaped from that weird „event“-house and did not know where I was. The **busdriver** wanted to let me in and lowered the steps so that could bring the bike in (just when I had thought that it would be a problem with the bike, it was not), as there was some *storage* right in front (!) of the driver where the engine should be, some gaping hole with all kinds of stuff in it … but I said to the driver, who waved me in, ***„Hold on … sorry, but I don't even know where I am.“***

All the passengers laughed, and the driver said I was „kind of in Vienna“ and gave me directions where to go to end up in the center. The bus drove off – and suddenly it was winter and all ice and snow around me, and I was by bike. It was a weirdly metallic shiny bike, a bit fragile … and I drove right to the ***shore of the slightly frozen river.*** I rode my bike fast across the shore onto the ice, and the bike and I slid over the ice why I felt that it was too thin to carry me. But becaus I was moving fast, sliding, I made it to the other side! I felt the ice „heaving“ as if it was only very thin and the water underneath made „wave hills“ – but it did not break, and there was grass on the other short, and I just made it onto it with the bike.

(actual river Danube frozen, looks like in my dream)

I thought, how should I ever find Walter again?

And I got my bike up and was very aware of the wintry surroundings and Vienna right in front of me … and I was all alone, and Walter was on the other side, unseen … and then I woke up.

How odd. Walter has in real life been very close to death in his adult life … so … the reference to **Helmut**, who **died** yesterday and whose name starts with „**Fasching**“ which means „**carnival**“ about which I dreamed and the vision of my **teacher** from the days when I knew Walter in real life, whose name was „**Fasching**“ … that is no coincidence.

April 8, 2025 – **The Path between the Dunes**

Oh wow … I took a spontaneous walk with Jacqui near the cemetery – and there was the EXACT „dunes“ scenario that I had seen in a dream a while ago, **on December 18, 2024, where I had been WITH BOB** in that strange town and walked by a sewage plant **along a path between the dunes** … as a **painting on a house!** Why?

December 18, 2024 – **„In Dreams I Walk With You“**

What an event – what a dream – what a lovely, lovely and yet so bitter encounter!

A while ago, I watched the new version of „The Talented Mr. Ripley“ – a series called simply „**Ripley**“ with Adam Scott in the leading role, but I did not like it, the only thing that kept haunting since watching a few episodes was the title song **„In Dreams I Walk With You“** … that made me nearly cry every time and totally reminded me that I have deviated from the path that this Contact Diary represents because I had to deal with my parents to much in the last year.

It was miraculous – and the dream is still clear in my mind as if it had been an experience in this mortal realm, so clear. Of course all I remember is what my subconscious is able to share with my conscious mind in terms of content of that encounter **– with Bob.**

He has been in my dreams in a vague way for a while, now. But last night – I was with him.

the child wanted a ride, and I think they even got into the car. We said we wanted to the ocean, and that required to drive a long way along the street that we were already on, out of that town, parallel to the dunes … and the place had a name like „Hunertoth“ or something, there was a „Hu“ and the ending was „toth“ … and I thought in my dream, weird, I must keep this name in mind; but the woman said that we might already take a much shorter trip, and it turned out that just pretty much across the street there was an ocean access.

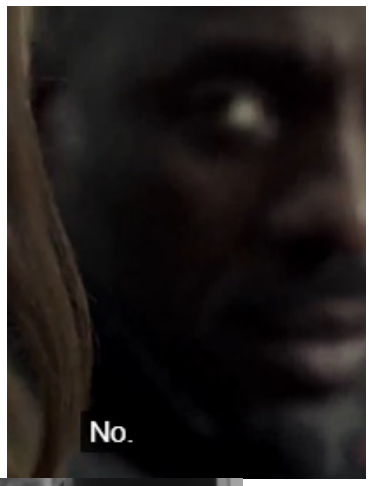
So we got out of the car, and even before we walked down to the ocean between the dunes that were, weirdly, in some kind of suburb setting, a loud, dirty, run-down area, like a poor

Maybe it's just the folks in the invisible „world" telling me how thin the veil is and how important the communication and to keep it up?

Inspired by Helmuth's passing?

April 8, 2025 – **The Dead Are Around**

Surprisingly, in „Luther", Bob and his folks are being mentioned … out of the blue, in some episode, I was beyond stunned:



April 9, 2025

The house at the cliffs of my vision of decades back … I had just yesterday told CH about my vision of very early in my relationship with Bob ***where I saw myself in a gloomy***

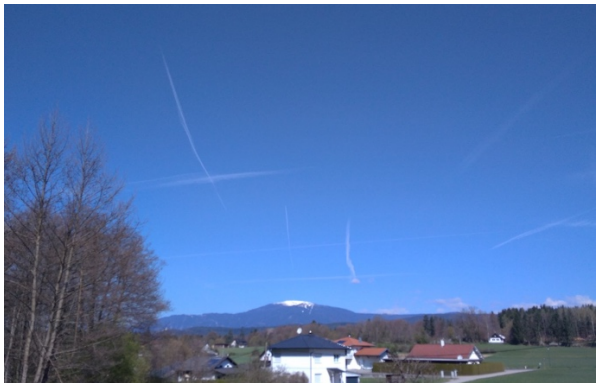
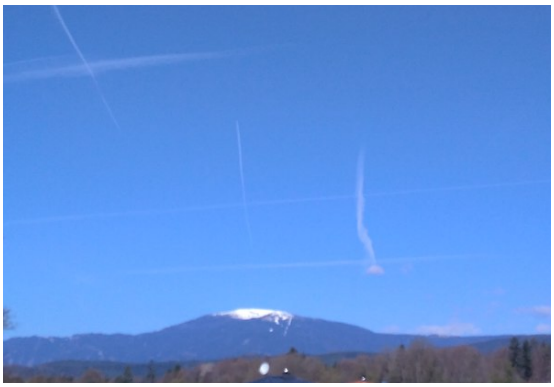
atmosphere in a house near the ocean on a cliff in a bright nightgown … and there it was – in episode 2 of season 5 of „***Luther***“. How come I see that now?

That said – I feel very close to Bob these days, the memories are so sharp and so painful.

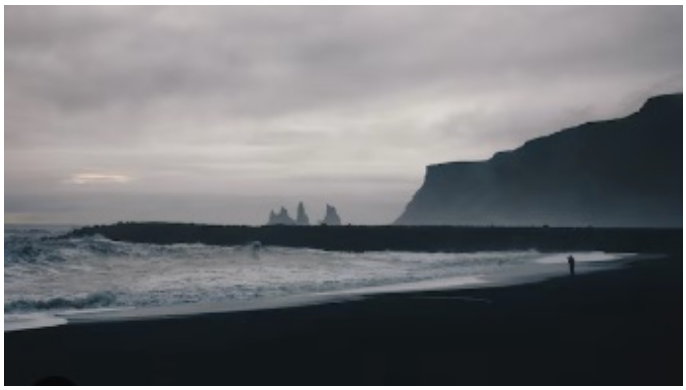
Something else came up reflecting my real-life experiences … also something I told CH about recently: When I was on the operating-chair when I was a young woman for an abortion – but I changed my mind and did not want it to be done, and I told the doctors and nurses so – and they forced me to stay, ignoring my plead – force-aborting my „child“.

That was there too. Wow. Am I supposed to … well, I have no fucking idea what to do with all that.

Weird stripes in the sky – perfectly geometrical.

No contact with mother or father today … not their voices or sight … so sorry for Sandy, but today I must rest my spirit and brain and mind and body a bit, only out and about with Jacqui and Tino. It’s dreary weather … as if it was about to rain … oh I would love to live in a cool place with a lot of rain and fog somewhere safe and romantic near the ocean …



And just a side note:

I had a penpal briefly, who happened to be the brother of a man I had known in Vienna, because we frequented the same dog's park, and the dog's name was „***Violetta***", and I told the guy as much. Never before have I encountered any „Violetta" anywhere … but today, in the series „Patience" (about a gifted young woman on the autism spectrum) that I just checked out:

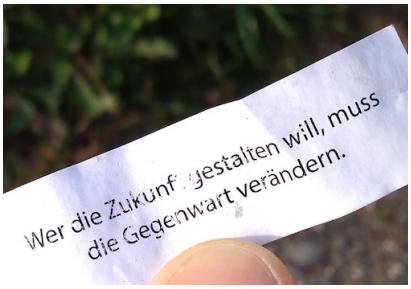
April 11, 2025 – **Tiny Stars-Bunch**

Kaleilauhoku … circle of many stars … I remember exactly, when that word appeared in front of my inner eye while I was driving from Kahului on Maui through the isthmus towards Kihei … oh so long ago … I think in 2001 or 2002 … and it always feels like a reminder of my true self, when I find a bunch of „stars" in the middle of nowhere … like here, in the forest, a tiny pieace of paper, no wrapping, just a piece of paper and stars on it … go figure.

April 13, 2025 – **The Word of Wisdom**

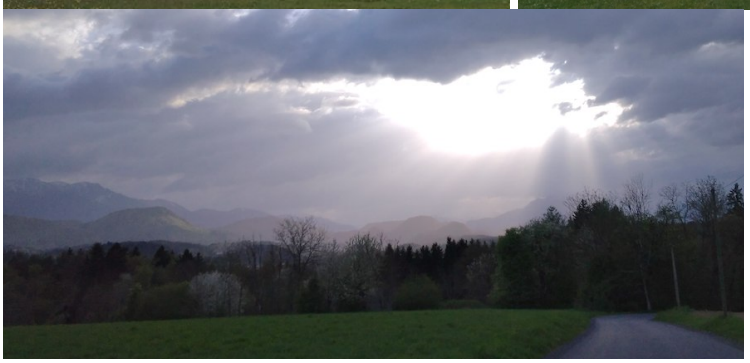
Amazing „door to heaven" (puka lani) this evening at Aich … on the days on Maui, watching the clouds with Bob at Pukalani …

Yesterday, I found a piece of paper with a saying in the middle of the forest, check it out:



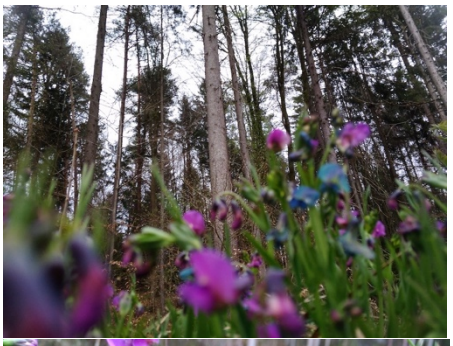
(„Who wants to create the future, must change the present.“)

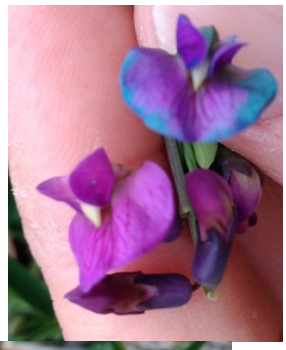
(<u>Note</u>: 3 Days later – this „man in the sky“ at lake Hafnersee … and a „Sky light“ at Aich!)

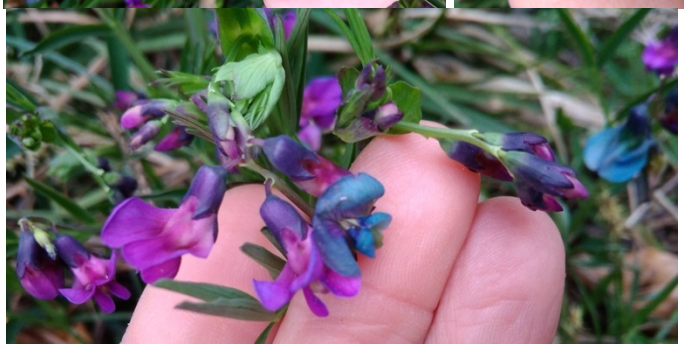


<u>April 14, 2025</u> – **222 BD**
I encountered a license plate number that really really struck me as a greeting (note: have been seeing it several times) … „**222 BD**“, our beloved address and our ***initials***!

(Note: April 25, 2025 – 22:15 pm, Friday, as I am putting pics into this CD, and just did this one, the character „**Coop**“ in the new series „***Your Friends & Neighbors***“ said that he … just realized „how far you can drift away from your own life without actually going anywhere.“ Fuck that is what I am feeling right now.
Also … nature! Always surprising me! Flowers, I have never seen … the colors! Wow! Our playground is truly gorgeous.







April 15, 2025
Took my boys on a walk through the „Devil's Gulch" … saw a stone that looked like a frog.

… and the day before:

(a puka lani)

April 24, 2025 – **The Snakes & Bob Speaking (Not!) & the Frog & the Rat**

The last days were clouded by the absolute horror in dealing with the crazy evil people that are my "parents" … Easter is past, thank God. I don't bring up the energy to write down what happened in terms of „dynamics" with my insane „father" and my mean demented „mother" … just that I now know that my father would in fact hurt me physically and lock me into the basement if he only could, and that my mother lies to me as soon as she opens her mouth, has no caring thought for me and wouldn't even notice if I died.

(my „father“, ready to lash out at me again)

I try to save Sandy, still. And that is my objective regarding my „parents“: There is nothing left to try or want regarding them. The are no mother or father to me, never were, right now they are two mentally very ill people who need my help. But I am withdrawing. Or I will lose my health and life.

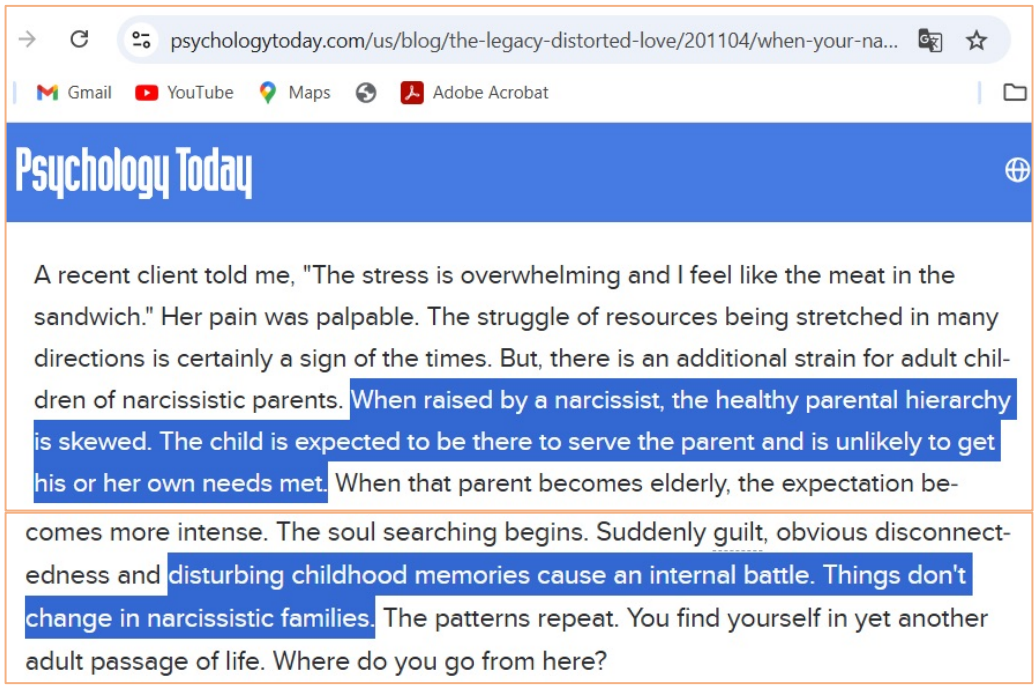
Got very unexpected Easter gifts from a very old friend, Marlies … so yummie stuff, so sweet of her.

My parents wouldn’t even say happy Easter let alone get me a chocolate egg, while I had to do the Easter food and all … They just don’t appreciate me. And much less. I know.

I keep looking at **sweet images online** … it helps to brighten my mind and get my thoughts of the horrific situation I am in … (My „father“ won’t accept anything I say in terms of cheering him up or even suggesting anything nice or healthy – he will immediately scream at me what I am thinking or whether I had lost my mind suggesting that there could be anything positive for him left after Edith’s gone … so I don’t dare to say anything anymore. He wants me to sit with him at the table and listen to his endless rants, an audience, not daring to contribute anything … just there to let him unravel his lies and mind’s creations; He is so negative and so mean and hateful about other people and so whiny and full of self-pity … I cannot stand listening to him.)

Oh, and I found pics (somehow, clicking around) of a dog just like Tino:

I read a lot ***online in blogs*** on all the horrible experiences of other people with malignant narcissists … and it is as if they were writing directly about my father … and my mother. I really pulled the ass card in terms of parents … it may not be their fault, but yet, they are doing to me what all these statements describe: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Psychology Today
A recent client told me, "The stress is overwhelming and I feel like the meat in the sandwich." Her pain was palpable. The struggle of resources being stretched in many directions is certainly a sign of the times. But, there is an additional strain for adult children of narcissistic parents. When raised by a narcissist, the healthy parental hierarchy is skewed. The child is expected to be there to serve the parent and is unlikely to get his or her own needs met. When that parent becomes elderly, the expectation becomes more intense. The soul searching begins. Suddenly guilt, obvious disconnectedness and disturbing childhood memories cause an internal battle. Things don't change in narcissistic families. The patterns repeat. You find yourself in yet another adult passage of life. Where do you go from here?

This leaves you with few people to rely on, talk to, and gain understanding. Within the narcissistic family, you will likely find disconnectedness or denial with other members, siblings, etc., some who may have embraced education and understanding and most who have not. So, you are left with you and your internal debate.

cisions or be a considerate caregiver. The important thing to remember here is that if your parent had limitations in empathy and was unable to love, this does not mean that *you* cannot love. You may have had an influential grandparent or another adult who guided you. Maybe you did your own personal work. Knowing *how to love* is more important than being loved! When we know how to love, we can make decisions based do with tit for tat. It is about following your heart.

Yeah, it's a lot … but I can't get help from anyone … just from people who went through what I am going through … and made it out.

Quora

Mary Batchellor Nichols
Writer, Costumer, Caregiver · Author has **525** answers and **339.9K** answer views · 6y

Related **Should I feel bad that I hate having to take care of my elderly parents?**

Elder care is hard and invasive. It interferes with your life and your plans and often makes you feel cheated. This is all normal. Don't drown yourself in guilt. One of the things people say to me is along the lines of "your mother took care of you, it's only fair that you take care of her now". Well, I grew up in a dysfunctional environment where my mother did NOT always take care of me. So I smile, nod, and quietly wish that person would stop talking. I'm also embarrassed when people praise me for being such a devoted daughter. I'm not. I'm a daughter with a responsibility and I don't always do it with a joyful servant's heart. Your feelings

You need to know your boundaries and STICK to them. It's hard because parents may make you feel guilty or your compassion may take over. The problem is, YOU will become the ELDERLY person in the process...months become years...years become a decade...and you USE UP the "younger" years you have, just like that.

When you're in the mid-60's you really don't want to have a baby to take care of. At least I didn't. I'll admit to being relieved when she passed on, not only for myself, but because she really, really wanted to die and said so virtually every day. That kind of thing can tend to wear one down. I hated she was so miserable.

As the dementia worsened she was much more open to my being there. Her husband had passed away and she was becoming lonely. She was refusing to leave the house and did not want people coming over. I became her only friend.

She did not like me much before any of this. I was the black sheep of the family. If only she could have known the caring person I really was before this happened. She was critical, judgemental and narcissistic. I was able to set all this aside because, what she didn't realize, is that she raised a compassionate daughter who does not turn her back on the weak.

Some behaviours are psychologically exhausting (so many mind games), some problems like dealing with incontinence are exhausting, and having a family member lose their mind and capabilities before your eyes is emotionally exhausting. So, depending on how each of those things apply will determine where most of the exhaustion comes from ... but it will be (well fo

The meanness, gaslighting, triangulating, lack of empathy, and instigation is 1000x worse than ever. I have suffered so much emotional abuse over the past 10 months, I don't even know if I can recover from this. So many childhood trauma memories have been brought to the surface and it's as if I'm reliving it all over again, while mom continues to create more traumatic memories for me & my battered soul.

emotional abuse over the past 10 months, I don't even know if I can recover from this. So many childhood trauma memories have been brought to the surface and it's as if I'm reliving it all over again, while mom continues to create more traumatic memories for me & my battered soul.

Although yes, the delusions aren't her fault, but she's still coming from a place of reasonable mental clarity. She's "high functioning," and I am totally convinced she still has some control over her behavior.

This was the WORST mistake I've ever made, and I have made MANY terrible mistakes in my lifetime. If they get sweet on you, it's because they want something from you, and what they want is to drain you of everything you've got left in your already damaged spirit, and then stomp all over you once they've managed to weaken you to the point where you have lost the will to live.

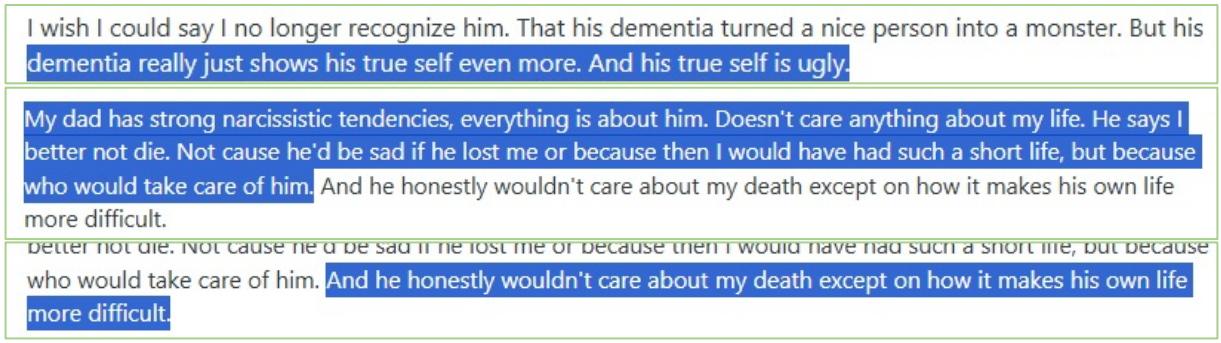
Don't be fooled to believe the dementia has softened them up. It's a lie.

You are so very right. I took care of my Nmom (w/Dementia) her last 3 years. It nearly killed me. "Hell on earth" is a vast understatement. It aged me 15 years, no joke.

… The hardest part is that my malignant narcissist father can play so well „victim“ and „poor old widower“ for others … whilst to me he is always outrageously nasty and hateful. And my spirit is … well, not broken, but rather acting up these days. I would love to make the film „***Mothership***“ about a group of 55+ female rappers … but no idea if I could possibly pull it off. I am broken inside in so many place … not by „life“ … not even by the emotional abuse by Bob, but by the behavior of my „parents“ in the last years. They fucking hate me. And they have no reason for it at all. I was never anything but nice and helpful to them – while they never gave a shit about me since my teenage years.

can't stand him. He is the reason why I hate myself. What should I do?
Leave . Narcissistic people especially fathers can be so toxic that they will cause you to have many mental health problems like mine caused me to have clinical depression and social anxiety and many other things . You need to leave if you are 18 or older , staying with him will only make it worse for you . you cant fix him or reason with him or talk to him to make him see
Sorry to tell you this but your dad *does* know better even if he is a mentally ill, cruel narcissist.
Narcissists thrive on creating big sad negative reactions out of their victims, especially if they can be there to watch you, the victim suffer.
THAT is their payoff. Watching others suffer makes the narcissist feel superior. That is how pathetic they are.
After that call I walked away. Never called, never wrote. I was done. I felt some guilt because he is family. But eventually I just felt freedom. He doesn't love himself and certainly can't love anyone else. He is angry all the time. Sorry for the life he has created for himself, but now I am no longer a part of it. What relief - I no longer get sucked into his gaslighting.
During my last conversation with my alcoholic, narcissistic father, I listened to him rant for half an hour over the phone about his miserable life and how I was the cause of all of his unhappiness. I had taken his car away so he wouldn't kill someone but my brother gave it back.
responses, YOUR reactions. You need to look inward and find ways to heal YOU.Understand a narcissist only has power when YOU give it to them. Without a response from YOU or anyone, their power falls flat.I know this is easier said than done. Work is on ways to become healthy.
I recently started cutting my parents off. I can't stand the conditional love, transactional love, narcissistic tendencies or emotional immaturity anymore. And I realize now what kept me in a
For people in toxic relationships, and children who grow up/grew up with toxic parents, cognitive dissonance runs rampant with regard to our relationships.
You likely see your dad as a hurtful, toxic, narcissist, but you're holding on to the memory of the few times when he was decent and when you got what you needed from him. It's those memories that might keep you coming back and make you feel guilty. Because, how can a

Well, there are „helpers“ around in social services who never even had to do with a demented person … and the questions they ask and suggestions they make … just hurtful and infuriating. I am dealing with a „carer“ right now who seems to be of very simple mind and really dumb … unable to help me really with my mother. Making things evern worse because of her ignorance.


I wish I could say I no longer recognize him. That his dementia turned a nice person into a monster. But his dementia really just shows his true self even more. And his true self is ugly.
My dad has strong narcissistic tendencies, everything is about him. Doesn't care anything about my life. He says I better not die. Not cause he'd be sad if he lost me or because then I would have had such a short life, but because who would take care of him. And he honestly wouldn't care about my death except on how it makes his own life more difficult.
better not die. Not cause he'd be sad if he lost me or because then I would have had such a short life, but because
who would take care of him. And he honestly wouldn't care about my death except on how it makes his own life more difficult.

My life stopped between ages 25-40. Career was shattered. Relationships moved on. All for a woman who resented having kids with zero hint of gratitude.

Some people only found their power in manipulation - they never ask for something, but they become miserable until you move heaven and earth to find out what they want. Such a waste of time and energy! If you grew up in this kind of household, you're always hypervigilant and listening for signs of distress/anxiety.

dementia), she became impossible. Paranoid. Mean. Accusatory. And I was the only one of her 3 kids who was ensuring she was taken care of.

My mum was a narcissist most of my life but I learned to live with it. As she got older, she became more nasty to the point where I didn't participate in her conversation, just went 'oh yeah?' 'well' etc. As she was dying her

I wouldn't say I can't stand my parents but I don't really love them either. There aren't horrible people, they just didn't pay much attention to me as a child. So now I resent I have to give up so much more of my life to accommodate them than they did raising me.

I am so close to throwing the towel with my „parents" … so often … but I cannot and will not abandon Sandy.

The narcissist's mantra is *You made me do it.*

Like the very young children that they are emotionally, narcissists never learn to "play nice." They never learn how to share, compromise, or empathize with others. They never learn

and rage are not your responsibility. Repeat: It is not your responsibility, not your fault, and not your hurt to carry.

Instead of maturing, mellowing, and gaining wisdom, narcissists, unless helped with treatment (which is unusual), remain emotionally stunted children whose deficient empathy and self-centered neediness intensify with aging. They view growing old as a series of ravaging defeats that they struggle against with denial and resentment or submit to with depressed resignation.

manipulate, and otherwise control others. Since narcissists nearly always refuse to take responsibility for their actions or circumstances, they grow bitter and feel victimized by life, blaming others for their disappointments.

Narcissists tend to age into extreme versions of their worst selves. Ar

Because of narcissists' lack of compassion and their antagonism, as they age their relationships and friendships often falter or fail, leaving them lonely and isolated:

- Friends may have pulled away because of their unmasked arrogance, selfishness, and envy.
- Neighbors and other community members may have rejected them because of their callous behavior and rude assertions of superiority and entitlement.

As their personal power fades and their social sphere narrows, narcissists are more likely to look for scapegoats anywhere they can. Their increasingly desperate grandiose delusions often bring out bigotry and assertions of superiority over marginalized people, including other old people. Aging narcissists often express ageism, sexism, racism, and queerphobia to bolster themselves against their feelings of lost power over others.

Being at once grandiose and hypersensitive, narcissists have unrealistic expectations and are threatened by even small slights that others would easily brush off. Feeling embarrassed or humiliated is painful for anyone, but narcissists are especially reactive to those emotions. To avoid such feelings, narcissists may preemptively humiliate people around them to gain the upper hand. And they compulsively compete, even about insignificant things, aligning with whatever markers of status are within reach, such as being more attractive or intelligent, getting the best service or bargain, or having more accomplished children or successful friends.

destabilizing. While healthy people will pick themselves up and eventually try again after rejection, narcissists resort to all means of contorted rationalizing, hoovering, and bitter reprisal to regain a sense of control.

Typically, narcissists stage their lives to play the rejecting role and will attempt to discard others before they walk away first. But if rejected, they will utilize all their tactics, from guilt trips, to

Narcissists' tragic insecurity would be sympathetic if not for their insatiable demands, stunning cruelties, and harsh disregard for other people's feelings, boundaries, and life struggles.

difficult to imagine themselves becoming adults and achieving normal milestones such as having a job/career, committed relationship, home, or family. Often without consciously realizing it, they feel unworthy or incapable of those things, and they carry such beliefs into adulthood, continuing to expect that their life will be cut short or that things they hope for, if they dare to hope, are not possible for them. When other people talk of their futures, they may

Neglect is hard enough to endure for any child, but in the narcissistic home it is often exacerbated by messages from impaired parents that they are perfect and their children are fortunate to get whatever they offer. Extremely narcissistic parents fundamentally feel they

often exacerbated by messages from impaired parents that they are perfect and their children are fortunate to get whatever they offer. Extremely narcissistic parents fundamentally feel they don't "owe" their children anything, and when they do things for their kids they typically expect something in return, such as profuse appreciation, compliance, or some form of service. For

quickly learn to rely on their more responsive parent to meet their day-to-day needs and to show gratitude for even the most basic gestures from their narcissistic parent. When both parents are narcissistic or otherwise impaired, children learn to manipulate to meet their needs, rely on siblings or other family members, and/or look outside the home.

Children of narcissistic parents experience a cognitive dissonance, or conflict between reality and what they are told is happening, about the neglect in their home. They naturally feel empty, frightened, and angry about their parent's neglect but constantly receive the message that the parent is above reproach. Narcissistic fathers may be touted for being generous and dedicated

It is common for adult children of narcissists to carry a fantasy that someday their parents will finally see them and open their arms with the love and validation such children have sought their entire lives, to no avail. While this scenario is particularly true of scapegoated children,

heroic, great-humanitarian image. But the reality of is that they view others as competitors to be crushed in the brutal game of life, and they use those closest to them to carry their projected shame and self-hatred so they don't have to.

No, narcissists *do not* respect integrity, kindness, truth, mercy, justice, compassion, and gratitude.

Narcissists respect nothing. Ultimately they hold everyone and everything in contempt.

targeted by a narcissist knows very well that *torture* is in fact precisely the word for the experience. Narcissistic personality disorder (NPD) is by nature an *abusive* disorder because of narcissists' deficient development of ego and empathy, which leads them to compensate with inflated entitlement and self-importance in the absence of a moderating conscience.

Narcissists torture others using these common coercive tactics to gain compliance:

Here we come to the third part of our dictionary definition of *torture*: "sadistic pleasure" in pursuit of causing "anguish of body or mind." Some narcissists are on the malignant end of the spectrum, meaning their primary means of exerting control over their environment is through serial aggression, dominance, and abuse. Many malignant narcissists are also sadistic,

because they lack a conscience and are trying to moderate their self-esteem. They al also because they enjoy and even delight in humiliating, dominating, defiling, and dehumanizing others. People with NPD are not necessarily sadistic, but the ones wh

"Narcissistic injury" may be the result of abuse, loss, or a mixture of such deprivation with coddling/overindulgence and/or a highly sensitive nature. Fundamentally, narcissists are stuck emotionally at the approximate developmental level of a three year old, and consequently they lack the most basic ability to care about the feelings, needs, and perspectives of others. Yet, as savvy adults their powers of manipulation are off the charts. At first glance, the narcissist may appear to be a tragically sympathetic figure. But the catch, and it's a big one, is that narcissists are pathologically selfish and often stunningly cruel.

Those with NPD aren't just more self-centered than most of us on the human continuum. Th

Those with NPD aren't just more self-centered than most of us on the human continuum. They are, in fact, severely lacking in or altogether devoid of emotional empathy and as a result are capable of terrible moral and legal crimes, all serving to prop the larger-than-life false self they have constructed to supplant their feelings of defectiveness. Whether brashly confident on the surface or passive aggressive, narcissists work continuously to convince themselves and those around them that they are superior, entitled, and above reproach. They are driven to assert their grandiose needs at the expense of others. They do not take responsibility for their words or actions. They believe they deserve special treatment. They only "give" conditionally to get back.

Have a narcissistic parent, spouse, lover, or friend? Forget right now about reforming them. It

Have a narcissistic parent, spouse, lover, or friend? Forget right now about reforming them. It may sound harsh, but reforming someone with NPD is a debilitating delusion. Look online at

Often, my heart pounds, and I am close to a panic attack when I only think of visiting my „father“ and facing his hateful face and his bitter, disdainful voice.

narcissistfamilyfiles.com/category/the-narcissist-family-files/why-y...

mail YouTube Maps Adobe Acrobat

Reforming the Narcissist?

Have a narcissistic parent, spouse, lover, or friend? Forget right now about reforming them. It may sound harsh, but reforming someone with NPD is a debilitating delusion. Look online at narcissistic abuse recovery websites and forums, and you will discover a galaxy of hurt. And for those who share children the hurt doesn't end with the breakup. The harm continues, even escalates, through custody battles and coparenting nightmares.

Do Not Feed the Narcissist

Narcissists are masterful at hooking people, dangling their finest bait to attract their next blood meal. The bait is typically intense idealization: excessive attentiveness and flattery; abrupt expressions of intimacy; and sudden, premature promises and declarations of love. For the impossible-to-please narcissist, devaluation follows the idealization phase. As quickly as s/he exalted you, s/he launches a litany of criticisms, complaints, and "rational" reasons for rage. But even as the narcissist's castoff, you are likely to find that the hook in your mouth lodges deeper the more you try to free yourself.

Why You Should Not Feel Sorry for the Narcissist

If it is not already screamingly evident, feeling sorry for the narcissist is an invitation to being abused and victimized—idealized, devalued, and rejected; or, worse, agonizingly anchored. Go ahead and feel sympathy from a distance and empathy from another continent, but do not tell yourself that you are "the one" to heal the narcissist. The narcissistic personality cannot and will never love you as you need and deserve to be loved. S/he will harm your children and larger family. In short, s/he will become your biggest regret.

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Many of us come out of invalidating (sometimes severely) home environments, but we do not become compassionless abusers. Narcissists are cowards who are fundamentally terrified of themselves and anyone who might see through their mask. Their driving motivation in life is to shield themselves from threatening emotions that trigger their deep-seated sense of inferiority.

Whatever hurtful tactics they use, narcissists rarely if ever take responsibility for their behavior. Instead, they are masterful at denying and projecting their abuse onto others, most often those they have abused, further exacerbating the harm they do.

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Narcissists are liars who continuously attempt to control others' perceptions of them and, when they can't, resort to nasty, often violent reprisal. The narcissist may cast her-/himself as a highly principled person, but in reality s/he is only concerned with her/his own needs and is too weak to face life's truths, especially those that threaten her/his defenses. S/he may talk a good game,

to face life's truths, especially those that threaten her/his defenses. S/he may talk a good game, but when it comes to the truth, s/he stonewalls, blames and shames others, and deflects accountability.

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Narcissists are by nature frauds who lie, exaggerate, and brag about themselves and denigrate others to bolster their image. They hate themselves but hate others even more, and everything they do is in service of asserting a superior face no matter what reality exists inside themselves or within their family.

5. They're weird about gift-giving. Their self-centeredness and manipulativeness lead them to

- not give you anything at all;
- give or regift cheap or random things that are meant to devalue you or show they have no idea or concern for what you need/like;
- give you things they would want that you have no use for;

9. They rewrite history. They interpret events according to how they need to see things rather than as they are, and the past is open season for distortions, omissions, and outright lies.

12. They interrupt. In particular overt narcissists feel compelled to dominate the conversation; are easily bored because they miss nuance and lack empathy; have low impulse control; think they have more important things to say than you do; and believe they have greater entitlement to speak.

14. They're too involved or not involved enough when you need help. You know this one: They get angry at you and/or abandon you when you're sick, hurt, or in trouble because it's a pain in their a** and they really don't care. Or they use your illness/misfortune to get attention for being a long-suffering victim/saint great humanitarian.

Adding to the devastation, narcissists rarely if ever take responsibility for their rage. Instead, they find reasons to justify their behavior and frequently project it onto the others they have raged at, typically a partner or scapegoated child, further increasing the abused person's trauma. In

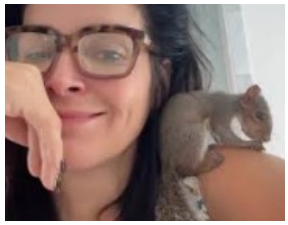
My old friend (well … „friend", we had no contact for more than a year after a few walks) **Martina** came for a walk on **Easter Monday**, she has a tumor diagnose and goes full throttle into chemo and radiation … wow, I would never do that. There is no way to chat, like really chat (but it wasn't the case before the tumor info either) including talking about me, how am I, what am I doing, what about my films … it's all about me listening … and I cannot do that anymore. We placed a **frog** into a nearby pond (M had brought the frog from her pond, there are too many) … (and promptly, as I started watching ***„Rizzoli & Isles",*** Rizzoli shares that a friend used to call her „***frog face***") …

Plus: As we said good-bye at her car, a **rat** (!) crossed the street right next to me …

(The rat looked very thin and exhausted like this one.)

… it looked like a starving mother rat. M was disgusted, but I put a few morcels of dog's food into the bushes … poor rat girl. And sure enough, I just googeled „Angie Harmon" (as I am watching „R & I" while putting images into this contact diary and catching up on stories), and there she is with a ***rat***:

Rizzoli & Isles Wiki
https://rizzoliandisles.fandom.com › wiki › Jane_Rizzoli
Jane Rizzoli | The Rizzoli and Isles Series Wiki
She was also called "frog face" by Joey. She, like her book counterpart, has dark, curly hair that has only gotten wilder over time. Relationships ...



Also … I didn't note the dates but there was another synchronicity: I was thinking of what to give to CH as a small Easter gift … and right then, a „**Pez Dispenser**" came to my mind. I dismissed it – because what would she do with it? It was such a weird thought. But sure enough: I went back into watching „**Silo**" (a strange sci-fi series) – and there it was: The „***Pez Dispenser***" … a major plot hook in „Silo", a token of the „old world" in the series …

What are the odds? All this seems to try to get me to understand that I do have a very high level of sensibility for the „other side", still, inspite of all the family horror that keeps me so stuck on „this side" and in routines that are not creative, spiritual or in any other way „me".

I had so many intense ***flashbacks*** to Maui … to Bob … and just now, earlier, when I went through my safety storage harddrive, I came across the two **small videos of Bob** again – and I dared to play them – only to notice, that they are so short, but just fragments of a bigger video – I did not record much except for a few indiscernible syllables spoken by Bob in the first video. His voice. His face. Still. Looking at his face reminds me how hard it all was so often … for such a long time. Still. I miss him and being with him so much. In the second video I understand two words that he says.

So … I didn't dare to look at these videos for so long – only to discover, *that Bob does not even say much, plus I am speaking!*

Bob: „… be here."
I: „One more time."

(first video)

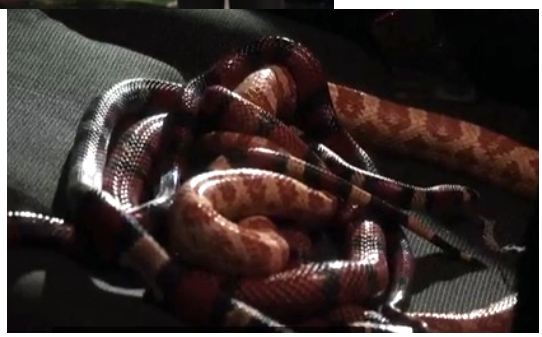
THAT IS ALL. And as my voice in the video says ***„One more time“,*** Bob <u>turns away and his face displace that „going distant“ that he has done so often.</u> As if he was displeased or pissed off but would never express it, hide it and carry on as if inside of him there was no big raging ocean of resentment. I felt it watching him turn away. Every time I watch it, I have that strange pressure in the pit of my stomach that tells me how fare away I was from him and he from me already in November 2012. It was artificial, his friendliness and smile. He did not want to do what he did, not be where he was, not have me around.
So that is clear now.

BE HERE.
ONE MORE TIME.
Well talk about wishful thinking. ***It was on November 26, 2012.*** *Six years later, Bob would be dead for 22 days.*

I found a Smooth Lewt (Teichmolch), a kind of pond salamander at night on the parking lot in front of the house where I live yesterday … and I took him in for the night. I didn't even want to go out that late, the dogs refused, too, but I insisted. Good – because had I not, the salamander, lying on his back, who knows how he got there, would have been dead today.
So I brought him to a nice creek in the forest this morning …

(… that glance, so touching, the animal … not knowing what awaits … how surprised must he have been a little later finding himself out, free, in a lovely watery biotop. Good luck, little one!)

… nd on the way, I saw a dead **snake**. I did think that this is so unusual, that I must photograph it – and sure enough: It is raining today, and I sat down to watch a bit of ***„Rizzoli & Isles“,*** which I just discovered (I love the coolness of Rizzoli!) the episode 3, that I couldn't finish last night, and there it was: **Snakes** where put on the seat of Rizzoli's car!

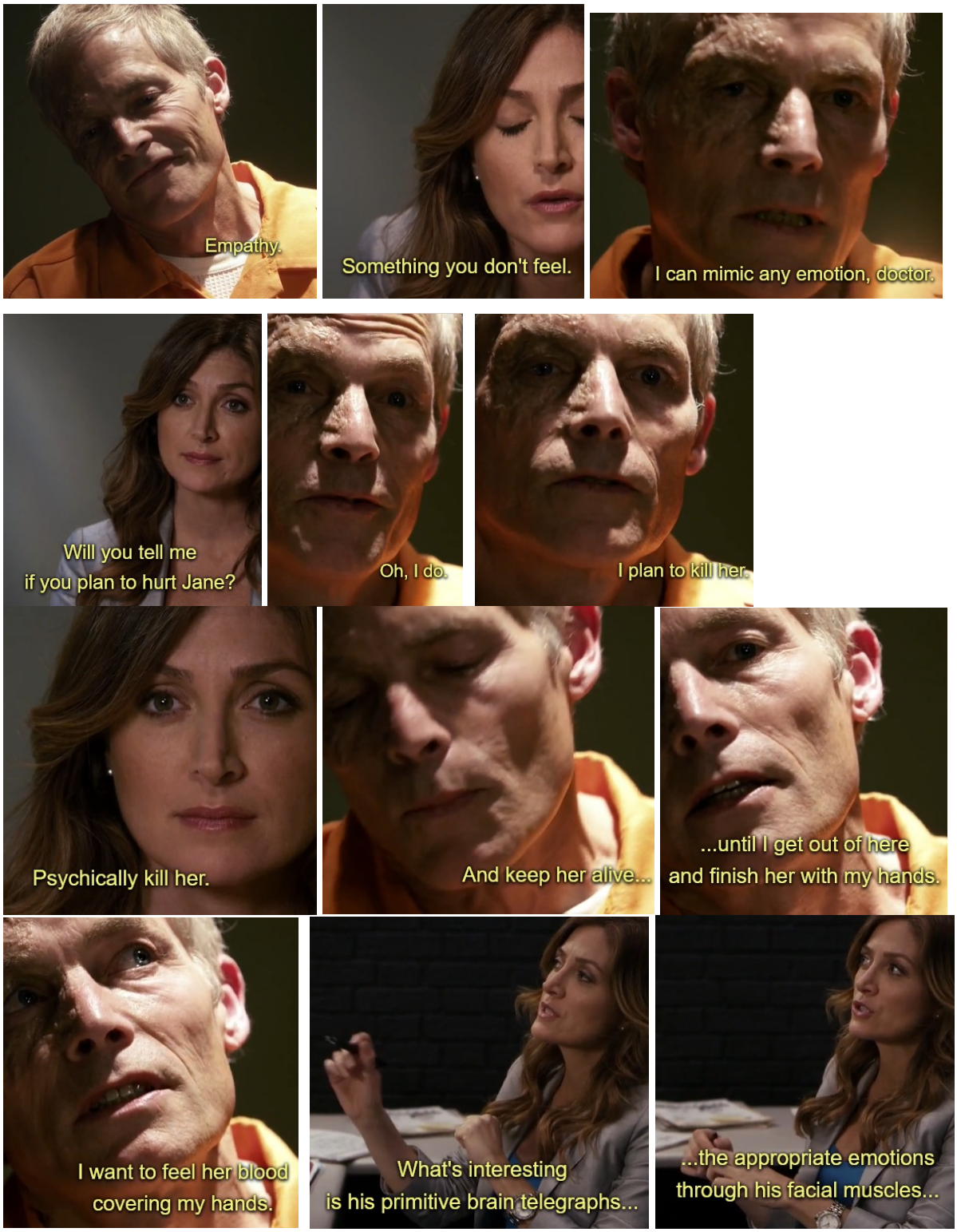


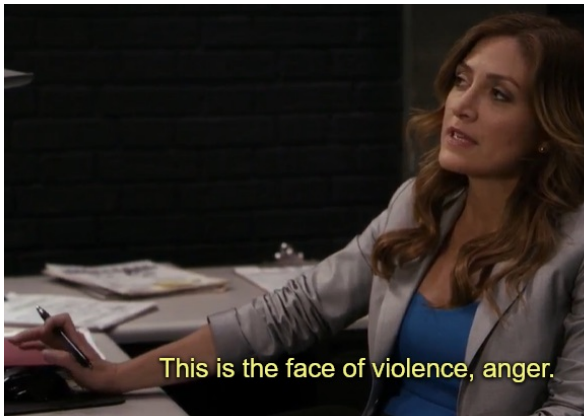
The odds?
Clearly, Zumbuddy wants to get in contact with me. Alright, I am listening.

<u>April 19, 2025</u>
Tidal wave cloud and the smoke of Easter fire … I feel so disconnected …

April 24, 2025

Oh – in „Rizzoli & Isles“, a criminal is the ultimate malignant psychopath narcissist – and it is explained so perfectly! That’s how I often feel in the presence of my father – I am SURE, that if he could, he would hurt me, lock me in the basement, even kill me. I am sure of it.


Empathy.
Something you don't feel.
I can mimic any emotion, doctor.
Will you tell me
if you plan to hurt Jane?
Oh, I do.
I plan to kill her.
Psychically kill her.
And keep her alive...
...until I get out of here
and finish her with my hands.
I want to feel her blood
covering my hands.
What's interesting
is his primitive brain telegraphs...
...the appropriate emotions
through his facial muscles...



April 25, 2025 - **The „family“ reference & „Bobby & Danny“**

Oh – oh, by the way:

The other day, around Easter, when I walked Sandy, I found a heavy golden **bracelet** on the street, with a **heart pendant with the engraving „family“.** I was already deligthed by the „gift“ – when the group of three teens with a stunningly pretty blonde girl between two dorky guys, came back … obviously *looking for something.*

(The one I found was golden and in heart shape. What an irony that I of all people find „family“ … hahaha! Never had a real one. Not one that cared for me or made me feel wanted. Ever.)

The bracelet of course. I gave it back. Shit. Reminds me a bit of the day many many many years ago (32 years ago, actually) when I fould that Swiss army knife in the sand on the island of Kauai on a very remote beach … and one single man had just walked by, a soldier, I think … and I found that knife, while that dolphin showed up right in front of me in the shallow water, swimming back and forth in front of me, literally, and I waded into the shallow water … when I saw the man coming back, looking for something …

Wow. So long ago. I am so fucking old.

I think I must write a rap for „Mothership“ about how eating sweets may be the only fun and rewarding pleasure for me left … I am getting fat. I hate it. Never was fat in my life.

Also … last night, I watched the first episode of season 2 of ***„Rizzoli & Isles“*** very late, at about 1:30 am, and there was the talk all the time about – I kid you not – **„Bobby an Danny“.** Two cops. Bob and Dani. He and I. Oh those were the days. My heart is so heavy, many times.

The only person who knows a lot about me and my work and my abilities and my life is CH, Conny … the junkie and drunk and liar and covert narcissist. Shit.

Took mom to shopping today, in the rain, … she would just say the absolute necessary words to me. Then went to see my „father“ … who greeted me with unfriendly yelling because he could not hear what I said, „I bring you apple pie“ while putting apple pie on his table.

I walked Sandy. Poor girl. He won't move all day except for getting himself snacks at the store across the street. She must lie in her corner all day. Father kept babbling about how life was so great with his „beloved“ Edith (whom he abused to death) and how they did such wonderful trips … and all I could think of while emptying the dishwasher was how in all those „grand“ years he did not once feel the urge or need or wish or responsibility to connect with his children or grandchildren … I never had any part of his life because he shut us out brutally. And then having to listen to his stories … and how he was always the hero, and how his wonderful Edith … yada yada … and so much fun they had … great … they also lived in the house where my brother and I should have lived, but my „father“ had thrown us out in the year that he met Edith per newspaper-ad (looking for a woman with money to be able to afford to keep the inheritance … I keep wondering if Edith actually didn't have a will, and if I really wasn't in there … same with my grandmother Johanna) … and my brother and mother an me had to live in a one bedroom and a kitchen apartment sharing a bathroom and toilet with other inhabitants of the rent house … and I still had the best matura (final exam) of the entiry county if not country. He would never ask about me or be remotely nice … but when I say that I was going to leave he gets all bitter and provocative and asks me whatever important stuff I had to do … like I have never anything interesting in my life … he just belittles me all the time always and incessantly. I am so done with trying to see anything „father“ in him. He is my enemy. He hates me. He is sick in his mind. This will never chance. He belongs into assisted care. He sits around, blurry-eyed, does nothing in the garden, nothing in the house … how shall this end?

And the days are getting so fucking long, too.

April 27, 2025 **– Hugging Bob**

Horrible horrible behavior from my „father“.

But a wonderful and yet crushing experience:

I had a dream of Bob. And in that dream I knew I was dreaming and that it was possibly a step into the beyond, because Bob and I were on a beach on Maui, and I was thinking *„Wow, I can feel it and smell it and hear it, and yet I am asleep and only my soul is wandering“* – and there was Bob, in swim trunks, and I had the permission – a feeling in my dream persona – to just use the opportunity and unite with him. So I huged him, and he hugged be back. **We hugged so intensely.** And purposefully. I said to myself „I am given a great gift here … we are together, but not for long, so we just hold each other“: He did not speak, and I did not see his face. **And his body was his perfect „disca“ body**, the ideal body he wanted to have and can have now anytime in the beyond, and I was there to touch and hug and pat this wonderful Bob-body, and I felt his hair and pressed myself at him – all the while thinking that I was dreaming and visiting the beyond and that it was a unique gift.

I woke up totally stunned.

Maybe it was the response from Bob to my looking at the video, where the message was „Be there … One more time.“

It was really like I was there with him. My dream persona did think – „Oh I can feel and touch him one more time.“

It keeps killing me inside that this is never going to happen in the „real“ mortal world ever again.

Then I realized that it was meant to give me strenghth.

I saw a car with the license plate number – that I forgot! – that meant „Bob is close always and still“.

Good. Because things are so tough right now. I have a hard time being close to a raging maniac of a hateful sadist narcissist that my „father“ is.

I MUST get Sandy away from him, and then I will cut all contact. To save my own life.

He is toxic and evil, and I know now that Edith had hell on Earth living with him. Poor poor sweet Edith …

I will wonder until the day I die if I could or should have helped her.

Sandy is so fat and clumsy, he feeds her to death, with a mean and disdainful smirk. He doesn't want me to clean her bed. She barely ever has water … o God, make this horrible situation end. But with my father being locked up somewhere in care for good.

Or Sandy with us free and happy and my father in his house … I don't care which version.

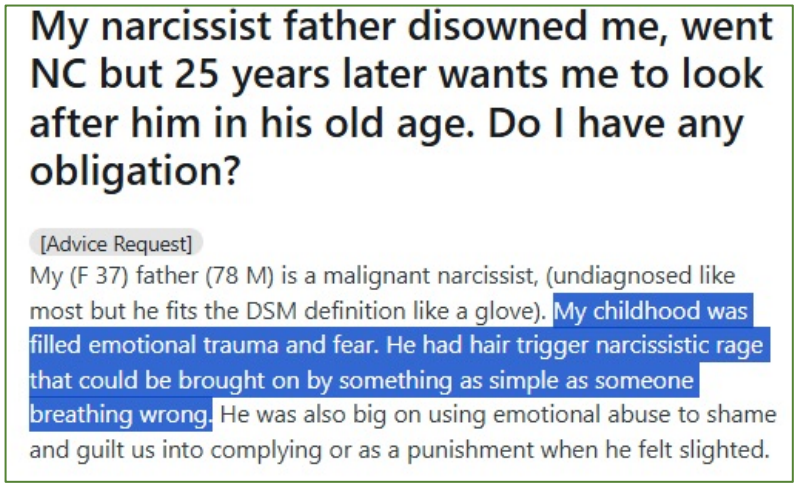
It is getting warm. I don't like it that summer is coming.

I met Max again, that guy who I liked to talk and who was weird. Well, he is about the only person who keeps asking me how I am and who also asked what happened „to that film project of yours“: NOBODY has ever asked that. So I might give him a chance and get to know him a bit better. I pray that he is not an alcoholic.

Speaking of which … CH disappointed me once again with her lies and sob stories … she is a lying and conniving bitch. I really am so disgusted – again.

I need a different crowd, different life … Somewhere else than here.

I keep reading blog entries after those hurtful encounters with my „father“ … really helps.



My narcissist father disowned me, went NC but 25 years later wants me to look after him in his old age. Do I have any obligation?

[Advice Request]

My (F 37) father (78 M) is a malignant narcissist, (undiagnosed like most but he fits the DSM definition like a glove). My childhood was filled emotional trauma and fear. He had hair trigger narcissistic rage that could be brought on by something as simple as someone breathing wrong. He was also big on using emotional abuse to shame and guilt us into complying or as a punishment when he felt slighted.

that could be brought on by something as simple as someone breathing wrong. He was also big on using emotional abuse to shame and guilt us into complying or as a punishment when he felt slighted.

When I think back on everything, I have really no positive memories of him... just hard traumatic incidents. I distinctly remember being quite young, maybe 6, knowing what divorce was and wanting it, so my father would just go away. I remember thinking I was more mature than him because I had stopped having temper tantrums years earlier.

tests and we're 100% exactly who we're supposed to be. He has lived the last 25 years reliving his divorce in the 90's. He blames my mom for everything wrong in his life, because he is the greatest victim of all time apparently. (This is based on his online manifestos and second hand conversations.)

He doesn't even know anything about me and from the sounds of it, I don't think he cares.

Do not get sucked into taking care of him. I did and it nearly killed me. You have zero obligation to help someone who actively tried to destroy you.

Also … **this** is the sight that will disappear in a few days ---

The house on the left is the neighbor's house where my childhoodfriend Nadia lived in … and I have many, many memories of the events of those days … oh wow was my childhood fucked up. So they will tear down the house and build big luxury apartment. The blue is my car, the house on the right my father's house … it hurts even looking at it.

April 28, 2025

Oh great. I did enter my Hawaii-adventure-comedy script „Hulihuli Moon" to a screenplay competition. And I was just informed that out of thousands of „comedy" entries it was selected and is now a ***Quarterfinalist.***

„Hulihuli Moon"

Wow. Okay. Not sure if this is good or bad. Why? Because I want it to win. But then what? I want it to move up the next round. Semi Finalist. Finalist. Winner. *(Note: It didn't.)*

That's what that work deserves. But if it doesn't happen … I will be so disappointed. Not sure what to do with myself these days. If there weren't the dogs … I probably would sleep for days.

April 29, 2025 – **The Lu'au**

Oh my.

I always wanted to go to a **Lu'au** with Bob. We never did. And guess what? This came up on ***„Rizzoli & Isles"*** today.

The theme „never went to a lu'au" came up a second time in a different context:

Yeah, no shit.

Oh it hurts so much to dive back into my Maui-life … Bob was there … housie … auto … the ocean … all the plans and hopes … laughter … pain … those island views and smells. I miss it so much I cannot express.

All the Bob-references in the last days … he is telling me that he is right here. And that I must get my shit together.

After a day not visiting my father, I did go today – he looked horrible, literally hanging by the table, half asleep, unshaven, very weird. I walked Sandy, and when I came back, I found out that his phone hadn't worked since yesterday … he was so desperate, but of course he accused ME of having broken it WHILE I was fixing it. Like always, it was turned to „no sound", because there is a sliding button on the side of the phone, and it can easily be activated by accident. Has happened a few times. Poor guy. So angry and miserable and lonely.

So I called his friend Werner for him …

Sigh.

My mother … she had the caretaker date today, and the caretaker called me and said that she insisted on going shopping and to the bank, when we – she and I – had talked about this multiple times, including yesterday, that the caretakers are not for that but for walking with her and playing memory games.

CH told me, that my mother called her today! After the caretaker left. She would not call me, no, she called CH!

Geezus, why am I in the situation that I must deal with such „parents" …?

I entered the pilotfilm script „Serafina" to another script competition.

April 30, 2025 – **911 RS**

Stunned once again about seeing the combination of letters and numbers that relate directl to Bob and me … the 11th of September 2018 … when I left „RS" to never see him again. Hits me every time.

„911 RS"

May 4, 2025 – **The Unicorn and The Dead! And the nice father.**

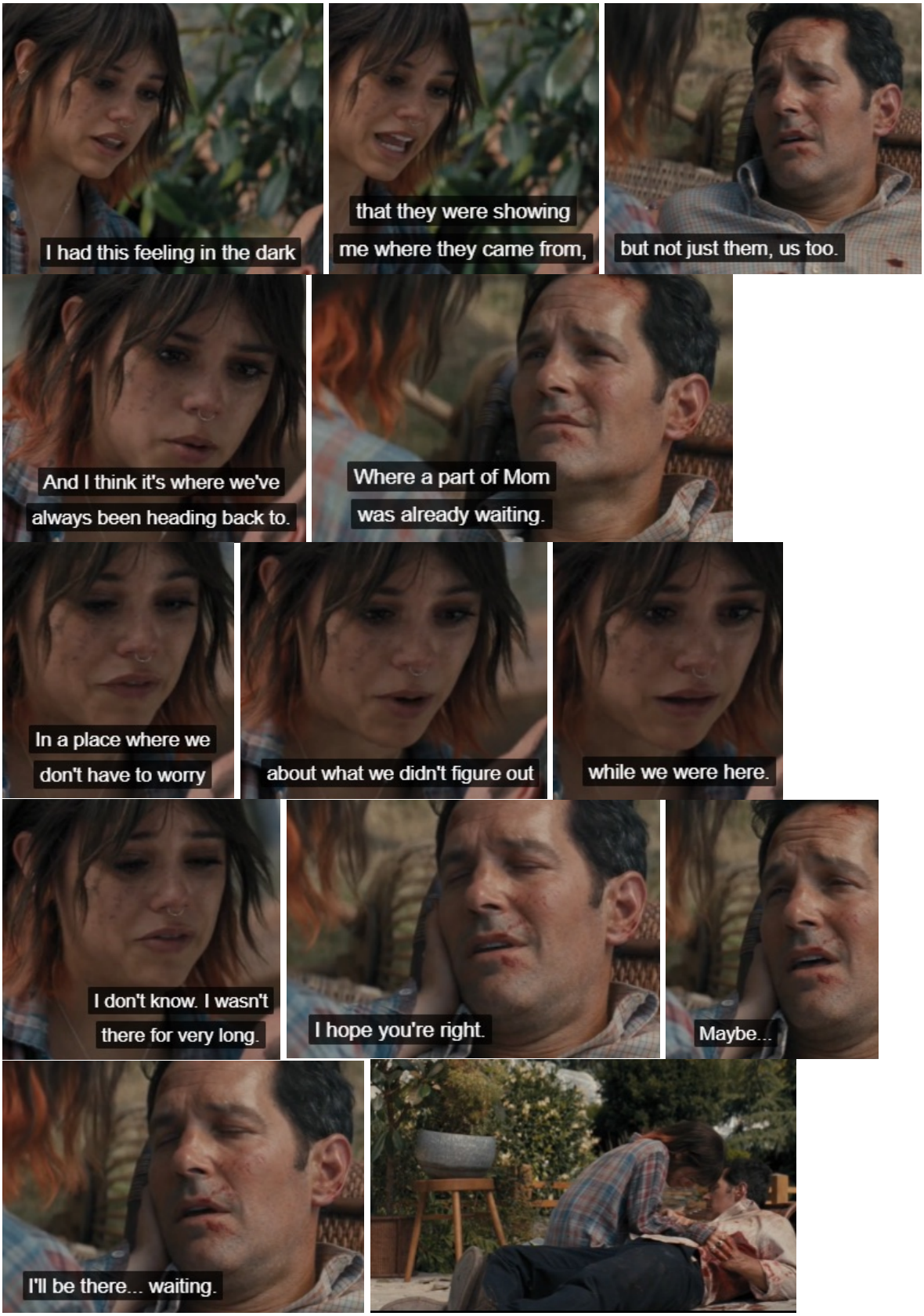
Oh wow. I was watching „Rizzoli & Isles" last night after a day of stressful walking, as my right heel keeps hurting … Found father „working" in the garden – digging out weeds even though he has a very sore back … he was angry and toxic and so nasty to me, almost unbearable … but I found myself standing a bit „above" his rage. He simply is not in his right mind. He keeps turning everything around, that I do not WANT to help him … even though he knows that I offer every day and he always yells „none of your business". I told him that his „heir" and caretaker V. P. should be here and help him and take care of the property, not ME! Why would I work for a stranger and his inheritance that should be rightfully mine?

Anyway …

So I watched R & I on my laptop, so tired … but I somehow felt the urge to go to „Rottentomatoes.com" to check out trailers, and I saw **„Death of a Unicorn"**. It somehow spoke to me, so I checked it out on a free movies website for streaming. It was unbearably bad … and I was so shocked to see a unicorn being beaten to death right at the beginning. So I wanted to switch off, but I said, „No, this can't be the last thing I see before going to bed, at least I want to know how that movie plays out!"

And sure enough … I skipped through it all … didn't care about the plot … but right at the end, it happened:

There was the **most amazing plausible scene of how it looks for a dying person to „see the beyond“** … and the young protagonist even **TALKED about how what she saw was the path to the afterlife!**


I had this feeling in the dark
that they were showing
me where they came from,
but not just them, us too.
And I think it's where we've
always been heading back to.
Where a part of Mom
was already waiting.
In a place where we
don't have to worry
about what we didn't figure out
while we were here.
I don't know. I wasn't
there for very long.
I hope you're right.
Maybe...
I'll be there... waiting.

WOW! So that is why I just had to watch this horrible movie (skip through it, rather) – to get the most beautiful imagery of „transitioning“?

Wow.

Also … earlier yesterday when I walked with Jacqui and Tino near the river Drau, I met a man with an older dog – that Tino played so nicely with, and his name was „**Ari**“. And here also that name showed up, in the production credits!

Plus, maybe means nothing … but I am dealing with Jacqui’s **gum problems**, they inflame and bleed easily, and it does look like this (except this is a unicorn’s mouth):

Today, Sunday, I experienced something amazing, too: **A nice father.**

Seriously.

My father was very surprised to see me coming. He was relaxed because he did not expect me to come, because I originally thought I’d be at a birthday party. So he greeted me friendly, none of the usual hateful growling, even looked friendly at me and even pleasantly surprised. And he asked why I wasn’t at the birthday party? I explained that the birthday person had badly misbehaved to me (Max, he asked me to come earlier and do the cooking and preparing for the guests, and that while he was obviously drunk … I don’t want to go into details.) … and my father was even affirmative that it was an insult of that guy.

(I just realized that maybe my father is always so pissed and hateful to me when I come because it is so late? He does say that often, „Now you come? It is already three / four …“ But I cannot make it earlier, having to deal with dogs and mother and my own shit, too.)

So then, I walked Sandy, and then, when we came back, he still was friendly! We drove to the cemetery, where he cried, of course, and said he hoped that he will be next to his Edith

soon … next time I will seriously say that this is bullshit, there is no „person“ in there … but anyway.

So then, I drove him around a bit, showed him other building sites, then drove to my place, picked up the dogs, and he was even nice to Tino when he jumped into the car and onto my father’s lap! He even patted him and said nice stuff to him! Wow. Then I drove to the store – open on Sundays now, thru summer – and I bought some chocolate cake for hiim and me. I had make pear strudel this morning and had also brought him a warm peace. When I came back with Sandy, he had already eaten it. So he was very happy about the chocolate treat.

And he stayed nice to me – NOT ONE angry or nasty word to me! Not even one hateful glance, nothing!

How can that be?

I do not expect this to happen again tomorrow … but today I think I got my wish to ONCE experience a father, an old man, who likes me and is nice. It sure was like that today.

I felt bad seeing him walk back into the house all alone, so bent and shaky … but that is how it is now. Only yesterday he raged like a beast that V. Picej will inherit it all, and that I am so penniless that I couldn’t possible afford having the houses … and he accused me of not helping me and worse.

And today … a nice old man, my father. Nice to me. Wow. That was a high.

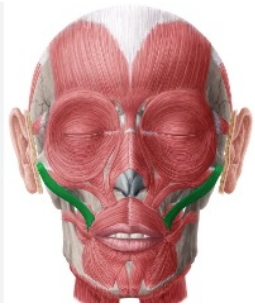
Is that the typical narcissist game, love-bombing the suffering relative to keep them close whilst inside his hatred and meanness has not changed at all?

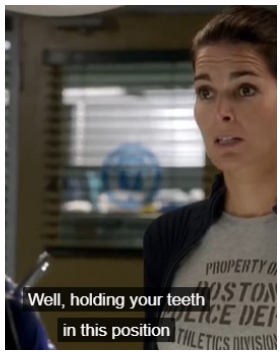
Also, a factor may also be, that he did not drink beer today, I don’t think. I found him sitting with apple juice, reading his newspaper.

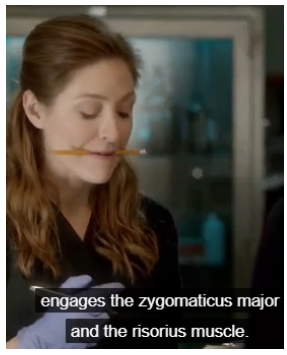
So anyway. **It was a wish come true.** Thank you, fate.

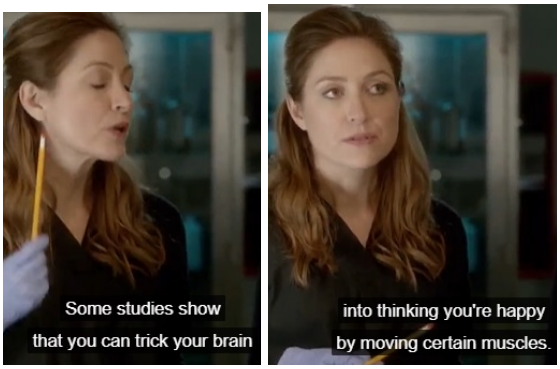
(Later)

Watched some ***„Rizzoli & Isles“*** (started season 4) – because I love these women! – while eating dinner, and I thought I don’t trust my eyes: Isle explains to Rizzoli how it works when you „smile“ even though you don’t feel like it – because activating the muscle **Zygomaticus Major** causes the brain to do … stuff so that you feel better! I have been telling this CH several times in the last days! And here it is!









Wow!
Synchronicity the way I LOVE it! Especially, when a car with „**STM1**“ on the license plate come ight at me. „**STONEMAN**“ was the „**1**“ and only for me … or rather what he could have been aside from his dementia and emotional fucked-up-ness.

May … sometime: I keep looking into other people's experiences with creatures like my father – who can't help his insanity, but still has ruined life because of his broken brain.

narcissistic" brat. It was not until I injured my eye in high school after I felt suicidal that I realized my dad was not simply "trying his best" and believed in "tough love", but that he was a psychopath who felt that I wronged him by making him "look like a bad parent". It was only in these past couple of years in which I watched self help therapy videos to at the very least communicate to people without being triggered to self doubt, self hatred and shame.

bad for him. Ugh. He's like a complete stranger isn't he? A stranger you owe your affection too. I feel like and idiot trying explain myself to him as he laughs in my face. I need to get out.

He also told me that he "Wants me to talk to him", and that "he's always there for me to talk to": yet my whole life he's always bullied me, gaslighted me, invalidated me, or mocked me if I did confide in him. In other words, he violates my trust pretty much all the time, and feels more like a toxic friend or like an aggressor (while HE claims to be the victim of me somehow not showing him empathy) rather than a father. My dad even seemingly asked me out of concern if I was still going to see a counselor: but I don't

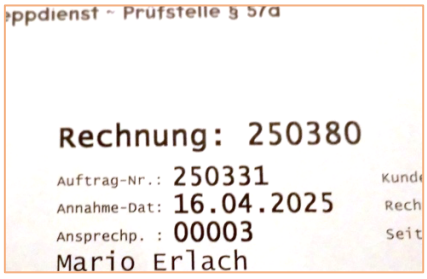
I also found something interesting …. I am so TIRED of being expected to help people all the time. No want no more. I want a different environment to live in. Like with Bob … in a filmmaker's sphere … where I can be creative and make films that will change the world, surrounded by people who KNOW.

Cuban Dior
Author has **536** answers and **478.7K** answer views · 5y

Related **How do you handle people who only contact you when they need something from you at no cost (like picking your brain)?**

Stop doing for them. People will not communicate with you for months and years at a time but once they need something you're the first person they call. It's not fair to you. Those are the type of people you need to cut out your life. The same people who ask you for help when they need it is the same people who would never break their back for you. Stop helping people who would never do for you. Personally I don't believe in helping others when

May 5, 2025 **– Bob's phone number!**
Oh it was a shock today! I picked up my car from the shop, and when I saw the invoice number, I was stunned shitless:



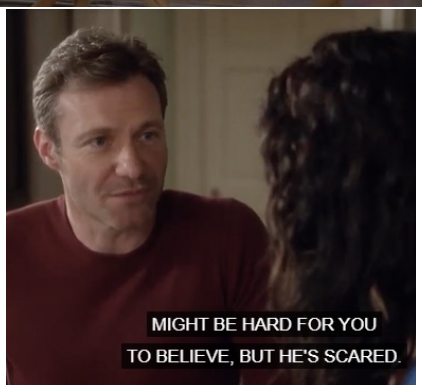
2508030 was Bob's number.

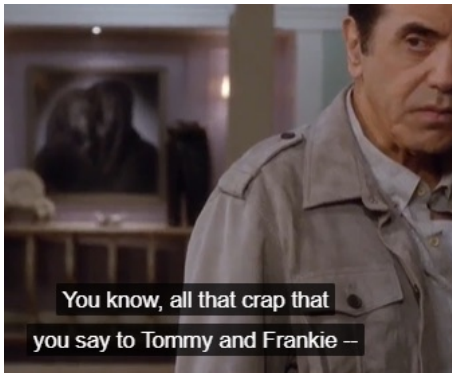
May 6, 2025

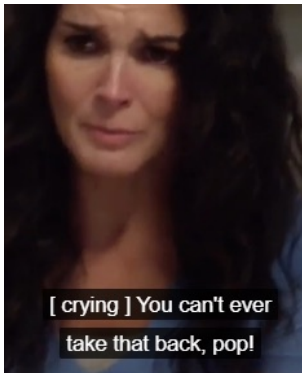
I found one single tiny leaf on the ground … and a tiny flower yesterday, thought I'd honor it:

May 7, 2025

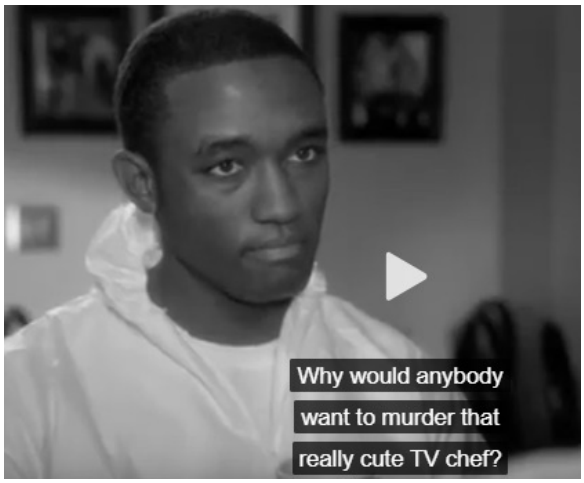
Oh my … in „Rizzoli & Isles" … themes that relate directly to what I experience with my father every day … as I can only hope that he treats his dog well when I am not present. Unfortunately I know that the poor animal is locked in the kitchen far too long hours … and that he barely gets out of the bed before 10, 11 … Oh I wish I could change his sick mind and make him write everything over to me.







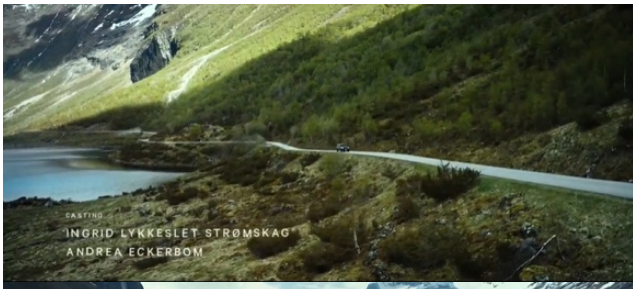
… oh and the reference to ***„Hulihuli Moon", the story of a TV chef:***



(*Note: Competition Semifinalist)*

<u>May 8, 2025</u>

Oh shit, I am flashing back so hard – to my beloved dog **Kimba's** death in **Norway** and the events of the days before. I owe the species of dog and animals generally service forever. I can never make good on Kimba what I had him go through because of me. I was such a fucked up broken woman of 36 … and when I saw the exact Norwegian landscape of „back then" in the movie „***The Wave***", that I revisited without any particular reason *(except that I am fascinated by tidal waves)* … I realized that time is only an illusion. I hope that I will see Kimba again … on the other side. His death „caused" me meeting Bob and everything I am now.



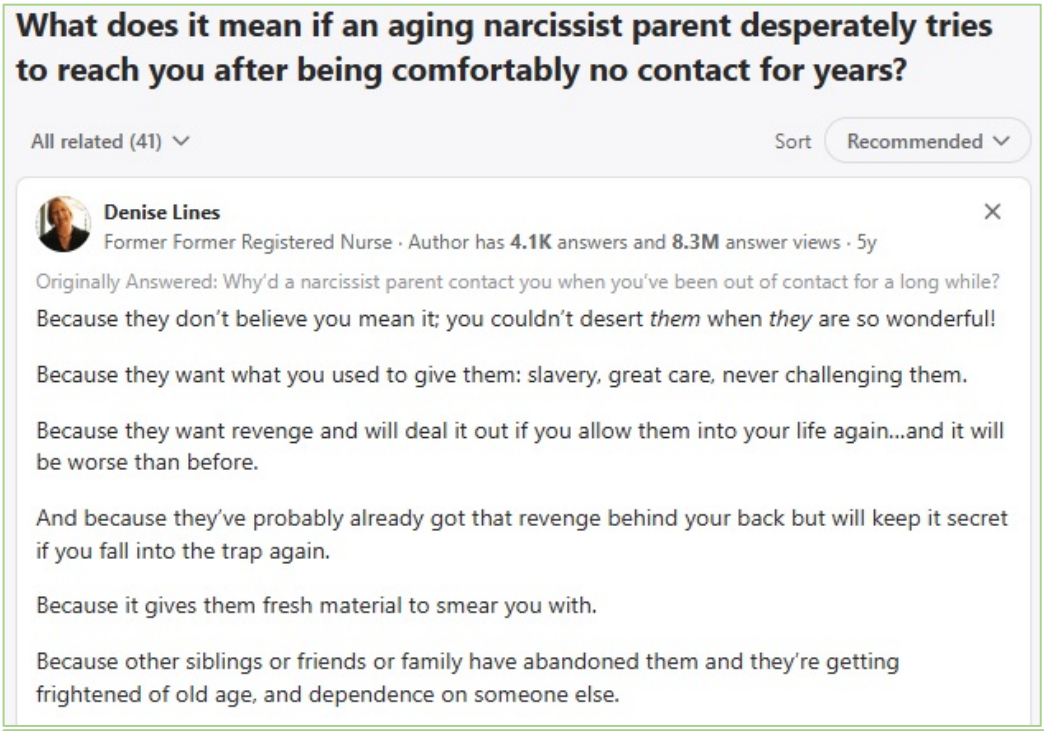
My beloved best friend Kimba … I had to leave him up there. After I caused pain for him. I will regret it forever.

Ok, there is a new pope now – oh I am sure Bob is getting a kick out of this, he is called „**Father Bob**“, because his name is *Robert*, and he is *American*. Yes – the POPE!

I keep going to the pond with the bridge that leads into „nowhere“ … soon summer. (Note: I am putting these images in on October 2, weird … summer over.)

May 9, 2025

Reading about narcissist stuff … to give myself relief. I feel understood when I read that, whilst in real life NOBODY around me has any idea or understanding (except for maybe E. Sachs-Ortner, but she specializes in dementia and not narcissism.)



What does it mean if an aging narcissist parent desperately tries to reach you after being comfortably no contact for years?

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Originally Answered: Why'd a narcissist parent contact you when you've been out of contact for a long while?

Because they don't believe you mean it; you couldn't desert *them* when *they* are so wonderful!

Because they want what you used to give them: slavery, great care, never challenging them.

Because they want revenge and will deal it out if you allow them into your life again...and it will be worse than before.

And because they've probably already got that revenge behind your back but will keep it secret if you fall into the trap again.

Because it gives them fresh material to smear you with.

Because other siblings or friends or family have abandoned them and they're getting frightened of old age, and dependence on someone else.

You can allow contact out of pity, but there's not much upside for you, and he will probably try to recycle you as supply. As ever it will all be about him.

When an aging narcissist parent reaches out after a long period of no contact, it can signify several things:

momento or a photo, or for some reason they are feeling even more insecure and ungrounded than usual, or maybe they are just feeling curious and wondering if you might be good for a hit of high quality supply and attention! But who cares what's in it for them! You, having realized this person is narcissistic, need take care of only your needs.

Karma's a bitch and you often don't need to wait until another life before it gets to work. As narcissists grow older they get bitter and lonely, having pretty much alienated or driven away anyone who might have been unfortunate enough to love them.

Recommendation: Hard pass. Whatever the narcissist's shriveled little mind has dreamed up, it's at best more of the same bullshit followed by the same result. Don't waste your time.

Run..Escape..flee the scene then block/no contact..Narcs are only capable of using others for their own needs without thought for others..They will manipulate you into thinking they care for you but this is simply to eek something from you...Money,food,place to stay,material gain or some other benefit...Narcs are a slave to their disorder thus can't love,bond or connect due to damage suffered in their own childhood & or genetic miswiring..They never progressed

If you know for sure that he is a narcissist, stay away from him.

- No, he does not love you
- No, he does not care about you
- No, he does not care about your feelings
- No, he does/did not miss YOU

Seriously, he is not worth your time!

As the years pass, the narcissist becomes increasingly bitter, and the disorder progresses. The narcissist envies you more and more, planning progressively worse things to destroy and break you so that you will be worse off than him. The narcissist must always be better than you. If you think it's bad now when the narcissist is young or middle-aged, it only gets worse as he gets older.

A narcissist feels that his life and situation are unfair, but instead of addressing them, he transfers and projects his problems and emotions onto you. He blames you, competes with you, and tries to bring you down so that he can rise above on his own. After many failed relationships, the narcissist becomes even darker, secretly wanting to be alone while hating everyone around him, though he may never reveal this.

the illusion. However, by the time he is sixty or older, his actions are no longer acceptable. At this age, a person should have learned to solve problems, so the narcissist hides them deeper and deeper. Beneath the surface, there is a lot of anger and hatred.

Related **Do narcissistic mothers care that they cause emotional damage to their children once they get older?**

No, in fact I am confident that they enjoyed the impact they had and given the chance will twist the knife as long as possible, even from beyond the grave.

Emotionally, dealing with a parent that you love unconditionally only to find out that you are nothing to them is a monster trauma. I remember the exact moment when I realized that I was only as valued as a source, nothing more. No matter how many times I played it over and over

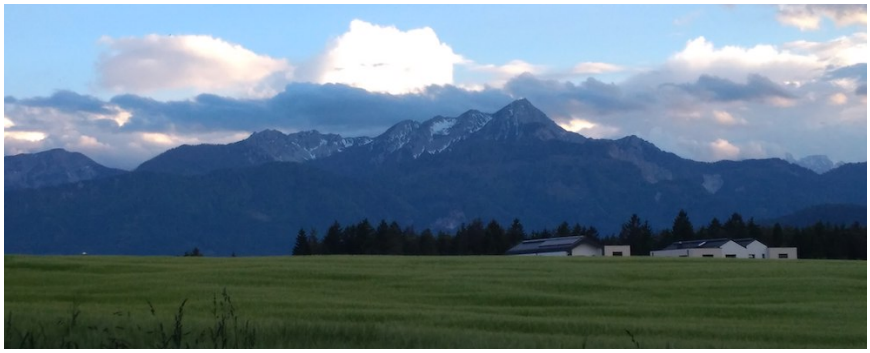
mouth. First, they rarely mean what they say since like the devil, they often mix lies with the truth. Their purpose is to confuse and manipulate. Second, they never truly mean anything they say for their words are temporary—the only are used to achieve a goal; which is to keep you under its spell and control. Trying to get in the mind of asking yourself why when it comes to the behavior of a narcissist is a fool's game. Your logic will never apply to these emotionally

When you're confused, it gets to call the shots—literally manipulating you with that very confusion. Narcs are petty, toxic, soulless human impostors who feed off of creating chaos and misery—especially towards anyone who has crossed them. Asking why a narcissist does what it does is as simple as... it does what it wants to. To that end, narcissist exist to create confusion to

May 11, 2025

Found a teal colored stone! A **teal stone**! My „Stone"-man loved the color teal! And his beloved car was teal … oh I could vomit.

And look, the clouds reflecting the summits … as below so above:



May 12, 2025

Strange:

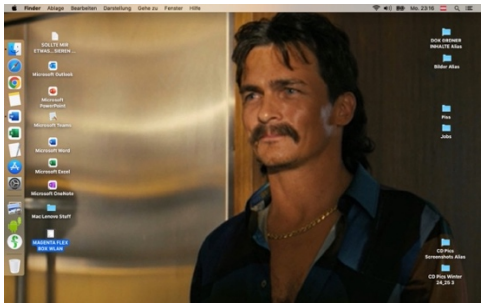
I have been thinking about what I should do to get some kind of caretaker for my dogs in case I must travel one day … and while walking with Jacqui and Tino I worded an „ad“ in a local paper, and it went like this: „Retired person with own garden needed as dog sitter“.

And guess what? A few hours later I walked the dogs again in the forest – but on a path I don't often take in the evening, and sure enough, I met an older woman, „Johanna“, who walked the dog of a friend, „Amy“ (with who my boys fell in love right away), and who lives nearby and has a garden! I don't know if anything will come out of this, but we exchanged phone numbers and promised to meet to chat more. We had a very very inspired chat about god and the world, and our abusive fathers … and an old acquaintance of mine is the father of her son-in-law.

Go figure.

Also, skipping through series‘ and movies late at night, I suddenly saw ***„The Last Samurai“*** with Tom Cruise, a movie I had seen long time ago. But for some reason I began to skip through it (I can't stand fighting scenes, generally) … and I „happened“ to come across the spot where „Algren“ is followed by a Japanese guard, and he makes fun of that person's quiet grumpy demeanor – and he called him – **„Bob“!** ***„Are you a ladies‘ man, Bob?“*** Oh I got a kick out of it, and Bob too, I guess.

Also, I put ***Rupert Friend*** up as a screenbackground to have something truly inspiring to look at – and suddenly I realized that he holds his mouth exactly like Bob did … slightly pressed down upper lip, with a sly-sarcastic expression. And those blue eyes, the hair, the soft feature … the chest … that is actually very much Bob.



Yes. ***That is what Bob looked like when I first met him.*** I wish I could make myself look through the early images, but it hurts too much.

I have been dreaming of Hawaii so often, lately, and in my dreams I am always alone knowing that Bob is dead, and I am crying and crying and crying … it has been exhausting.

My father is losing it completely these days, and as much as I feel compassion for him, his sharp mind (between the dementia episodes) must be terrified of what lies ahead – I cannot stand his verbal abuse anymore. The other day I came like we had agreed to pick him up, and he was outraged and literally came at me, his teeth like a dog with rabies, his fists clenched, and again I yelled that I should fuck off and that I would never „get anything“. His hatred at me is insane and totally without reason, but he has a very sick brain, I know. The situation I cannot stand much longer.

Also, I knew that he needed underwear, so I went and bought two sets for him – the old „ripped cotton“ style with the in-grip in the panty, and he was visibly pleased. But he would rather bite his tongue right of instead of telling me that.

So hard.

Mother's Day yesterday … like I ever had a „mother“ … but I cooked pasta for her (I know she is not wearing her teeth-replacement even if she claims to – while I see the gaps in her lower jaw!), and my neighbor had given me a lovely piece of cake, and I gifted her with pralines. We went for a walk, too, even though she always claims that she is in pain because she fell of her makeshift „bed“ in the kitchen, actually a sofa, that she used for months after her bedroom was de-molded. Sigh.

I made „Semifinalist“ now with my screenplay „Hulihuli Moon“. Wow. Among the top 10 or winner would be great. But then what?

„Hulihuli Moon“

I feel „me“ so much … and sometimes I am so inspired to connect with the film world … but then I feel just fucking old. Without Bob? How? Well, if I could get an agent for „Hulihuli Moon“ and have it produced, wow, could I „imua“ with my filmprojects and with „Regents of Clouds“ …!

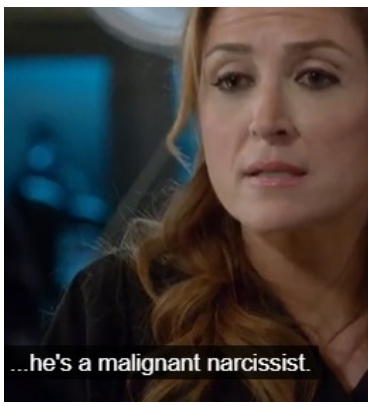
„Quarterfinalist“ was already a good feeling, but „Semifinalist“ is even better. Bob is proud of me … that I put out the impetus again, I guess. That’s why ***the Bob-references everywhere*** (like here, „*The Infiltrator*“, skipped through the film“) …

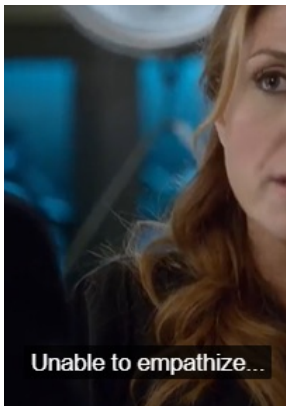
… including cars with the license plates **„222 CR“** (*Curtis Robert*, Bob’s name) and **„222 BJ“** (*Bob and Jo*), yes, he and me at Haulani Street 222. I miss it so much, it takes my breath away.

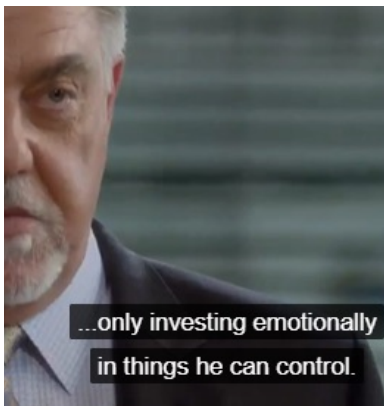
Can’t believe that summer is coming … again (here: Lake Hafnersee).

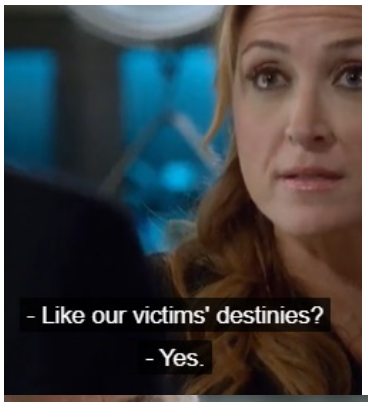
May 12, 2025 – **A warning?**

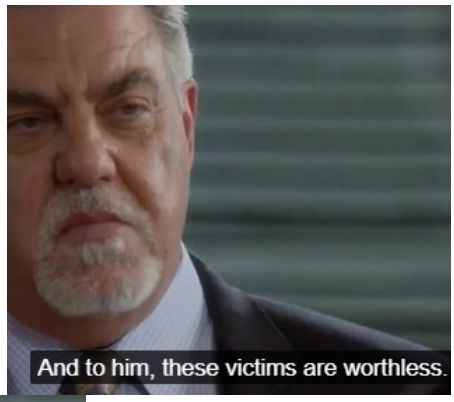
I had the sudden feeling that I received a distinct warning – via ***„Rizzoli and Isles“***. After a walk and icecream session with my old friend Martina, I decided to watch something relaxing online, and even I had already „given up“ the series (after the death of the character „Barry Frost“ due to the real life suicide of actor Lee Thompson Young), I went to the URL. And there it was, in season 5 episode 3, „Maura“ *explicitly describes a „malignant narcissist“*. I had the feeling at times in the last weeks, facing the violent outbursts of hatred of my father towards me, that if he knew he could get away with it, my „father“ ***would try to kill me.***

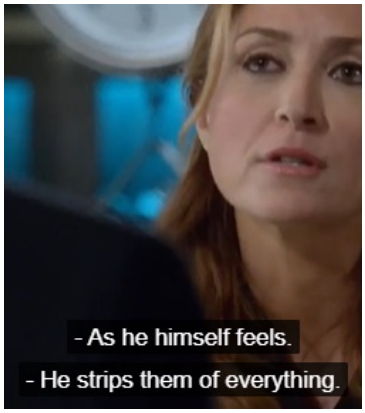


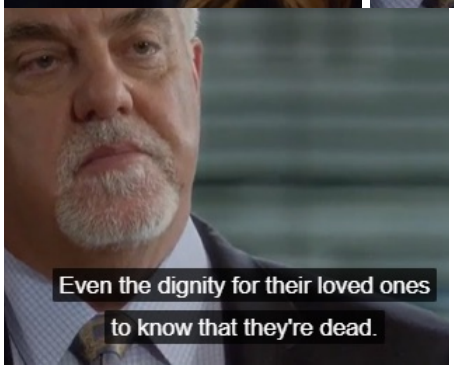




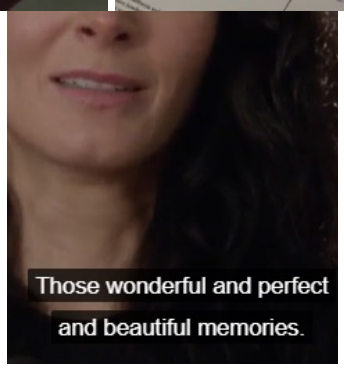


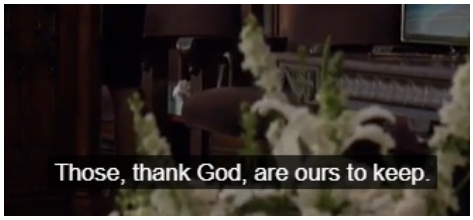






Also … I saw the episode with the memorial service of the character „***Barry Frost***“ who had „died in a car accident“, but in reality, the actor Lee T. Young had killed himself. And what Rizzoli said rang so true … but also, the card, that Barry had sent her not knowing that he would not ever see her again …. That is so much a communication between Bob and me … we were so far from each other in the last years of his life, and we missed each other … but just were stuck on our respective continent.

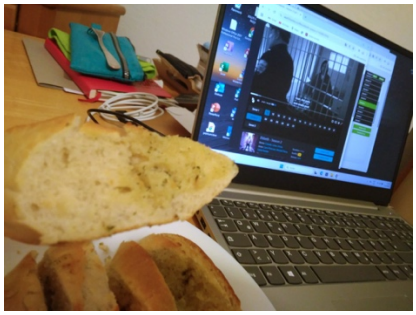




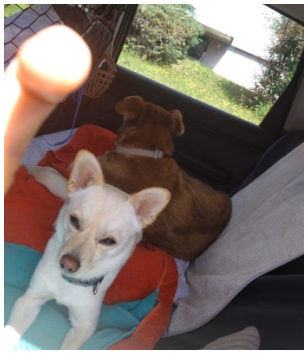
Strange to think that Lee may be right here with me as I am writing this **… I have been realizing lately how many „disca“ there are, friends, family members, who I still have not thought of as „alive“** … after all those years of writing this Contact Diary … like my aunt Mitzi, my uncle Karli, my grandparents … school pals who killed themselves like Waltraud Sch., and so many more! I will have to dedicate myself more to this matter … or rather stick with living out my „kuleana“? Weird that this last part of the sentence just „came out“ without me knowing it when I started typing … okay. Got it. Imua with the films. Yup.

May 13, 2025 **– The Garlic Bread!**

Oh synchronicity! I have recently discovered garlic bread – and I had made myself one for dinner and sat down to enjoy an episode of „Elsbeth“ – and there it was, JUST as I was eating the garlic bread, Elsbeth says: **„Gosh that Garlic sure smells good!“** ***WHAT ARE THE ODDS?!***



Also … I photographed my two beloved boys … and somehow, a „penis“ also appears. And I will forever relate such a symbol to Bob, of course …



May 14, 2025 – **The Father-Mannerism!**

Gardening work at my father’s place … he was sober and kind of normal, sometimes almost nice. Messed up his phone again because he keeps pressing buttons … I fixed it. Jacqui and Tino seem to love him … can’t get enough of him. And he was nice to them, too.

Strangely, I picked a new series (old, from 2007), with the title „**Life**“ (with Damian Lewis), strange, and I probably won't watch much of it … but I was totally stunned to see the main character „Charlie Crews“ ***do exactly what my father keeps doing when he is aggressive*** and staring at me and wants to say nasty stuff but can't (because I am doing something good or stuff) … ***he touches the tip of his upper lip with the tip of his tongue.*** Have you EVER seen someone do that in a movie? It has been bothering me so much seeing my father do this … and by means of film, „zumbuddy“ is „telling“ me, that they are around?

So considering the „warning“ I thought I had received yesterday – and my relief about my father having been somewhat less toxic than usual … we even watched a med helicopter take off from the neighbor meadow together … and he told me he had flown in a helicopter twice … am I up for a negative surprise, when tomorrow he is back into being the vile, rude and outright cruel monster that I had gotten to know him as in the last years? How much of this can I take? How can I move forward with MY life? Talking to T and M, yesterday and the day before, made me aware what I had on Maui … what I have in me … and that I cannot or should not just let it go to waste. I MUST make „Regents of Clouds“ and the two sequels, and I must find the path to it.

Oh shit, I saw „Wick is Pain“ about the making of the „John Wick Franchise“ … wow that was interesting. Keanu Reeves MUST definitely play the King of the World „Donvelin“ in „Regents of Clouds“: He will. I have decided.
In these pictures … he „IS“ already „Donvelin“.

May 15, 2025 – **„480 FN“**

Oh wow.

After yet another being-yelled-at-outrage from my father, I decided to ***go for a swim - the first this year.*** The lake was 16 degrees cold, and a total stranger was there, too, a tall overweight strangely attractive man. He went in to his knees … the first thing I saw of him walking down the small path to the lakeshore was him pissing at the side of the bench (and not in the lake, nice).

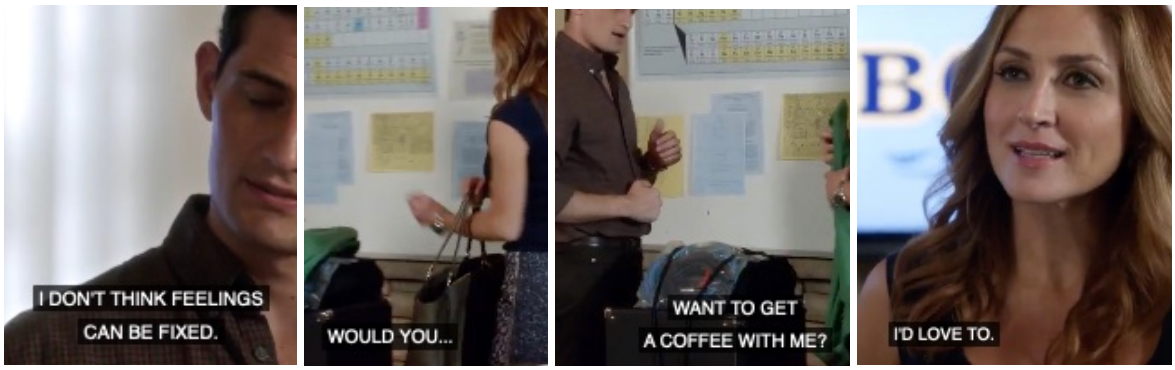
So afterwards, I drove back home, and because I felt so invigorated (my right leg not hurting for a change), I switched on the radio - and the fucking song „***Torn***“ (by Natalie Imbruglia) was on …

„I thought I saw a man brought to life
He was warm, he came around like he was dignified
He showed me what it was to cry …“
(Oh fuck how suiting all this!)
„Well you couldn't be that man that I adored
You don't seem to know, or seem to care what your heart is for
I don't know him anymore
There's nothin' where he used to lie
Our conversation has run dry
That's what's goin' on“

(Shit how suiting all this!)

„Nothing's fine, I'm torn
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel
I'm cold and I am shamed
Lying naked on the floor
Illusion never changed
Into something real
I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn
You're a little late
I'm already torn“

(*Note*: And guess what, I had imagined also meeting Keanu for the first time during a business date at his agency in LA, where we met before the meeting in the elevator and he asked me if I would go for a cup of coffee with him in half an hour … not knowing that I would be the person he had the meeting with, about „Hulihuli Moon“ … and I said, yes, I would, if there would be cake“ … and JUST NOW, „Rizzoli and Isles“ is running on the other laptop next to me, and a guy JUST NOW asked Isles if she would ***go for a cup of coffee*** with him?! What are the odds?!)



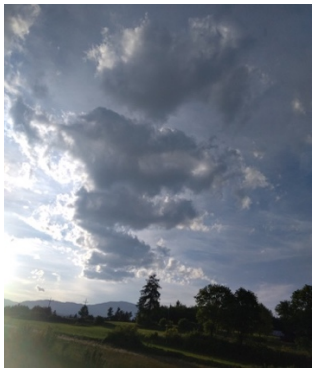
So … back in the car, driving away from the swim …
I broke out crying so hard over losing Bob, and I yelled at him for having abandoned me and not being there anymore, and the realization that he was NOT there anymore, on Maui, for me to just travel over there … it hit me so hard as if it was the first time … it was horrible.

Later, I took the boys for a walk in the drizzle, and driving home, I was in a better mood, and ***I talked out loud an imaginary meeting with Keanu Reeves*** … how he would be here in Carinthia with me, at the Fruhmann restaurant, and it would be so great, and we would have fun … and I was really speaking his part and my part in the car … and then a car with the license plate number „**480 FN**“ came right at me! And I was baffled shitless. Because „**480**“ has always been code for ***„sound“ or „voice“ or „speaking“ for Bob and me*** … (48,000 Hertz as the common sampling rate) … and „FN“ seemed to scream „**FUN**“. So I said out loud, „Oh yes, I am having fun with this!“
It felt so real, … also because just before that I had encountered several „BOB“ cars, one with „**808 BN**“, one „**808 EW**“, and the other with „**808 GO**“.

Wow … I really had insights, talking with Keanu in my imagination … that not Matrix or John Wick would be his legacy, but „Regents of Clouds“ will be, his character „King Donvelin“ connecting all audiences, changing the world.

And before that, he must be „Jeremy Lawekolea Loupon“ in „Hulihuli Moon“. I MUST do everything possible to make that happen.

Is the sky telling me to dare to remember Pukalani? It still hurts like hell.



I was looking for suitable actresses for the role of „Rita“ among Hollywood's mature ladies – and I realized that Lorraine Bracco, who I see in „Rizzoli & Isles“ could be very suitable. What a shock to see that **she was born on October 2, 1954 – just like BOB! In her younger years, she very very much looked like Edith!**

Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Lorraine_Bracco
Lorraine Bracco
Lorraine Bracco (born October 2, 1954) is an American actress best known for her performance as psychiatrist Jennifer Melfi on the HBO crime drama series ...

The other two actresses would be Cyill Shepherd (frail) and Goldie Hawn (fragile, odd looking).

Yes, Bob and I could have made everything happen … but me alone, only thinking about it, feels so much like a ridiculous fantasy.

I thought today that I should probably contact Cheryl Maisel, Keanu's former PR-rep and tell her the situation and ask for help. Well. I fucked that up back in the day, when Blaise Noto made the contact to her, and Bob advised me to „go for it“ and be a bit pushy. And this was

soooo the wrong thing to do. Bob never accepted any responsibility for our botched contact with Keanu Reeves … he would always find a way to sabotage – subconsciously – our success.

Fuck. Instead of support and help and interest from my parents I only have spite and hatred and craziness. WHY THE FUCK ME?

May 16, 2025 – **The Sunflower**

Oh wow.

I found a bag with a **potted sunflower** attached to my car today – and it's the 23rd anniversary of Bob and I meeting today. I remember it as if if was yesterday. I feel like crying over all that I have lost a lot these days.

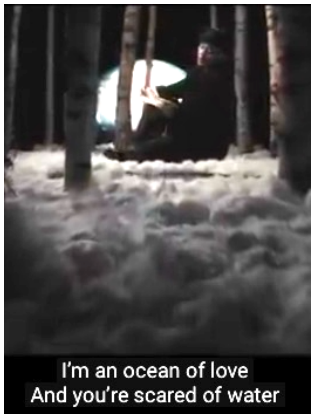
„You're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words and I'm the tune … play me" … the song that Bob sang to me a few days after we had met rang so loudly in my ears … when I looked at that sunflower. So suiting. I will never forget that eerie mood, how I sat there, Bob facing me, with his guitar … and behind him Maui that was still so new to me … after my first half year there. Oh what was lying ahead … I was so innocent and trusting. But watching Bob sing that song … wow, it gave me the chills. Should I run or should I stay, was on my mind.

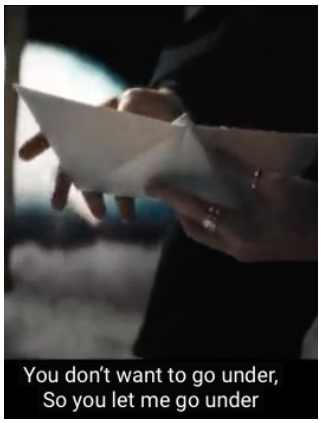
Who gave the sunflower to me? No idea. I realize that I have a few more new friends – if I want them, including a woman named Mathilde I just met, who has a young female dog named Bella who Tino loves … so also Johanna, the other older woman with Amy, her daughter's dog, then Martina, Gerti, Traudi, Waltraud, Marlies, Andrea … wow. I could build a real circle. But all I want, is get „Hulihuli Moon" made and then work on „Regents of Clouds": That is what I truly desire. And my dogs and my loved ones being safe.

Strange that the new Pope, Leo XIV is now called „Papa Bob", because he is American, and his name is Robert.

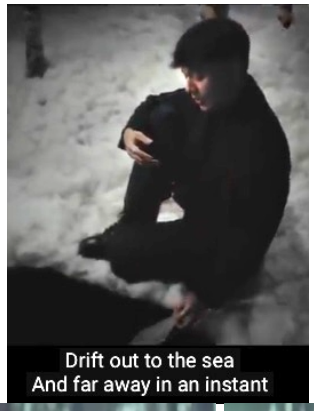
I saw a fun license plate today after having eaten so much venison, it read „**808 EW**".

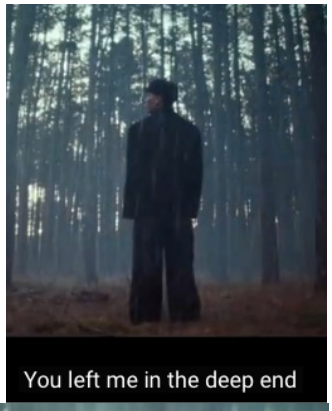
Also, the artist „**JJ**" is in the Eurovision Songcontest with the song **„Wasted Love"** … and it is truly haunting and totally reminds me of Bob's and my story … even my dream of ending up dying in the ocean is reflected in there …

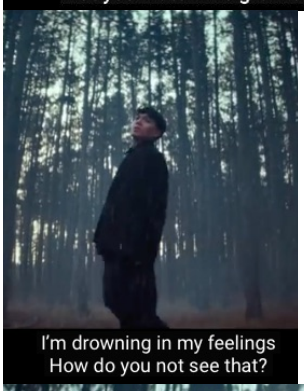




I reach out my hand,
But you watch me grow distant


Drift out to the sea
And far away in an instant


You left me in the deep end


I'm drowning in my feelings
How do you not see that?

Now that you're gone

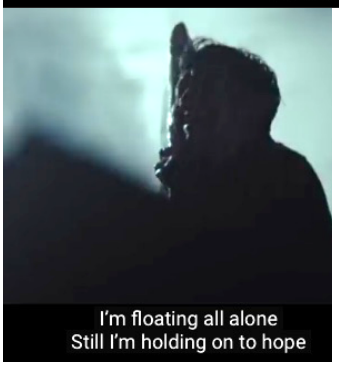
All I have is wasted love
This wasted love

Now that you're gone
Can't fill my heart with wasted love

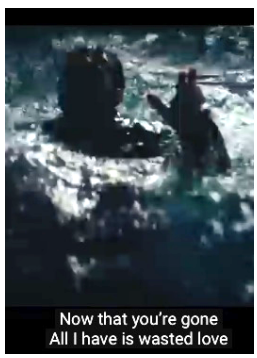
This wasted love

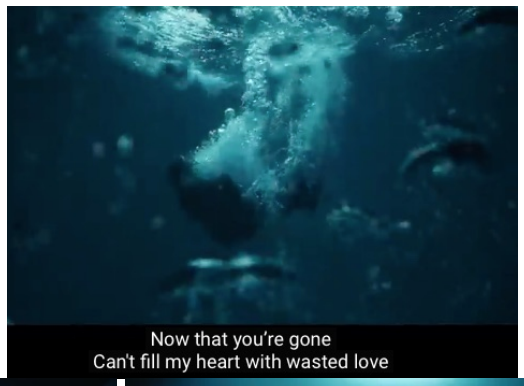
When you let me go,
I barely stayed afloat

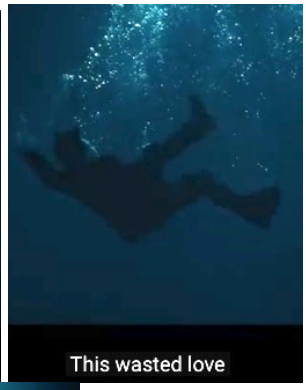
When you let me go,
I barely stayed afloat

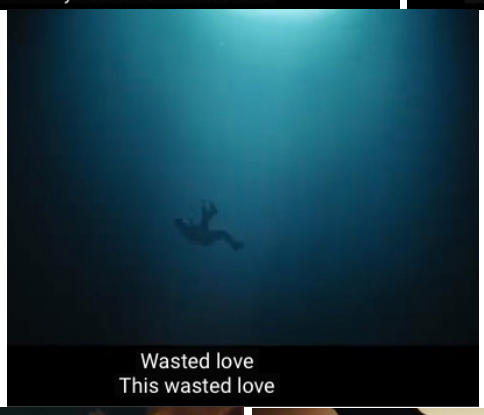

I'm floating all alone
Still I'm holding on to hope

Now that you're gone
All I have is wasted love


Now that you're gone
All I have is wasted love







Stewart White died seven years after his wife Betty went into the Beyond … and it is now the seventh year after Bob's transition.

I have so much pain in my limbs just getting up often, not sure, what it is … it suddenly began, about two weeks ago … probably some kind of having overdone my activities, speeding back and forth between my parents and my apartment … losing myself in the process.

Went for a swim again, today … ice cold, but I felt so good afterwards, at the lonely spot at the shore, in the early evening … and my foot and knee are better, too. Did not visit my father or mother today, breaks my heart for Sandy, but I had to not see him for a day, after the violent

outbursts at me that he has all the time … getting too much. Can't bear it anymore. That is why my foot is hurting too, I bet, telling me „It cannot *NOT GO ON* like this." I cannot be exposed to this sick toxicity any longer. Something must change. I got to take care of Sandy, but then – that's it for me. He hates me and is a malignant psychopath narcissist, and this won't change.

A friendly neighbor, Renate, who I barely knew – also a new friend! – brought me today a whole lot of frozen venison, from her daughter, who didn't want it anymore after it partially thawed due to a defect refrigerator. So I took the filet thawed it – and I treated it just like a steak, marinaded and grilled it, and I ate it with cranberries and red cabbage. It was so delicious, I honored that deer. Shared with my dogs, kept some for tomorrow for Sandy.

Tomorrow … I just have to start to be totally honest and outspoken to my parents … I must. No matter what of it they „get", I can NOT any longer try to speak and be in a way that they understand and that benefits them. If they cannot „get" or understand me or have no interest – so be it. I must return to my SELF, literally.

Shampooed my silk carpet today. That feels good now. So clean and dustfree.

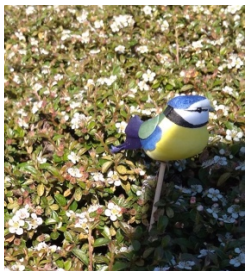
Took the dogs for a long walk to search for a lost leash … and I did find it – at a totally different place than I had thought it could be, but I did in fact find it! A leash! And I am around in a million places, and still – I ended up exactly there, where some kind person had placed it hanging over a doggy bags dispenser.

I did not get a „grant" for my work on „Mothership" that I had applied for. „Not enough innovative" … geezus Christ what bullshit. But so be it.

May 17, 2025

Walked with Sandy … let her bathe in a nice creek … and a wedding party drove by … and a few minutes later I found this ***wedding car decoration bow*** … sweet. Now decorates my apartment.

Also, a few meters further – a small fake bird in a flower patch right next to the road. Strange.



And yes, still reading up on other people's experiences to get some comfort:

This is usually because you yourself want something from your Narcissistic parent.. Not unusually an apology for all of the shit that they have done. In most cases, that won't happen. In order to stop hating the NP (Narcissistic parent) - you **must accept** the fact that you will never get an sincere apology & you must be OK with it.

It's not unusual either to hate the NP for his/her behavior. In order to stop hating the NP in this case is 1: Don't expect the NP to behave as normal parents.. 2: Don't take it personal. 3: (But not the least): Realize that your NP is **sick**. Realize that your NP has an mental illness. You don't expect a Cancer-patient in Chemo to get up running as a normal person, would you? This is the same thing.. Don't expect an NP to be normal.. Just as the Cancer-patient will throw up because of Chemo, an NP WILL have an dysfunctional behavior because of his/her mental illness.. Are

I don't think there are any rules about how YOU should feel about anything. As a daughter of a horrible narcissistic mother, I can tell you that I absolutely DESPISE mine. She caused these feelings; I did not. For most of my 60 years I tried to give her the benefit of my kindness and understanding, just to be mistreated, triangulated, used and lied about, every time. I gave up on her completely a little over 2 years ago and have found peace with it. Truthfully, if I saw her horrible narcissistic mother, I can tell you that I absolutely DESPISE mine. She caused these feelings; I did not. For most of my 60 years I tried to give her the benefit of my kindness and understanding, just to be mistreated, triangulated, used and lied about, every time. I gave up on her completely a little over 2 years ago and have found peace with it. Truthfully, if I saw her

have reached the point where you need to free yourself from any guilt your bad feelings toward your narc mother may be causing you. Remember: YOU were the child that your narc mother used and abused; YOU did not cause these things to happen. SHE is the monster; YOU are the victim of her abuse. Therefore, it is your right to despise her, forgive her, forgive

How to survive a narcissistic mother? Get away from her, as soon as you can. Stay away. I'm sorry. But it's all I got. I don't think there's any way to fit yourself into her world and stay intact mentally, emotionally or maybe even physically. What I will tell you is, you come away with the gifts of resilience, adaptability and strength Beyond anyone. You literally have superpowers.

May 19, 2025

„Bob and Dani" – yes, we were like „one", we were such a good team. Those license plate numbers really get to me at times, like „**BDN1**" …

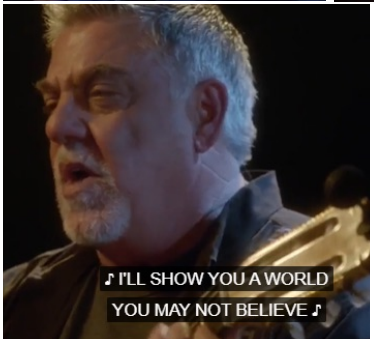
Also … I skipped through a movie about an alien, „**Paul**" … and the only thing that struck me as interesting was that one of the main characters was totally into creationism, and the fucking alien insisted that it was all evolution a la Darwin, which is of course utter bullshit. But it was very interesting to hear a movie character actually say out loud whatn Dr. Oliver Lazar talks about in his wonderful work – that there IS IN FACT INTELLIGENT DESIGN as the SOURCE OF ALL CREATION. I dare anyone to read his work and the insist on Darwinism … it's childish to have beliefs like that dumb alien „Paul" represented … brr. So fucking much the world needs to know … mankind is so incredibly dumb …

May 20, 2025

Oh geez, on „Rizzoli & Isles“, which I watch for relaxation after my ordeals with my „parents“, I again encountered a character with exactly the grimacing like my „father“. Yikes. And yet – nature’s wonders are here to comfort us – arent’t they?

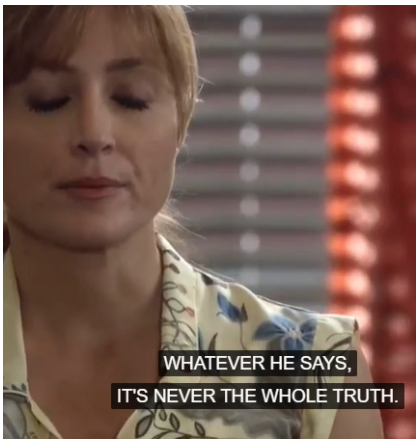
(… this fanatical hatred ...)

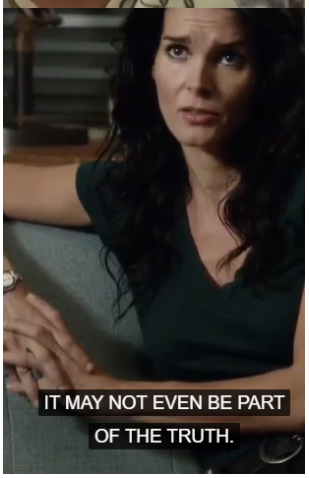
Also … a song in „Rizzoli & Isles“ … just got to me:



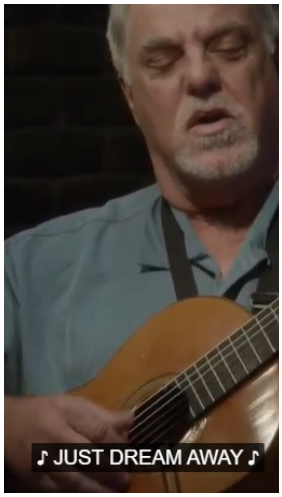
Oh Bob, our walks … yes, take me and show me a world I don't know … yet.

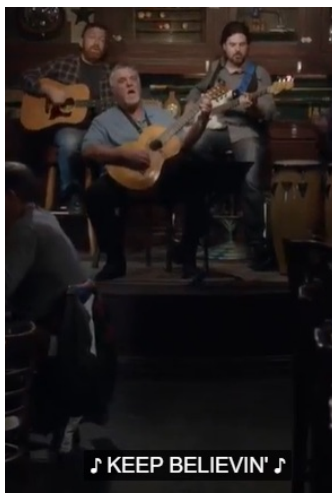
And – oh my: Narcissist fucks are everpresent all over the world:





… and another song, ringing so true:





No shortage of „dreaming“. But „believe in what“?

Of course, late at night, I had to seek comfort in reading about other people’s insights and ordeals:

Psychology Today Find a Therapist Get Help Magazine

house.

Source: altanaka/Shutterstock

What makes a recovery from a narcissist different?

Everything good you’ve ever believed about human beings is contradicted. Every thought you’ve had about loyalty, experience, and truthfulness is denied. Every trope you’ve heard about marriage, love, and partnership is hammered into silence. Every idea you’ve had about human connection is trashed by the narcissist’s behavior.

There is no “We’ll always have Paris" moment because Paris—every promise he or she made to you, every moment you spent together, everything you ever believed about your relationship and connection—has been strafed or burned to the ground.

"One of the most dizzyingly disorienting experiences about uncovering layers of lies is that you end up questioning your judgment about everything, especially if you had a partner who covered his or her tracks by trying to convince you that you were ‘crazy’ or ‘paranoid.’"

FAMILY DYNAMICS

Unloved Daughters and the Problem With "Mother Wounds"

The damage done by the unloving mother is far more complex and unique.

You’re not recovering from love lost or even the failure of a marriage, but from warfare.

Psychology Today Find a Therapist Get Help Magazine

Here are four reasons someone is likely to have trouble recovering from a relationship with a narcissist, as well as four things you can do to enable recovery:

1. Nothing was what it seemed.

This is a biggie because what appeared to be about two people was really only about one—the narcissist. Once you have absorbed this truism, you will find yourself revisiting what you *thought* was going on between the two of you and what *really* was. This is wounding enough, and it segues right into the next point...

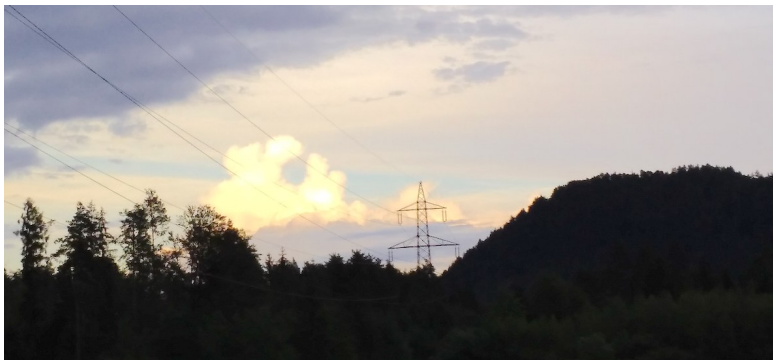
2. The misery of 20/20 hindsight.

The red flags that people always talk about—those signs that no intelligent person would ever miss but you did—spring up like poppies in Flanders during the breakup, when everything you missed before or was hidden from view is suddenly in plain sight.

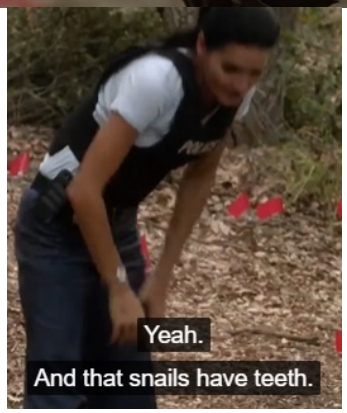
May 21, 2025 – **My „father“ mirrored!**
Oh my – motherfucking fate! I looked into a film called „The Vanishing“ (probably wishful thinking, lol) – and there I found THE SAME CRUELTY that is INHERENT in the monster that is my biological „father“ … expressed by Jeff Bridges. So disgusting and disturbing. (There is no image of the girl screaming in horror.)

I don’t know what I am supposed to get out of this – I KNOW that I must cut contact. I would love to – if I could take Sandy with me. I will not abandon her. Breaks my heart everytime she greets me feeping and whining …

So that guy inflicting distress tohis poor daughter … the evil face, the joy of someone else's pain … fuck, so many monsters like this are out there right now, ruining young people's lives because of their broken brains. We are brain carriers. The soul is not the brain, but it is stuck in a body ruled by a faulty brain.



May 23, 2025 – **The Snail connection**
On „Rizzoli & Isles" I saw interesting stuff about snails – that the limpet's teeth consist of the strongest material known to man.



Researchers at Queen Mary have measured the mechanical properties of small sections of limpet teeth

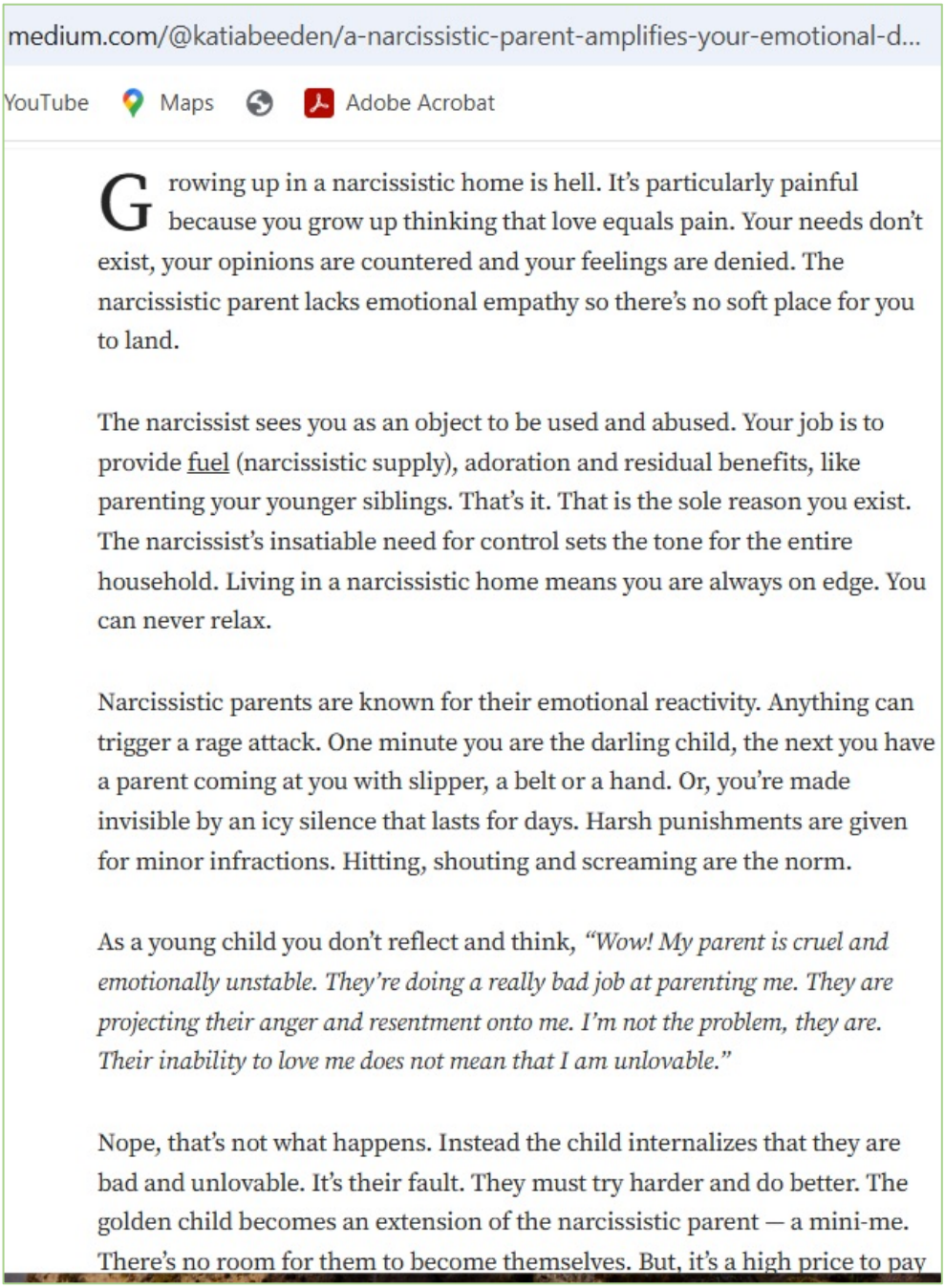
Image of the Day: Rasping Radula
A limpet's tongue-like radula has chitonous "teeth" structures used to scrape up algae.
The Scientist Staff
Dec 16, 2015

(***Note***: So the next day, I picked up a Vineyard Snail (Burgundy Snail) in the forest and observed it for an evening, brought her back outside the next morning, May 25. And on May 26 – I was about to be **reminded** of it!

Of course, again … can't handle the continued abuse by my „father" … only taking it because I cannot abandon sweet Sandy baby … I owe the species dog, I let down and got killed the other love of my life, Kimba.

The sacred role of a parent is to be a nurturer and the greatest ally to their children. It's contrary to any culture or society to imagine that a parent can be anything less. Most people cannot accept that some parents abuse their children. Narcissists have mastered the art of abusing their children, whilst looking like saints.

The narcissistic parent refuses to acknowledge the child's own thoughts, needs and desires. You're expected to be who they want you to be — you exist to serve them.



Growing up in a narcissistic home is hell. It's particularly painful because you grow up thinking that love equals pain. Your needs don't exist, your opinions are countered and your feelings are denied. The narcissistic parent lacks emotional empathy so there's no soft place for you to land.

The narcissist sees you as an object to be used and abused. Your job is to provide fuel (narcissistic supply), adoration and residual benefits, like parenting your younger siblings. That's it. That is the sole reason you exist. The narcissist's insatiable need for control sets the tone for the entire household. Living in a narcissistic home means you are always on edge. You can never relax.

Narcissistic parents are known for their emotional reactivity. Anything can trigger a rage attack. One minute you are the darling child, the next you have a parent coming at you with slipper, a belt or a hand. Or, you're made invisible by an icy silence that lasts for days. Harsh punishments are given for minor infractions. Hitting, shouting and screaming are the norm.

As a young child you don't reflect and think, *"Wow! My parent is cruel and emotionally unstable. They're doing a really bad job at parenting me. They are projecting their anger and resentment onto me. I'm not the problem, they are. Their inability to love me does not mean that I am unlovable."*

Nope, that's not what happens. Instead the child internalizes that they are bad and unlovable. It's their fault. They must try harder and do better. The golden child becomes an extension of the narcissistic parent — a mini-me. There's no room for them to become themselves. But, it's a high price to pay

The child never gets to experience emotional safety and support. Living in an emotional desert which randomly morphs into an emotional rollercoaster, is traumatizing. The child adopts limiting beliefs about themselves:

sick. They blame you for things you didn't do. They make you apologize even if you did nothing wrong. They deny that they said or did things. They use anger and fear to assert their authority. Worst of all, they act loving in front of other people and become cruel and unkind when alone with you. You shut down and numb out as a way to cope. You hide from the ugly truth of who your parent truly is.

sick. They blame you for things you [redacted] take you apologize even if you did nothing wrong. They deny that they said or did things. They use anger and fear to assert their authority. Worst of all, they act loving in front neglected. They have to tolerate walking on egg shells. No-one sees the 'angel' mask fall off in private.

People don't see (or refuse to see) what they can't conceive. If they witness blatant abuse, they convince themselves it's something else. It's none of their business. The hard truth that a parent is *intentionally* harming their child isn't believed. Thus, the abused child isn't protected by the other adults or caregivers.

blatant abuse, they convince [redacted] something else. It's none of the business. The hard truth that a parent is *intentionally* harming their child isn't believed. Thus, the abused child isn't protected by the other adults or caregivers.

[redacted] met. That's not what narcissistic parents do! They deliberately tip you over the edge to get a hit of your emotional energy. **You are programmed to emotionally escalate.**

Research suggests that when you're emotionally dysregulated, certain neurotransmitters fail to function properly. This causes you to remain in a prolonged "fight or flight" response. The pre-frontal cortex (the part of the brain responsible for emotional regulation) remains switched off during times of extreme stress.

Small triggers take you back to past trauma. You find yourself living most of your life in the past. In this traumatized state, you become hypersensitive and reactive. Your nervous system has been trained to enter a heightened state and to stay there. Being in a state of fight, flight or freeze feels normal to you.

Learning to self-soothe is key to healing.

Whether consciously or not, a narcissistic parent "trains" you to become emotionally dysregulated. You may be addicted to drama without realizing it. The key to healing is to notice that your emotional dysregulation a.) exists and b.) it's not serving you.

When triggered, learn to immediately pull your energy back. Don't be sucked into another person's drama. You're under no obligation to participate in someone else's reality. Find the tools and techniques that resonate with you and use them,

from emotional abuse. When your nervous system is well regulated, you'll respond appropriately to your circumstances. Once a threat is gone, your nervous system will return to homeostasis.

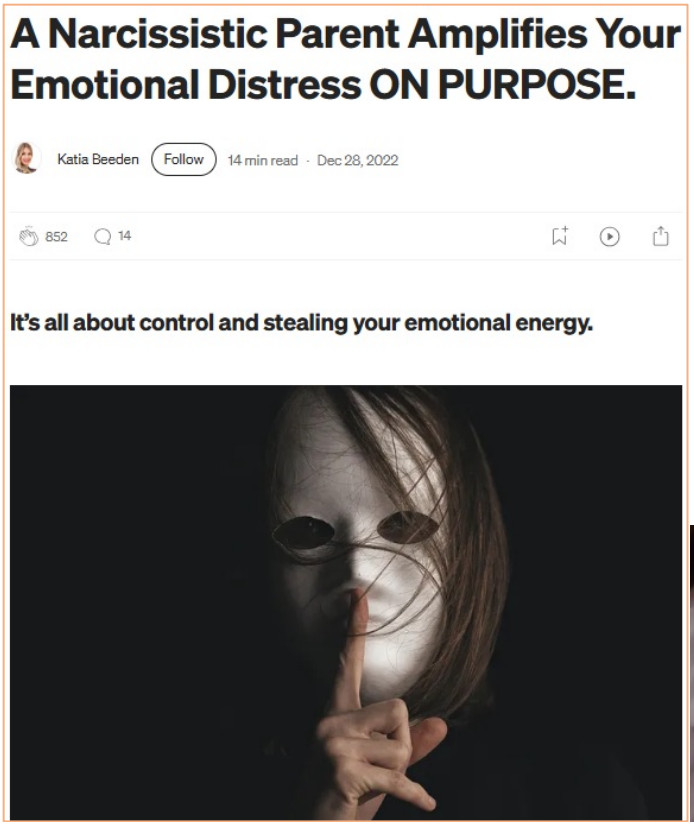
By interrupting the surge of emotions, you're no longer at the mercy of them. You're now doing for yourself [redacted] should have taught you in childhood. Instead of escalating, you mindfully de-esculate your emotions. You bring yourself back into balance.

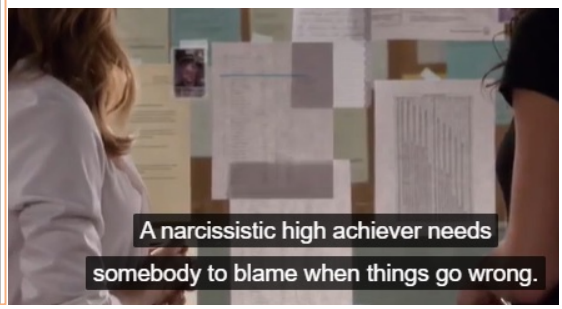
Narcissistic parents traumatize their children. Their charming facade hides this painful truth from everyone, including their children. You are gaslit into believing that the abuse is not real. But, the emotional damage speaks for itself.

I know how difficult it can be to emotionally separate yourself from your narcissistic parent/s. You've been programmed to feel responsible for their emotional well-being. Remind yourself that it's your turn now. Prioritize your emotional well-being. Your narcissistic parent/s will never change. You are emotional well-being. Your narcissistic parent/s will never change. You are not responsible for them — there's nothing you can do to make them see the light.

Clouds reaching out for each other to … dance?

I keep remembering shit from my childhood … reading up on advice and expertise to make sense of it … what a waste of a lifetime, just because my father had a horrible traumatic experience in his youth that fucked up his brain and his emotional world: When he had the electricity accident, his parents ridiculed and abandoned him, a heavily injured 14-years old boy who lost a finger … and they did not even take him to the hospital. He told me once, a few years ago. I think this trauma, and that his mother hated his father, made him a narcissist. Because after all, the „wiring" of the brain of a narcissist keeps him or her from „feeling".


A Narcissistic Parent Amplifies Your Emotional Distress ON PURPOSE.
Katia Beeden
Follow
14 min read · Dec 28, 2022
852
14
It's all about control and stealing your emotional energy.



May 25, 2025

Nature … trying to make me more sad or to comfort me with gorgeous creations. And the clouds …

May 26, 2025

Drove back from my father's … and encountered a car with the license plate number „WR ST 278". That is significant in so many ways … I walked Sandy, brought father some apricot compote – when I entered, he was not in the kitchen, so I opened the door and saw the living room door open and lights on … so I went there and knocked, and he came shooting out of the room, yelling at me „What are you doing here? Wanted to snoop everything out?" He is such a crazy fuck.

So I walked Sandy, and on the way back, two women came towards me, and just as they passed by me one of them looked at me and said **„Wineyard Schnecke"** … which is a wrong and mix-languages way of saying „Vinyard Snail" … meaning „Burgundy Snail" … so they were talking about those snails – when I had just observed one! That is synchronicity!

Oh nature is so brilliant on this material playground of the souls …

Talking about synchronicity … while walking I also thought about an old friend of mine who used to write emails … and when I got home later today and looked at my phone, I saw a missed call – from HIM! He had never called me before. I did not yet call back.

Also, weirdly … yesterday I had pondered upon the Huna-knowledge of Hawaii and what would happen if Serge Kahili King would die, a Huna-expert … I had NEVER thought about anything like this in a decade! And last night, I googled the obituaries because I had heard some acquaintance had died – and instead, I found that Dr. Diethard Stelzl had died – the OTHER great Huna-teacher! I had not thought about that man in more than 20 years, but I was at seminars back in the day when I wrote „We Creators of the World“ (when the project still had the very old name „Kahuna Liang“ … wow, that is long ago!). And there he was … now he is on the other side.

And as I pondered this sitting at my table … I got so desperate about the whole Bob story and all, that I broke out in tears and anger. What life is that – barely able to bear my „parent's“ behavior towards me …. Walking dogs to the extent that I can barely walk anymore with my poor sore foot …?

I found a letter regarding Picej, my father's „heir“, that can change everything. I cannot elaborate on this, too stressful, but it can really make a difference in my relationship with my father and with Picej.

Also … my dreams! Oh wow! I am dreaming more vividly than ever before … I can fly in my dreams by will, and it is all so deep and detailed and all has to do of me being aware of my real-life situation in my dreams and dealing with it IN MY DREAMS! Again, cannot describe … I do not have the patience … but these are wild nights.

So today, after the short walk with Sandy, my „father“ told me the stories about him and Edith at lake Weißensee, about the snakes and stuff … that I have heard so many times … but I sat with him to just keep him company for a little while … and he kept emphasizing that those were such great times … and *all I could think about was that in all those „great times“ he never had one single thought about what his own children were doing.* Let alone that the times were not that „great“ for Edith … He is denying to himself everything he has done … he denies everything he did or said in the last year, month, week, he is such a sick fuck. And always treating me with contempt and angrily, I am so so so so tired of it.

He would never ask about my life, experiences, wellbeing … I swear if I can get Sandy out of there …

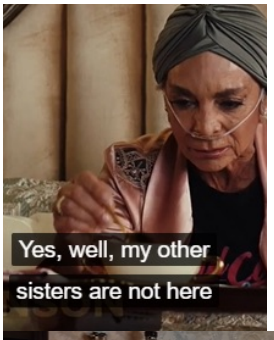
She shat into the kitchen yesterday, he said, because she was „sick“. NO – he did not come into the kitchen until noon, … the poor animal has to be in there alone from 8:30 pm on … it is so unbearable, it all. No wonder my right foot and especially the sole is giving me grief, hurting so much … I am using ointment, red light, cold baths, everything … I can barely walk at times.

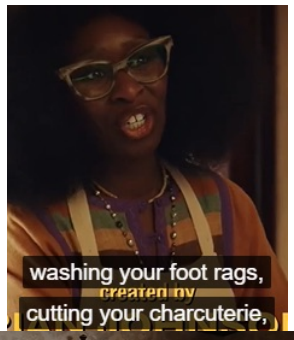
And here, the fucking crown of the shit:

I just decided to give the season 2 of the obnoxious series „***Poker Face“*** a try – and there it is: A daughter who takes care of her horrible mom – who leaves everything to an entirely

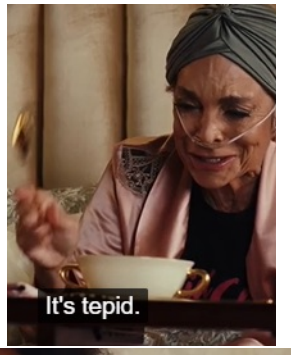
undeserving person. That is exactly my situation. My father has so often grinned into my face and told me that I would never ever get anything … why not? He is fucking insane, I never did anything to him … I deserve to inherit what belongs into the family. But: I will not be another year the puppet of my mentally ill „parents“.

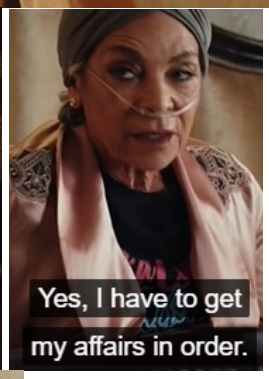
What's that supposed to be?
That spangled garbage.
Well, I wouldn't expect
you to understand, Mother.
Oh, no. But you do
expect me to keel over,
leave you my fortune,
and bankroll your
little artist's journey.
Mother, don't be so morbid.
I see you.
see what you're doing.
Oh, that faithful child.
So selfless, caring for
that mean old woman.
Can I get you anything else?
Four daughters,
and the one I kept closest
is my biggest disappointment.

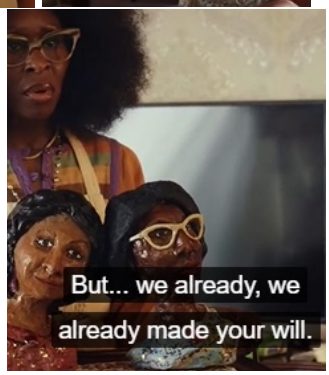

Yes, well, my other
sisters are not here


washing your foot rags,
cutting your charcuterie,

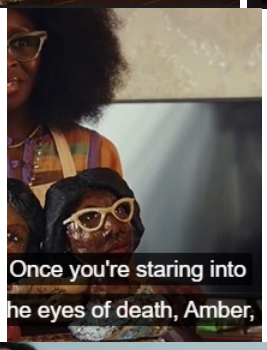
and making you
delicious homemade soup.

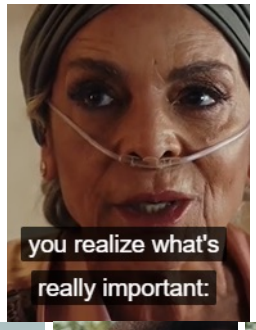

It's tepid.

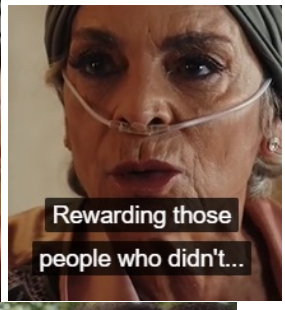

Yes, I have to get
my affairs in order.

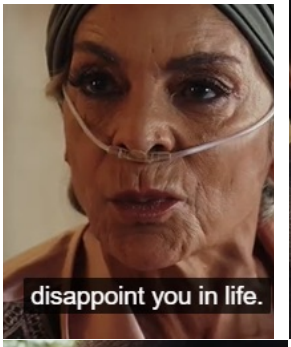

But... we already, we
already made your will.

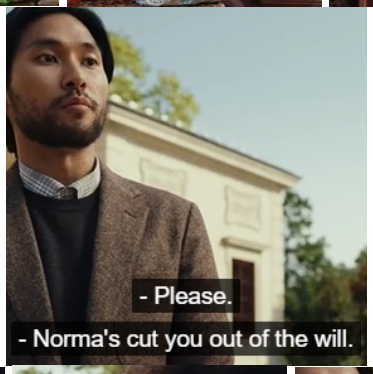
We-We-We did it together.

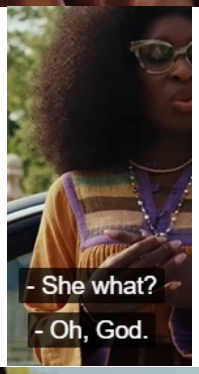

Once you're staring into
he eyes of death, Amber,

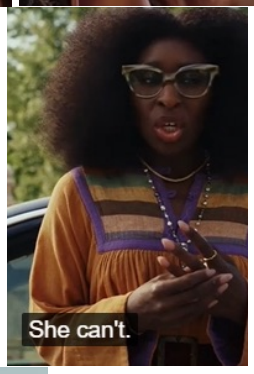

you realize what's
really important:

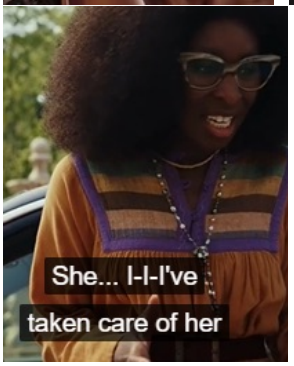

Rewarding those
people who didn't...


disappoint you in life.

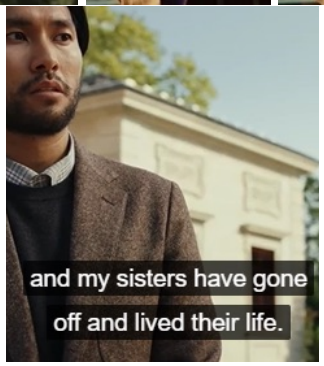

- Please.
- Norma's cut you out of the will.


- She what?
- Oh, God.


She can't.


She... I-I-I've
taken care of her

when she's been sick
this whole time,


and my sisters have gone
off and lived their life.

How interesting … that from all the shows I could watch, I pick exactly the one that mirrors my situation!

My mother also only barely keeps it together when she is with me barely hiding her contempt for me. If it's about abuse by parents – I could write volumes. I am tired of it. I won't abandon Sandy. And that letter that I found … I already asked my lawyer for a consultation. We'll see. (It is about Picej and the lawyer conversing about my father and about me … and not Picej „in the name of my father", no ABOUT him, too. So I want to know if my father knew about the „job", as mentioned by the lawer, that they had to accomplish regarding me. So what job? What had to be accomplished? This is going to be interesting.)

Also – I watched, or rather, zipped through, the truly absymal real-life version of the cartoon series **„Lilo and Stitch"** … oh shit, it reminded me yet again what I lost through Bob's death. We had it going for us. But his brain fucked up his soul's path this time around. Seeing Hawaii and its people, the landscape, the ocean … it hurt like hell. But I did not cry.

(resembles Bob)

Kevin Maher
Times (UK)
★ TOP CRITIC
This mind-numbing abomination, filmed in 2023 and adapted from the 2002 cartoon, is hopefully a swansong for a fantastically lazy, cravenly commercial and artistically bankrupt process.
Rated: 1/5 • May 23, 2025
Full Review

And THIS is the major insight, I guess: It is our **brains** that are the tokens of accomplishment or the contrary. And they depend on genetics and circumstances. **So it DOES matter what family and culture one is born into.**

My father's brain is broken and has made the person that his soul inhibits to be evil and mentally ill. The brain must be shut down so that the soul will be free. Because in this lifetime, the creature that my biological father has become, will not recover to be helpful and good in this lifetime. Neither did Bob's brain … it was sick too. And that's the pitfall of the human condition: **Our brains can get damanged or sick and fuck up our path that could be so wonderful.** So our souls are forced to experience shit that they wouldn't have with a healthy „good" brain.

May 27, 2025

Walking my beloved Sandy, I found a small plaquette … so sweet. The realm of the dogs giving me a „high five" as encouragement? I would like to see it this way.

May 28, 2025

… flashing back to my Maui-„me“ all the time. Can barely stand the hostility of my mother, always underlying everything she says … she literally can't look at me … neither can my father, the disdain comes out immediately … narcissist fucks, both of them. They were never „parents“. And now they are patients. I want to move away.

Just seeing images of the ocean … it touches something so deep in me so painful and yet so sweet … it's almost unbearable. My emotions are in huge waves currently.

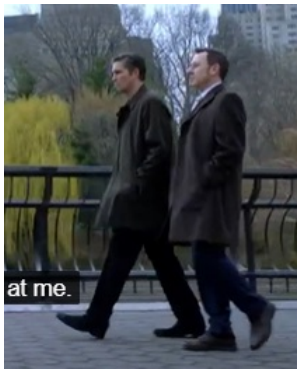
May 30, 2025 **– The Limping Man & the Bird!**

Oh wow – this is no coincidence! I happend upon the series ***„Person of Interest“*** today, I remember Bob telling me about it and that he liked it … and remember, on May 17 I found a **strange fake little bird** walking Sandy the other day? And **I have been limping** around for the last weeks, because my **right heel** is ever again inflamed and hurts like hell, sometimes the whole foot or even the leg hurts. I know – things „cannot go on“ like this anymore, it is very very clear. (The situation with my demented raging evil father is close to escalation, and my mother is the nasty beast she always was toward me …)

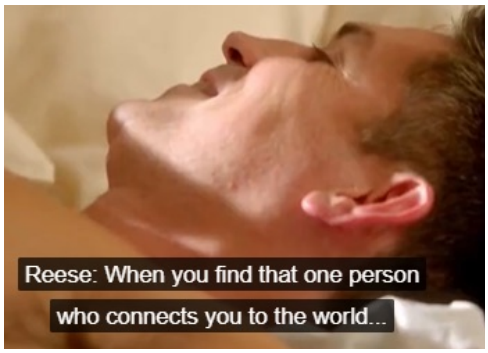
Have been massaging my heel, taken cold vinegar-water baths, ointment … sometimes it is totally fine, then I can barely move the foot …

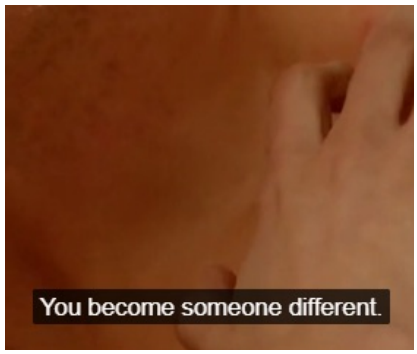
So I switch on ***„Person of Interest“*** – and one of the two **main characters is a „Mr. Finch“ (the bird!) and he is limping on the same foot as me!**

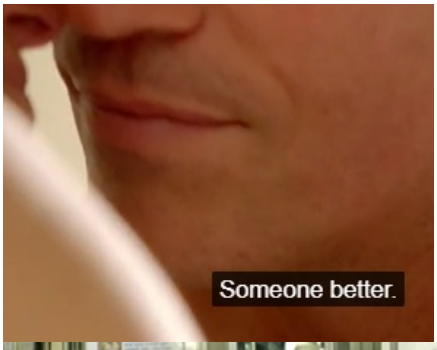
What are the odds?!

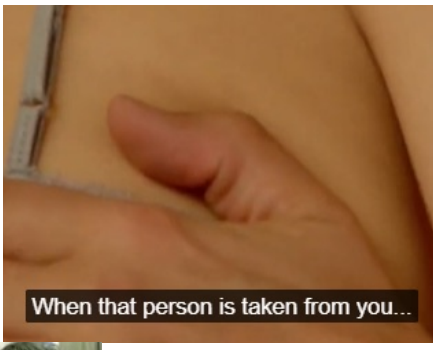


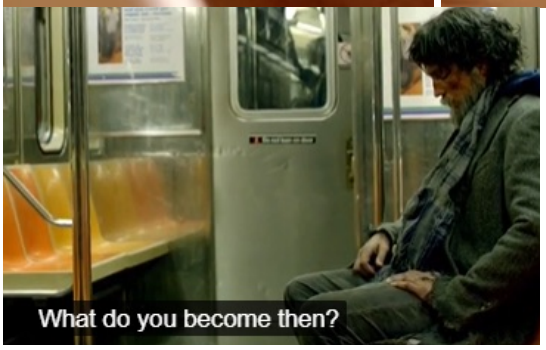
And the motherfucking truth right at the beginning … heartbreaking all over.











And ... needed late-night advice again:

Strategies of narcissistic father's. 1.)Dominence 2.) Entitlement 3.) Fault blaming, or (deflection) 4.) Criticism 5.) Lies 6.) Gas lighting 7.) Psychological abuse 8.) (<The silent treatment>)9.) Withdrawal of support (financial-emotional) 10.) Humiliating ridicule 11.) Denial 12.) Raging 13.) F.O.G. Fear-Obligation-Guilt. 13.) Crossed boundaries 14.) Unaccountability 15.) Willful stubbornness 16.)Mockery of accomplishments 16.) Neglect 17.) Withholding of guidance 18.) Intimidating threats. 19.) Discouragement 20.) Suggestions you need a psychiatrist 21.) No apologies 22.) Character smearing 23.) Division of siblings 24.) Professional victim 25.) Guilt tripping. 25.) Passive aggressive.

your reactions, to make it harder on you. And this is key> DON'T TAKE ANYTHING he says or does, PERSONALLY! Even though he's yelling, at you. It's like he's replaying his childhood, but from His abusers perspective. He's kinda stuck there. Whenever he's mad, he'll be trying to dump all his anger onto you. And he'll be blaming you for things you didn't even do. Especially when you get back from just having some good clean, innocent fun. Most things that happen

Your best defense is knowledge on the disorder and what drives the behaviors. I didn't become enlightened until my 40s. By then he'd done so much damage to my self worth, confidence and such, I'm still trying to get those demons off my back. With knowledge, you can discern why he does and says back onto his disorder and not let it impact you.

May 31, 2025

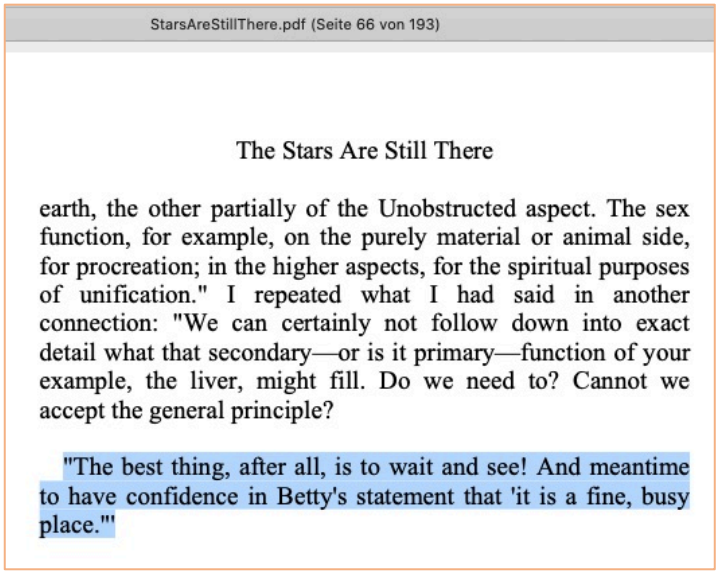
So I found a **dragon-figurine** in the trash, face-down. I thought it was solid concrete or something like it, but it's kind of paper-mache. You just can't throw away a dragon, no matter the condition! So I pulled it out of the trash – and I first gave him – „**Cookie**" – a new skin, painted it with some old paint I got from my father. The outside of the dragon is porous and brittle, but I still tried. And it felt good. Will give him a new face, too.

Yesterday, I happened to look outside – and a big huge ***hornet*** flew into the bird's house on my balcony! So it is building or having a nest in there, maybe all through winter? Wow?! And look at the peonies I picked from the a bush next to where I live. Nature's miracle.

XS-Car event around lake Wörthersee. Wow. So much noise. 20.000 cars more. Went for a swim for the 6th time yesterday – the water is so much warmer already. Met the strangely nice guy again, his name is „Nils" – and he works at the spiritual center, Vaastu, in Velden, that Johanna told me about – the nice lady I met a few weeks ago when she was walking her daughter's dog in the forest. So strange! The world is small.

Wow … so much stuff in films and movies … I think I am totally „on" with Bob again.

I rescued two totally dried out old rose bushes, cut them, replanted them, watered them – and they are blooming now!


StarsAreStillThere.pdf (Seite 66 von 193)

The Stars Are Still There

earth, the other partially of the Unobstructed aspect. The sex function, for example, on the purely material or animal side, for procreation; in the higher aspects, for the spiritual purposes of unification." I repeated what I had said in another connection: "We can certainly not follow down into exact detail what that secondary—or is it primary—function of your example, the liver, might fill. Do we need to? Cannot we accept the general principle?

"The best thing, after all, is to wait and see! And meantime to have confidence in Betty's statement that 'it is a fine, busy place.'"

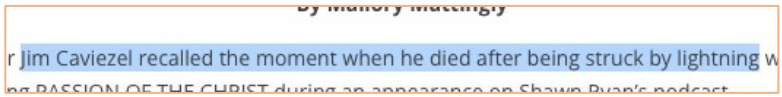
I opened „**The Stars Are Still There**“ on a random page …

June 2, 2025
Unexpectedly, as I read up a bit on the „Person of Interest“ Cast, I came across an article that Jim Caviezel had a near-death experience …

NEW YORK, NY - JUNE 11: Jim Caviezel speaks on stage during Beyond Sport United - Workshops & Panels at Yankee Stadium on June 11, 2014 in the Bronx borough of New York City. (Photo by D Dipasupil/Getty Images)

By Mallory Mattingly

Actor Jim Caviezel recalled the moment when he died after being struck by lightning while filming PASSION OF THE CHRIST during an appearance on Shawn Ryan's podcast.


r Jim Caviezel recalled the moment when he died after being struck by lightning w

Plus … Tino is turning into a very courageous little wolf …

June 4, 2025 **– Joan and Darby**
Just got a little „shock“, or rather a big one.
A reminder, for sure.
So first of all … I have been in brief email- and sms-contact with my friend Elisabeth, whose husband Josef is dying of cancer. I thought this morning, that I really really want her to read **„Our Unseen Guest“ by „Joan“ and „Darby“** *(synonymous for Ruth and Emmett Finley)* … so that she could ease into the matter of life after death, or rather, ongoing life, just

in a different realm … because right now it would be so important for her to help him die rather than clinging to false optimism or hope.

Well.

So I went for a swim today after visiting my father and finding him in a very mentally weak state. On top, my little Tino is limping, walking on three legs, one joint a bit inflamed due to a tick bite.

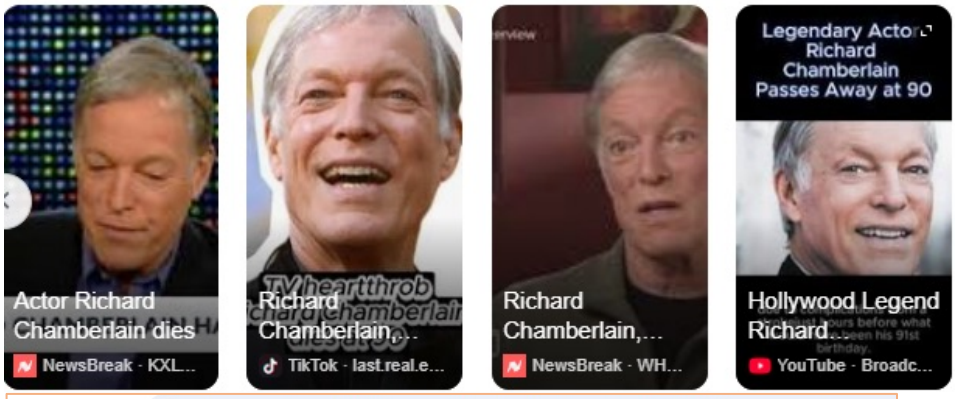
Now … I had read the news that ***Richard Chamberlain*** had died on Oahu … and I flashed back that Bob and I had in fact received an offer from his agent for Richard to play the lead in my script „The Bear and the Berry". But Bob being Bob, fucked it up, not daring to go for it, and so it never came about. I still remember, „200 grand upfront and then residuals …"

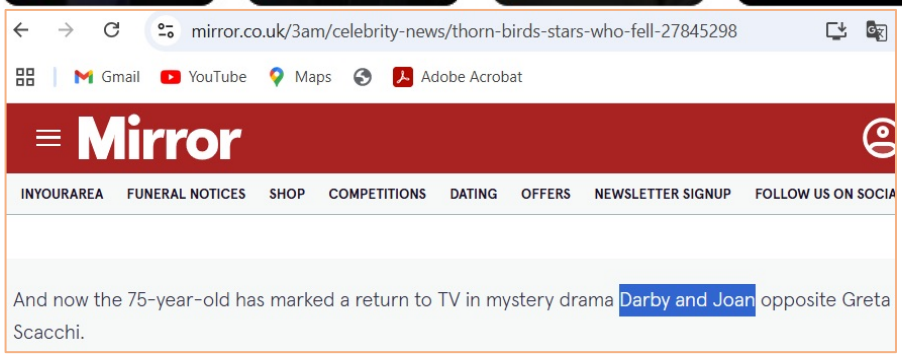
So I brushed my teeth, having taken a short walk in the dark near my father's house watching him struggle to get the waste paper can in front of the garden door, but he would have been furious to discover me or if I had offered help. I switched on *„Person of Interest",* almost done with the season one …

When I felt the ***strong urge to google „The Thorn Birds"*** – a series I had loved as a young girl, *starring Richard Chamberlain* als Father Ralph the Bricassart. Oh the horror about „Fee" not loving „Paddy" – but when he died she did realize that she did love him. And oh the horror when Father Ralph held the drowned son of Meggie in his arms, doing his usual priestly schtick about God's will and stuff and Meggie telling him icecold that the young guy was Ralph's son … geez. So I found a **website** with a **bitter critique of the book** … and from there I ended up googling the actors … and there was also stated, that the actress Rachel Ward and the actor Bryan Brown who played a married couple, got together in real life and have been married for 45 years … and there it was:

The story also reads that Bryan Brown is starring in a new mystery comedy series called **„Joan and Darby".**

Remember? **Joan and Darby** are the (synonyms of the) authors of **„Our Unseen Guest".**





On set they fell madly in love and wed months after filming ended in 1983. Bryan says: "It's amazing to think Rachel and I have been married almost 40 years. You cannot underestimate how huge the show was all over the world.

Ward as Meggie and Bryan Brown as Luke in The Thorn Birds (Image:

Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Darby_and_Joan_(TV...

Darby and Joan (TV series)

Darby and Joan is an Australian cozy murder mystery, crime comedy drama television series
Bryan Brown and Greta Scacchi

What are the odds?

I already thought that the series was about the actual authors Joan and Darby and how they got in contact with „the other side" … but it is not. The two names are just – coincidence?

Oh wow. Got my heart pounding.

So what am I supposed to do – with me, my life, my work, my path?

June 5, 2025 – **RS1 and DA1 and ALOHA**

Horrible situation with insane „father" … He denied everything and anything, even when he said it five seconds ago … „never said that", „never did that" … he pretended to be asleep when I arrived (even though I had seen him up in the mirror image of the glass kitchen door) and then shot up with a scream, to „prove" how I do harm to him by „surprising" him so that he gets pulled out of his sleep – with his arms on the table, head on his arms. He sleeps like this for hours, Sandy, locked inside the kitchen next to him. In the heat. Whenever I arrive – no water in her bowl. He feeds her garbage again, because the dog food he keeps ordering is

already gone, as he forgets that he opened a can and opens another, sometimes three times a day.

But I managed to get Sandy to the lake Saissersee – she was so happy! We ended up walking around the lake, and she swam three times, enjoyed the forest so much … but it took nearly 2 hours. My father called me to ask what I was doing with „his dog" (he emphasizes this in a way that makes me nauseous, the same way he says „my Edith", and even though I told him I was at the lake, when I got back, I realized that he had not understood what I had said.

He was like a berserk, shouting, that he had so much to do – he does NOTHING, NEVER! – and that I would not help him. I said that I surely would NOT work in the garden and maintain the property of his heir. He said that he had never said that P. would be the heir – and minutes later he laughed and said „Oh it really bothers ou that he will be the heir". When I pointed that out he yelled that he had never said P. would be the heir. No matter what I talk about – he denies everything. I had to run away, because he began to scream and came around the table again his fists clenched, looking like a dog with bared teeth like he had rabies. I threw myself in the cool lake Wörthersee to calm down. This brain must be taken out. It cannot go on like this. Therefore, I pray.

I realized that the line „And deliver us from all evil" can easily refer to the wicked sick brain of a mortal – because when we die, the evil brain that makes the person evil is destroyed, the mortal story left behind, and the soul is free.

On the way to my father I saw a car coming right at me with the license plate number **„RS 1",** and I immediately said out loud, „Well, Robert Stone my number 1, of course." When I left, **„DA 1"** came, and I thought „Yes, DAni, that is me."

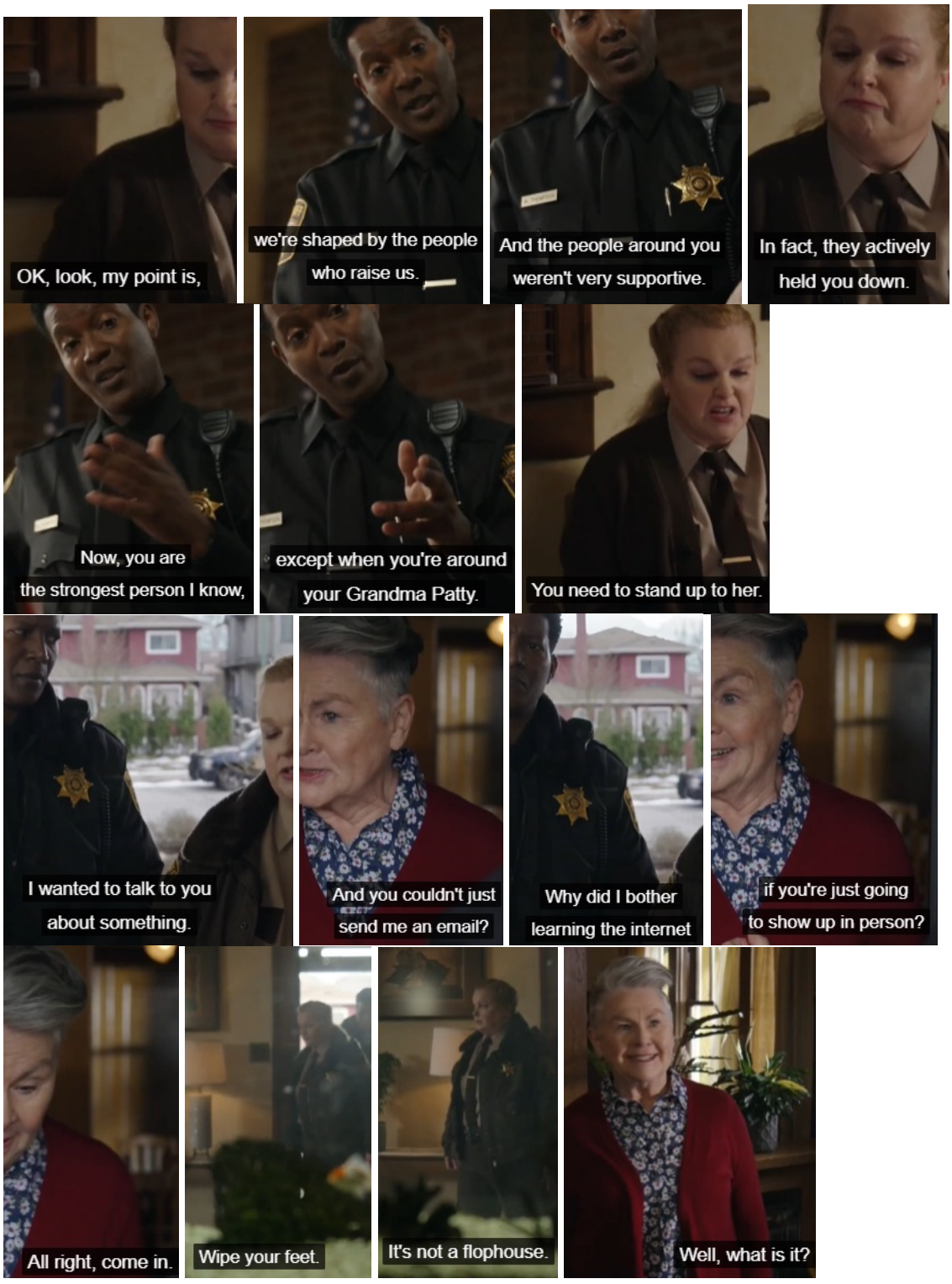
And then, driving back from a marvellous swim, I drove by a small red car parked next to the road, and it had a Hawaii license plate in the rear window, reading, of course „**ALOHA**", rainbow and all.

Oh well.
What the fuck is this supposed to mean? **RS1 and DA1 and ALOHA.** How fucking fitting. Really, actually.

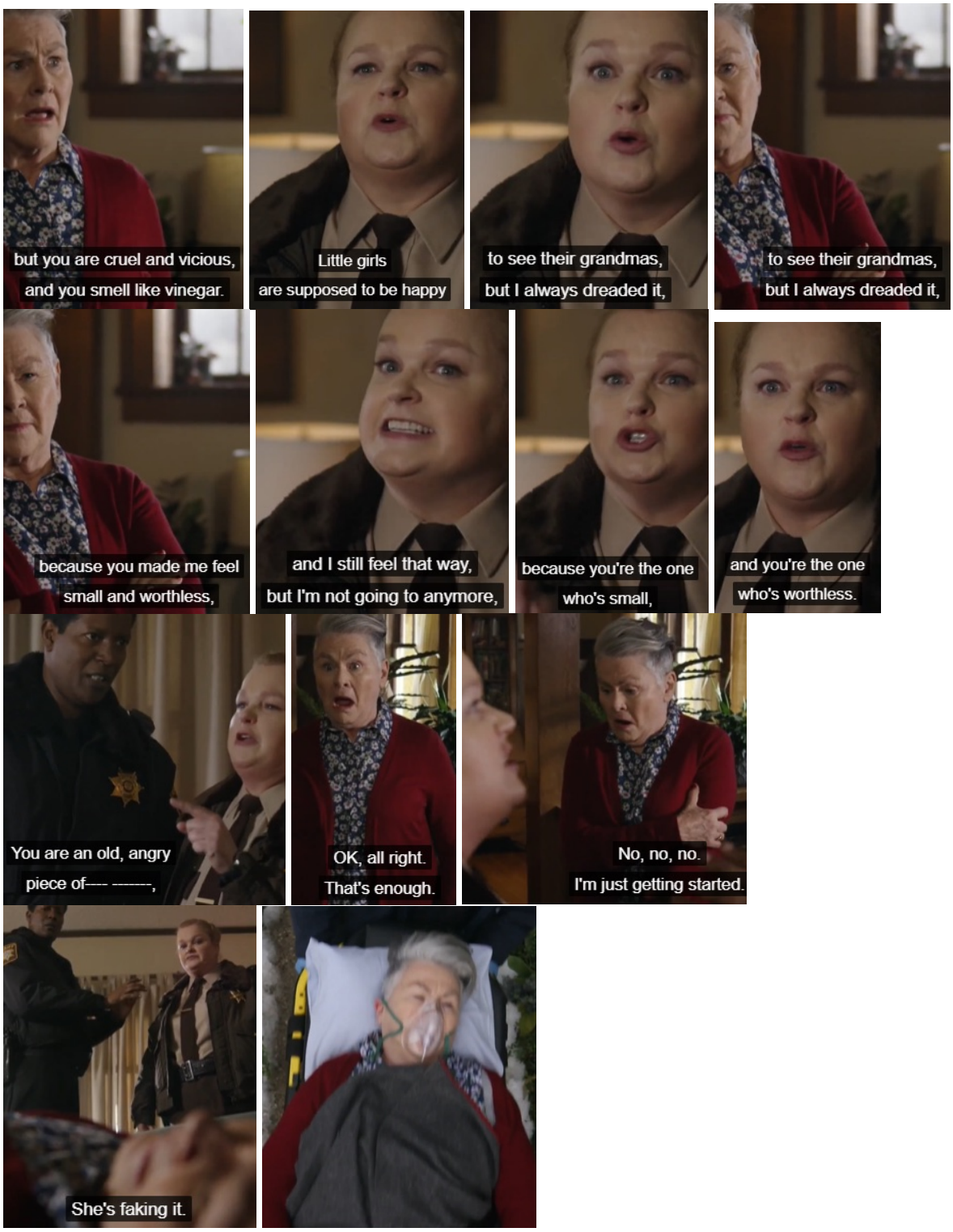
I did write to the head of the ORF (Austrian Broadcasting Corp) yesterday presenting myself and asking for his interest for my screenplays. It is a start. *(Note, July 15: No answer to this day.)* There was a ***crown***, a literal crown in a car that I walked by today … hm.

June 9, 2025 – My Life Reflected, the Evil Parent

Oh wow … I rewatched „Resident Alien“ a bit, and found the part where the abused police officer „Liz“ tells her mind to her evil grandmother. The insanity of the evil fuck turning everything around, no insight … it makes me feel sick to my stomach, I see my „father“ and my „mother“ right there. In fact they never were parents to me, never behaved like such, they were always mean, aloof and ignorant and dismissive of my brother’s and my needs.


OK, look, my point is,
we're shaped by the people who raise us.
And the people around you weren't very supportive.
In fact, they actively held you down.
Now, you are the strongest person I know,
except when you're around your Grandma Patty.
You need to stand up to her.
I wanted to talk to you about something.
And you couldn't just send me an email?
Why did I bother learning the internet
if you're just going to show up in person?
All right, come in.
Wipe your feet.
It's not a flophouse.
Well, what is it?

You know
all that stuff you say
about my hair and my face
and pretty much
everything about me?
Yeah.
It--it feels kind of mean.
Oh, you wanted to apologize.
OK, fine.
I forgive you.
Is that it?
- Yep.
Uh, wasn't there, uh--
wasn't there something else?
I wanted to be like you,
but then you trash-talked me
to the whole family.
And now you've said
all those awful things
about me in the town paper.
Why would you do that?
I just told the truth.
I always do.
Oh, really?
Well, I can do
some truth-telling too.
Grandmothers are
supposed to be nice
and smell like cookies,


but you are cruel and vicious,
and you smell like vinegar.
Little girls
are supposed to be happy
to see their grandmas,
but I always dreaded it,
to see their grandmas,
but I always dreaded it,
because you made me feel
small and worthless,
and I still feel that way,
but I'm not going to anymore,
because you're the one
who's small,
and you're the one
who's worthless.
You are an old, angry
piece of---- -------,
OK, all right.
That's enough.
No, no, no.
I'm just getting started.
She's faking it.

June 7, 2025

Oh wow … looking into a random series, and there it is, a reflexion of what I feel like:

Let's be honest.
I've been spinning my wheels for years.
And I am nowhere.
I want to go back to when I thought
everything would work out for me.

Oh yes … want to go back to that time too, when I thought „everything would work out for me“.

I found a strange plastic thing … just a head, nothing for attaching, just like this. Weird.

(Well, he does look like Owen Wilson, doesn't he?)

June 8, 2025 – **The Chair**

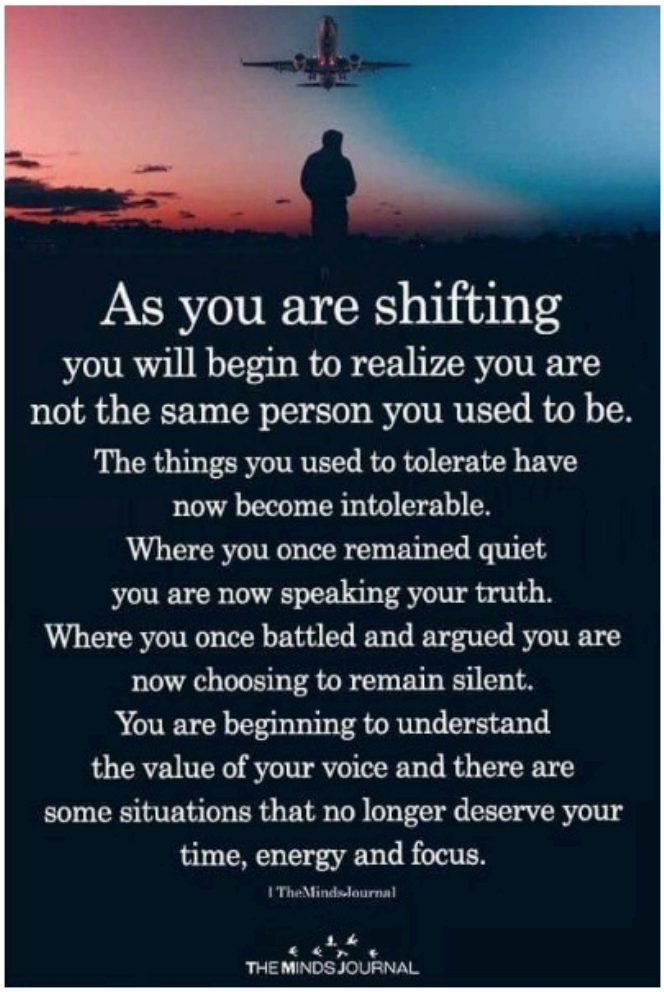
I have shared before how Bob and I met … when my then-friend Yolanda and I delivered a set of chairs, table and umbrella by truck to Bob Stone in Pukalani … and the chairs we used still on the last day I ever saw Bob, on September 11, 2018.

Today I walked with the dogs along the river Drau to their swimming spot … and there it was: One of „our chairs“ at the edge of the wilderness. I mean. Exactly the type of chair. Not just a little. THAT kind of chair. One. Out there. I was baffled shitless.

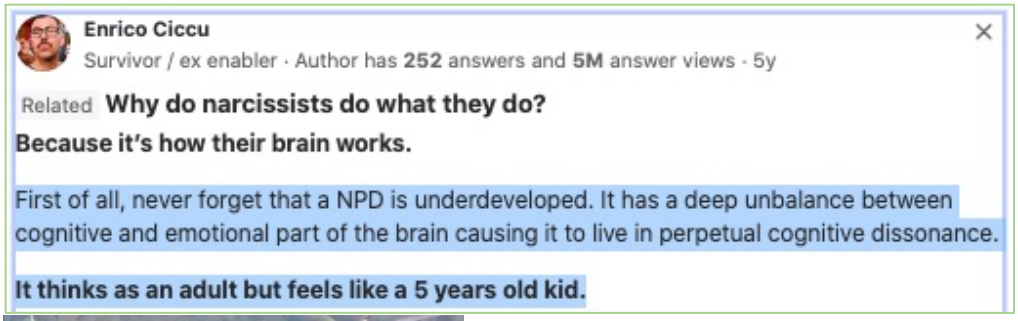
June 11, 2025

Looked for help with my situation …

What happened in my childhood comes back … how I was, with my dolls, too, so desperate, so broken. No wonder I did not want to have a baby when I was pregnant … and what horror that the abortion was forced, then. I am a walking heap of shards. (Lucky frog …)


As you are shifting
you will begin to realize you are
not the same person you used to be.
The things you used to tolerate have
now become intolerable.
Where you once remained quiet
you are now speaking your truth.
Where you once battled and argued you are
now choosing to remain silent.
You are beginning to understand
the value of your voice and there are
some situations that no longer deserve your
time, energy and focus.
| TheMindsJournal
THE MINDS JOURNAL

Never underestimate the dedication of crazy people. Take steps to block them, every chance you get. Report them when you can. They hate exposure, because they're rather like human cockroaches.


Enrico Ciccu
Survivor / ex enabler · Author has 252 answers and 5M answer views · 5y
Related Why do narcissists do what they do?
Because it's how their brain works.
First of all, never forget that a NPD is underdeveloped. It has a deep unbalance between cognitive and emotional part of the brain causing it to live in perpetual cognitive dissonance.
It thinks as an adult but feels like a 5 years old kid.

June 13, 2025 **– Back to the Roots / Evidences & the 2 Dwarfs**

So I have begun to translate the works of Ruth and Emmet Finely and of Stewart E. and Betty White and a few others. ***„Our Unseen Guest“*** is the first. Those works of literature were the key to me realizing that „the dead“ are live, and the basis of this entire contact diary.

Translating fights the threatening panic attacks due to my burnout with the parents-situation and distracts me from the pain in my foot and my hands, which may or may not be rheumatism.

This morning it happened that I was in the process of waking up, when I had the vision that I was in my father's garden next to the garage and peeked around the corner to look at my car. It felt entirely real – and in my dream, I said to myself „Who the hell is that and wow this must mean something“ – when I saw two „dwarfs“ (like from a fairy tale) squat there in front of my car, next to the garage door. One was small, on the left, the other bigger, also in terms of scale, and both seemed to be dressed in mostly gray, black, white and red, maybe some traditional folk attire, but I only glimpsed at them, and they had white beards and hats … and both looked directly at me as if they had anticipated me to peek around the corner. They looked friendly.

I shied back right away – and immediately woke up. They did not say anything – had no chance, because I shied back. And finding myself wide awake again I asked myself, „Who were they, and what did they want?“ They were so clear.

Just last night I had translated a part of „Our Unseen Guest“ where Joan saw „Fred Q“ stand in the corner of her living room (a person who had long passed), and the section about „coloring“; how any psychic phenomena would necessarily be influenced and „colored“, thus affected, by our own personal memories, knowledge and beliefs.

But two dwarfs, squatting, like garden dwarfs …? Of course I must asky myself – like learned long time ago on the island of Kauai when I was studying the Huna-philosophy – what „dwarf“ stands for in my subconsciousness, what „old dwarf with white hair“ means … actually, I just asked myself this question while writing it down, and IMMEDIATELY the image of my grandmother Johanna, my father's mother (of whom I had been thinking a lot) appeared. Omi Hanni had had curly white hair and had a smile like the two whitehaired dwarfs had had … but she was a woman … talk about coloring. And why two? Was her sister, Tante Mitzi there, too? And why did they look at me so straight expecting me to peek around the corner … they knew I would do that, but they were silent, no word.

I have to go visit my father again today … every time I visit I plan to talk to him about MY TRUTH of the years of my youth and the era after he had thrown us out when we were still

teenagers, my brother and me, and how unfair and incredibly cruel he had always been and stil is … but it has not been possible to talk to him normally. Either he is drunk, or he is in some kind of psychotic haze or frenzy … his brain is broken.

I just had a strong impression of Edith while writing the above and thinking of the two dwarfs … maybe I should ask my father what they mean?

Wir aßen in einer Privatpension ein paar Blocks von unserem Wohnhaus entfernt zu Abend. An jenem Abend zog plötzlich ein Sturm vom See herauf während wir bei Tisch saßen. Nach dem Essen gingen Joan und ich in einen unbenutzten Raum, um zu warten, bis Wind und Schneeregen nachließen. Dort hatte einer der Gäste das Ouija-Board zurückgelassen, zweifellos ein Überbleibsel einer Halloween-Party.

„Wie funktioniert das Ding?" fragte Joan.

Ich las die Anweisungen. Wir platzierten diese „Tafel", auf der das Alphabet in zwei Halbkreisen gedruckt war, auf unsere Knie und legen die Fingerspitzen auf den „Zeiger", der wie ein antikes Bügeleisen aussah. *(Anm. d. Ü.: Das Originalwort „flatiron" hat keine deutsche Entsprechung; Gemeint sein kann eine Planchette mit einem annähernd dreieckigen Grundriss, wie sie üblicherweise mit Ouija-Boards verwendet wird, oft mit drei Füßen, daher im Folgenden auch als Dreieck oder Zeiger bezeichnet; das Original-Wort „tripod" – Dreifuß – könnte in diesem Zusammenhang zu irritierend sein. Hier ein Foto aus dem Internet, Ouija-Board, Planchettes, „Joan" & „Stephen":)*

„Nun", sagte ich, „dieses Dreieck soll sich von Buchstaben zu Buchstaben bewegen und so eine Nachricht schreiben."

Wir saßen also eine Weile da – vielleicht zehn Minuten. Ich erinnere mich, dass wir Witze über die guten Dinge machten, die uns das Ouija-Board verkünden würde. Doch es kam keine Nachricht. Dann, gerade als wir aufgeben wollten, begann sich das Dreieck zu bewegen.

Also yesterday, in the morning, swimming alone in the totally calm and green lake Wörthersee, I saw several **orange colored buoys** floating at some distance. „These are the oranges" I heard myself say. I had asked a very old friend, Heinzi U., who died long ago, to let me know if he could „hear" me, if I could contact him, and I had „received on my hand an **orange**". So … was that the manifestation? Not sure.

I had asked my Omi Hanni to let me know if she is around and can or want to communicate, and I had received a **lemon**. No showing yet … except that the lemons I had bought had been rotting one after the other, until I put the last two in the fridge. Which has been thawing and not cooling properly.

Obviously, with me translating those lines, the actual authors must be around me too. It is hard at times and stresses me, so that I must take Bachflowers or take a break … because the English is so complicated and the subject matter is stirring me up inside. I am not a happy camper, not at all.

But I try to stay relaxed … like right now, I might only translate a few more lines, and then I take the dogs out for a walk to lake Saissersee. Then I must drive to my father, I made food for him, today (Sauerkraut and smoked meat), then must walk Sandy … my mother had a caretaker visit today, so I have the day off concerning her.

I feel overwhelmed a lot. Weak. The pain in my foot worries me, it is unusual for me to not he able to move the way I want to, sometimes can barely make a step. This is not my home here, I feel every day, too.

Well, let's see what the day brings.

Why did I start? I don't know. I just woke up yesterday with that thought – and at night, while watching stuff online (startet Law & Order Season 21) I began to prepare the files of all the books I will translate. It feels right.

The situation with my father and my mother is so suffocating – it kills me. I have bouts of rheumatism or rheumatoid arthritis, in my right foot and the right index and middle finger and the left shoulder … I do not go down like this, beaten by the insane brain of the creature that sired me. My mother is as aloof and nasty to me as she always was … two narcissists as my parents, and only now I feel the full impact of the abuse.

June 14, 2025 **– New Information about Stewart & Betty!**

Today, I went shopping to Eurospar, after I had a full blow-up situation with the evil monster that is my „father", and it read **„Bety 1".** It should be „Betty", but Bety is close enough. Funny enough, when I entered the Eurospar market, an employee called out: ***„Get Bety to come out, we need Bety here!"*** JUST when I had discovered „Bety 1" and had photographed it.

I have translated a lot of ***„Our Unseen Guest"*** in the last two days, it feels so very very good. It gets me to know all the works in detail – and the knowledge will stay in my mind for all further activities in my future. My father showed his most vile and evil and fucked-up face today, and I screamed at him at the top of my voice and got so crazy myself, that I saw blanks and my heart and stomach began to hurt like fuck.

He can and will not ruin me. I will put a stop to the abuse.

I am so happy that I had taken Sandy to lake Saissersee before that, he would never allow it – he has no feelings for the dog or her needs, I despise of him so much, that I could vomit when I only lay eyes on him. I said some truth to him today, of course it is impossible to talk to him about anything, he does not have the ability to communicate, the malignant demented narcissist that he is. But I yelled loud and intense enough that I do hope something reached him. I hate that fucker, I really do. This is not my father, it is a crazy and through and through evil and bad critter.

Sandy should really not have to live with this abomination. Things will have to change. The translating of *„Our Unseen Guest"* is saving my mind at the moment.

I felt like suffocating after the blow-up with the monster, so I did not even touch my dogs when I got home … I had to take a shower.

Now I ate something and watched „Law and Order", and I am aware and sure like never before, that the monster that is my father can NO long be part of my life. I must rescue Sandy

somehow, and then I do not want to ever see R again. Ever. His evil face. His disdain for me. His insanity. I cannot have that anywhere near me.

My mother would NEVER say anything nice to me or anything at all, concerning ME. But that always was like that … I am losing the sense of obligation to care for these two creatures … they are not and were never father and mother to me. They were always the sources of my main problems in life. My childhood was pure horror due to their behavior, their fighting and their hatred – for each other, but also for us kids.

It's unbearable. I am surprised that I made it that far.

I did say to „the discarnates" today that if they want me to get that translation work done, they now really got to help me out, as I do also want to make my films.

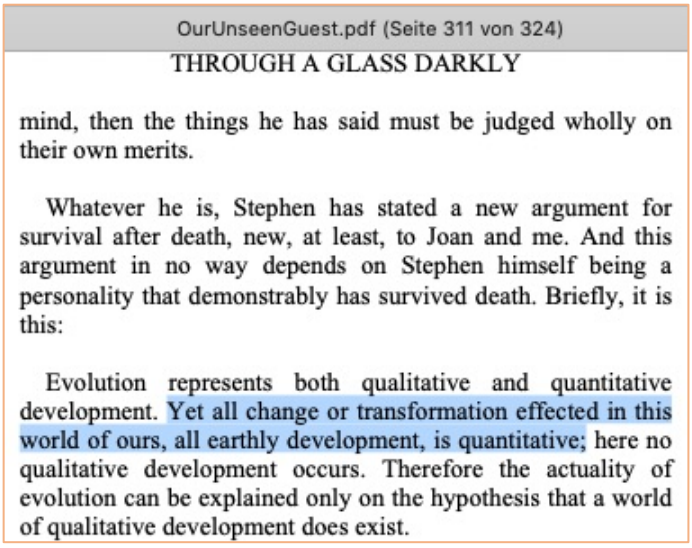
My throat is hurting – that's how I screamed at my „father". I was one instant away from getting physical with him. And how this would have ended, I am very aware of.

This can never happen again. I MUST let go of the idea that I could ever say or do anything to get this fucker to understand, admit, have insights, be like a normal person. He won't. He can't. He is evil incarnate and insane too.

I really really wish that fate will get to him – best be now, right this moment. I wish for him to live a long life of being entirely dependend on helpers for the remainder of his mortal existence. But I will not be around him.

It is very hot, over 30 degrees Celsius. My head is hurting. I swam in the marvellous lake Wörthersee this morning. Tomorrow, Sunday, is Ironman Carinthia … sucks, as many roads are closed. It is not fair towards the people who want to do something on a Sunday. But nothing is fair anymore in this fucked up material human realm.

Very interesting detail: Looking for pictures of ***Ruth and Emmet Finley*** online, I found a text on a quilter's website that states, that Emmet Finley had begun to write a book with the title ***„Content of Consciousness"*** about messages, that Stewart E. White gave him after the latter's death! But Finley himself got sick and died, in 1950, and he never finished that book! So I WANT to get my hands on the manuscript and have begun research where it could possibly be found.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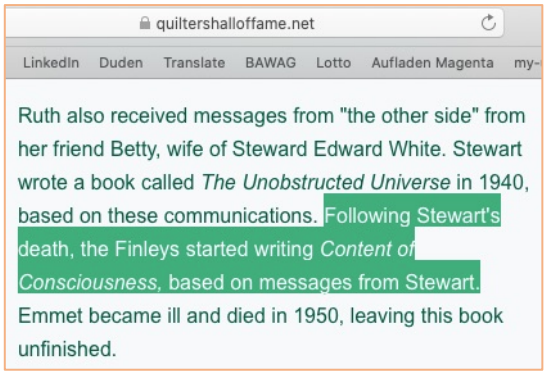
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

mind, then the things he has said must be judged wholly on their own merits.

Whatever he is, Stephen has stated a new argument for survival after death, new, at least, to Joan and me. And this argument in no way depends on Stephen himself being a personality that demonstrably has survived death. Briefly, it is this:

Evolution represents both qualitative and quantitative development. Yet all change or transformation effected in this world of ours, all earthly development, is quantitative; here no qualitative development occurs. Therefore the actuality of evolution can be explained only on the hypothesis that a world of qualitative development does exist.


quiltershalloffame.net

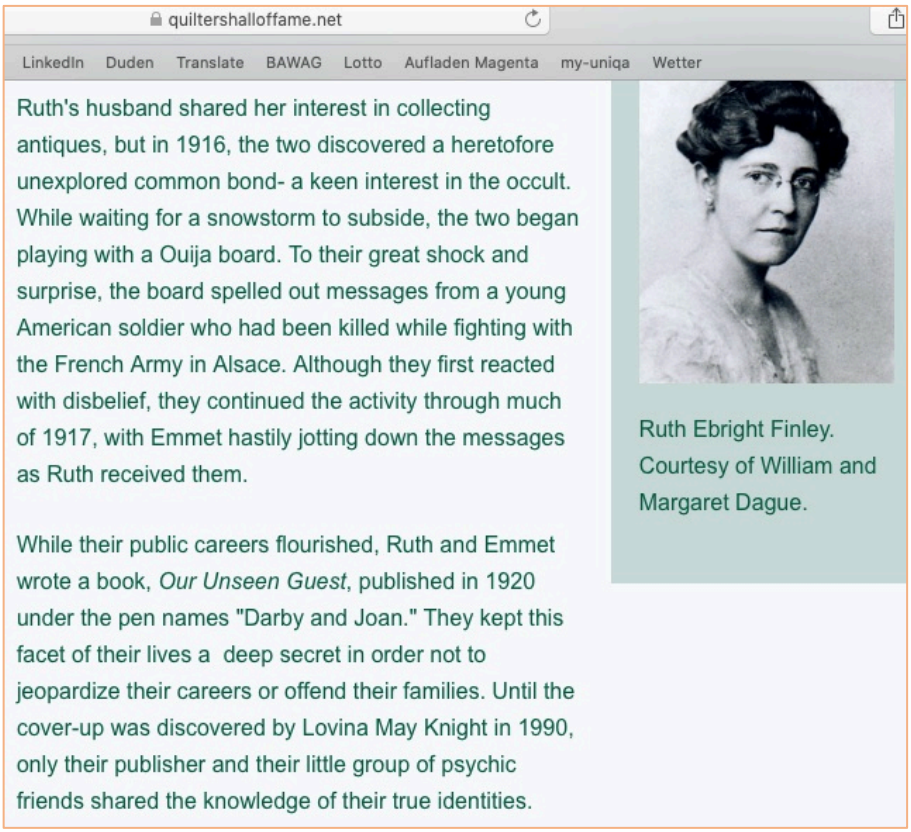
LinkedIn Duden Translate BAWAG Lotto Aufladen Magenta my-

Ruth also received messages from "the other side" from her friend Betty, wife of Steward Edward White. Stewart wrote a book called *The Unobstructed Universe* in 1940, based on these communications. Following Stewart's death, the Finleys started writing *Content of Consciousness*, based on messages from Stewart. Emmet became ill and died in 1950, leaving this book unfinished.

I also realized, that Ruth herself was only researching and writing about quilting, she was not a quilter herself, but both she and her husband were journalists.

It is strange to sit and translate – as I have to assume that the authors are around me when I do. It is no small task, it is difficult, actually. But maybe that's why I had a job of editing

English language texts for six years until last year. Because right now I have the mind to access the writings from a hundred years ago and „get“ meanings of somewhat garbled antique English.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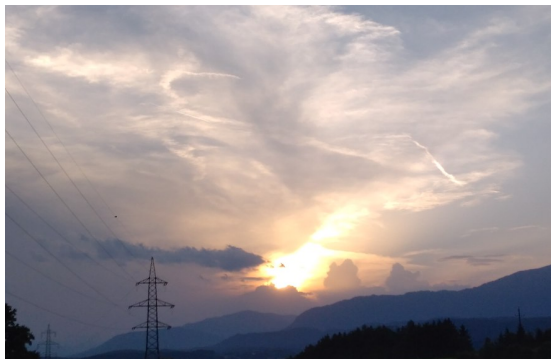
Ruth's husband shared her interest in collecting antiques, but in 1916, the two discovered a heretofore unexplored common bond- a keen interest in the occult. While waiting for a snowstorm to subside, the two began playing with a Ouija board. To their great shock and surprise, the board spelled out messages from a young American soldier who had been killed while fighting with the French Army in Alsace. Although they first reacted with disbelief, they continued the activity through much of 1917, with Emmet hastily jotting down the messages as Ruth received them.
While their public careers flourished, Ruth and Emmet wrote a book, Our Unseen Guest, published in 1920 under the pen names "Darby and Joan." They kept this facet of their lives a deep secret in order not to jeopardize their careers or offend their families. Until the cover-up was discovered by Lovina May Knight in 1990, only their publisher and their little group of psychic friends shared the knowledge of their true identities.
Ruth Ebright Finley. Courtesy of William and Margaret Dague.

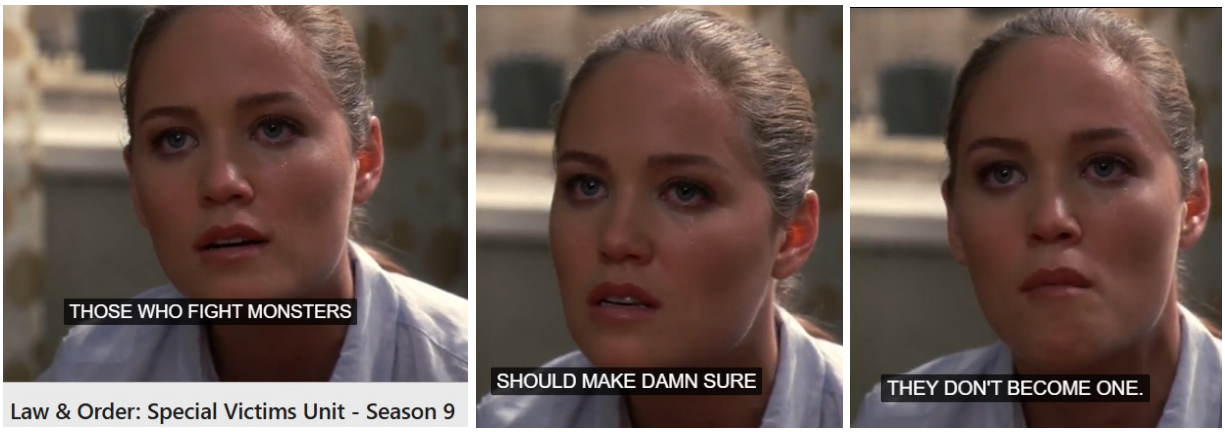
So yes, I feel surrounded. It would be lovely to have a mortal human partner for my future endeavors too. I have been thinking about Bob a lot in the last weeks … realizing how mean he was to me and how emotionally … well, fucked up. It was not fun with him. I was there for the work on the documentary *„Native of Owhyhee“*, for learning, for having a home and a purpose – but not for having a partner. He was no partner to me, he was an obstacle. But he was also the actual stepping-Stone (pun intended, of course) to my current occupation – with the facts of life after death. I do want to accomplish things that me, the mortal me that I am, wants to accomplish: Being a renowned filmmaker with filmworks that will change the world. I want that.

And now … imua. Writing all this calmed me down. Because the scene with my „father“ was the most painful ever. Also … the evening sky seemed to want to remind me that truly, „a better place“ is waiting ahead.



June 16, 2025 – **Evil emphasized & Beware of becoming a monster**

Oh well … I just have started to watch ***„Law and Order“*** – from season 21 on. In episode 2 of season 22, it appeared, the theme that I have been struggling with. No matter the causes and whether or not someone is innocent of becoming a ***monster*** – there are evil people in this world, and my „father“ is one of them.



Whatever I do, he will ALWAYS say or do something to hurt and insult me, on the spot. I spare you the details. I am so worn out – no matter that he is a very scrawny, fragile old man. He is soaked in hatred. I will print out a large image of my young brother and write on ist back what my father had done to us, throwing us out and abandoning us when we were still minors. Then letting my brother die of cancer without even calling him once. I want it on his mind, in his subconsciousness. I want him to get the chance to repent! He owes me – so much!

I can’t help but think of Edith, my father’s wife, all the time … and what she must have been through … the more experiences I make with this insane sick fuck who sired me. Poor poor Edith … poor us, victims of a sick fucked-up brain … it is not even my father’s fault … it was

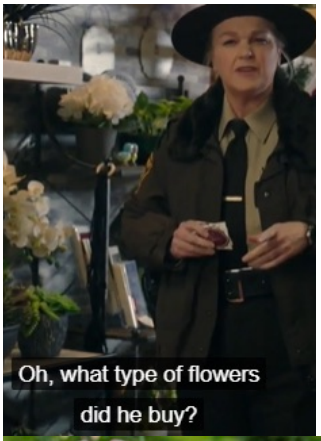
the trauma of the electrical shock that cost him his finger as a teenager and his parents‘ cruel indifference that made him a psychopath and malignant narcissist. He is capable of murder. He did kill creatures … like my cats … and who knows. I found a picture, somewhere, and it struck me … it is Edith the way she must have been so lost and lonely, I can cry on the spot for her suffering … and my mother, back in the day, knowing to be trapped with an insane monster … and having two children with him … just so horrible … and a billion times on this planet.

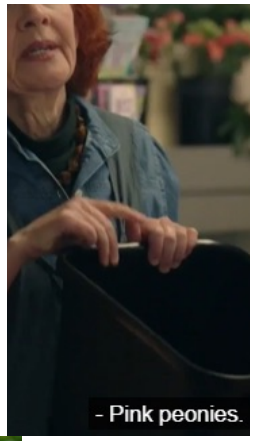
Eine neue Studie widerspricht früheren Forschungsergebnissen, wonach Einsamkeit im Durchschnitt das Leben verkürzt.

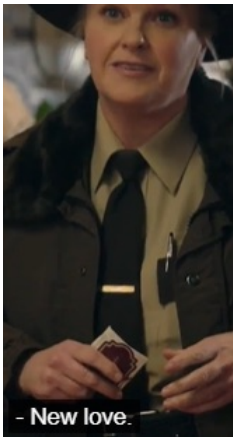
And then Bob … he was so lonely in the four years I was not with him … he even had a book „How not to be lonely“. Well, the answer would normally be „Be nice to the love of your life and live together happily“, but Bob had a kind of dementia … and he simply couldn’t help himself with all his emotional problems … so he suffered, too.

Oh I wish I could make „Regents of Clouds“ … all this suffering would end.

And something nice a day before, when I watched season 4 of „Resident Alien“ – the meaning of my favorite flowers, pink **peonies** …







I would not mind finding new … lasting … love.

Oh the clouds … the gateways to heaven or … to „the other side“.

June 18, 2025
Suddenly it struck me, today – in the age of AI I can have a robot make an image of what my **brother Peter** would have looked like had he lived his mortal life beyond the age of 27! Here the results – making my cry and happy at the same time. I have a brother now. Here.

Of course I have to help myself with the testimonys of other people who have been suffering the same abuse like Peter and I did.

Why do I say that? Because I am dealing with a narcissistic elderly mother and my head is spinning with conflicting thoughts and emotions in how to continue to be a good person while I attempt to go no contact.

Pointing out the narcissistic behaviour is a waste of time. It's like talking to a brick wall.

On the other hand the very personality traits of being empathetic and helpful that were used against me, and for her benefit in forming me to be codependent by my mother are the same traits that are holding me back from going no contact.

If you go no contact the mental struggle is brutal. If you continue contact you are exposing yourself to more abuse. I think it's a no-win/ no-win situation. Frankly you're screwed. Will it get better? Certainly- but it will take a lot of brain power.

Only you can decide.

But knowing certain things about her narcissism may help you make that decision.

1. She will never change, or become less narcissistic. She will not mellow, or wake up to your good points.
2. She will never love you.
3. Her behaviour towards you will never improve.
4. She will never be grateful for any care or attention you provide. All she will ever do is complain and gripe and criticise you for not doing more, and not fixing her problems of old age.

I disagree. I think that unless you get something from the relationship- any relationship- you should end it. With sadness, obviously, but staying in what is inevitably a toxic and one-sided relationship will always take a terrible toll.

increased compassion will mitigate your resentment toward her.

Because it's doubtful that she ever *consciously* wanted to make you unhappy in the relationship. More likely, she's tried to get something from you that was never available from her parents, that her poor behavior toward you was compelled by a certain emptiness inside her.

June 19, 2025 – **JO BOB EV**

Drove back from visiting my frail and strangely „soft" father, when a car with the license plate number „JO 808 EV" came towards me! I mean! JO! And BOB! And forEVer! Plus this:

June 20, 2025 – **I AM DARBY and the others!**

Insight!

Translating „Our Unseen Guest" – and wow, what a blessing to read it all exactly and therefore grasp it properly, this time, as many years ago I was so excited that I read over most of the text, frantically, for having discovered a „window" to Bob who had just died …

So I realize why OF COURSE I have this task to deal with the matter life after death … **I have been dealing with the basics of existence long before I even met Bob, had worked for years and years on my book „Wir Schöpfer der Welt" (without knowing why on earth I had begun this endeavor), later in the translation into English „We Creators of the**

World“, where I had tried to find the common piece that unites all humans in all dimensions and all living creatures.

I came across the story that Darby (really Emmet Finley, journalist) had told about himself in „Our Unseen Guest“ how he had tried to figure out „the one reality of them all“ in his lifetime – five years before Stephen had appeared.

Now, I have been working on this contact diary for five years now, and I feel so similar to Darby – butalso still to Stewart E. White – that I am very much more aware than ever before that I am some kind of continuation of them both, including Joan and Betty. The quality of their consciousness is also mine, no doubt about it.

Had I not worked as an editor of language for the six years that I did, I would now have been able to translate „Our Unseen Guest“ due to its complicated language … and the other books that are to come, …

Okay. I got my job, I understand.

I need a partner, though. I had wonderful dreams of wonderful men that loved me so much and I them, with romance and sex and all … oh wow. Then I look at me, I have aged, I am hurting a lot, the situation with my parents is draining me …

I feel so exhausted all the time. But strangely, why I could barely make myself working on my screenplays, especially „Mothership“, that is so dear to my heart, I can translate. I have no barrier there, I sit down, translate a bit, rest, when I feel the wave of impatience or overwhelm rise in my chest.

Okay folks, I am doing my job. But I MUST get something for ME in my mortal story, I WANT to have major success with my film scripts and I MUST manifest „Regents of Clouds“: First and foremost, I must find a literary agent who believes in me and helps me succeed.

How about doing something for me here, discarnates, if you want me to function in „our“ endeavor for several more years in my mortal existence?

I have written in this CD about my work on „We Creators“ before, at the very beginning of this CD … I realize just now what an unusual life story I have. I don’t understand why I have the burden of parents who are ruled by sick brains and have been giving me a shit of a time ever since I was born.

Swimming in the lake is wonderful – but even that! The day before yesterday, I swam in great bliss after a dreadful day – and there was a sharp tearing sensation in my right loin, where the net has been put in surgical, after the hernia in 1993 … scares me a lot, I could not possible afford any health shit right now … so I could barely walk on the right side, where my foot is already so sore at times that I cannot make a step, and a minute later it is all fine. I know, the right side stands for activity, the male aspects of ones life including friends and relations … I have been fretting over the facts of what and how Bob really way to me and in our relationship, and it was not pretty. But it had to be. And then my father … this can not go on like this. His demented narcissist brain drains the energy out of me, and yet, I must help him, there is the little boy that I see, and there is Sandy who deserves my care.

My mother … nasty as always, refuses to shop to walk, anything with me. I have to accept that she wants to wither away in her dark apartment, I cannot invest so much effort and care anymore like I did, I simply do not have the time.

Time to realize – my parents who will NEVER be parents to me. Then, my youth. Hahaha.

Anyway. Imua!

June 20, 2025

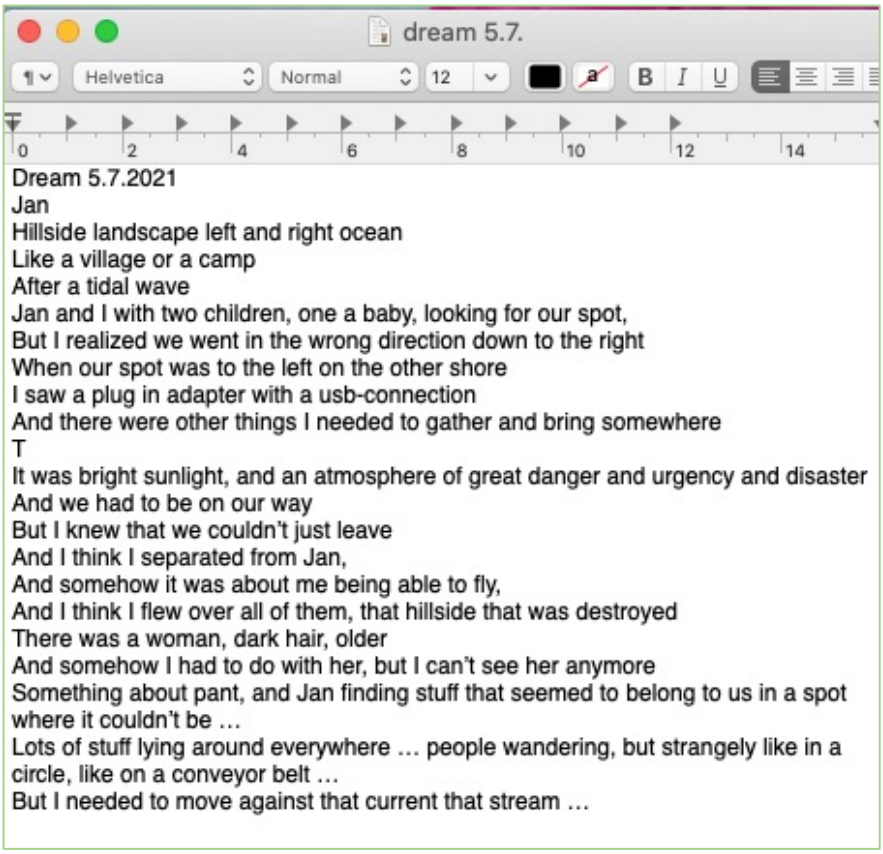
Horrible blow-up with „father“ … who is a monster, evil walking, the devil in a human body. I confronted him with the question why he threw us out of our home when we were minors and never wanted anything to do with him. NO answer, NO insight, the only answer

that always came was name-calling about my mother, the „slut“ and „whore“ … and that I had „to ask her“ … „ask her“ … „ask her“. Typical narcissist. I left him at the cemetery and called him a murderer and criminal.

I don’t care how he got home. He is evil as they come. I walked Sandy … thank God. Poor girl, he feeds her, has her lie in the hot kitchen, does not walk her. He can barely hold himself back with hatred when he sees me, literally bites and licks his lips … accuses me of doing nothing for me … at the same time yells that nothing around the house is my business and he can do everything himself. He is insane on the highest level.

(Later)

Very strange … as I was copying this CD file to a harddrive, ***I noticed a text file from July 5 2021***! Strangely, I do remember that dream in parts! So long ago … but that scenario, the feeling, the setting … it is right back here when I read the text of that note that I obviously took to not forget that dream … It was looming dread about it, danger, we had to flee, but we needed stuff, I had to rescue the child … oh geez. Strange.


dream 5.7.

Helvetica Normal 12

Dream 5.7.2021
Jan
Hillside landscape left and right ocean
Like a village or a camp
After a tidal wave
Jan and I with two children, one a baby, looking for our spot,
But I realized we went in the wrong direction down to the right
When our spot was to the left on the other shore
I saw a plug in adapter with a usb-connection
And there were other things I needed to gather and bring somewhere
T
It was bright sunlight, and an atmosphere of great danger and urgency and disaster
And we had to be on our way
But I knew that we couldn’t just leave
And I think I separated from Jan,
And somehow it was about me being able to fly,
And I think I flew over all of them, that hillside that was destroyed
There was a woman, dark hair, older
And somehow I had to do with her, but I can’t see her anymore
Something about pant, and Jan finding stuff that seemed to belong to us in a spot where it couldn’t be …
Lots of stuff lying around everywhere … people wandering, but strangely like in a circle, like on a conveyor belt …
But I needed to move against that current that stream …

Strange that it showed up today … I had such a strong feeling of clarity and yet doom today, about my „father“ … I know that he will NEVER see his fault in ruining lives … he is too sick in his head. And I have been translating „Our Unseen Guest“ where it is all about the „Quality of Consciousness“ right now … oh shit, we can indeed fuck up big time when we do not live up to our potential. I am curious if the aspect of a faulty physical development due to trauma, emotional, mental or physical, will be mentioned … of if it is MY JOB to add this.

Anyway. I have been having very strong intense weird dreams. Have not written them down, I am sleeping way too long … if I did not have dogs, I would sleep through entire days, I am sure.

The Norwegian man, Jan, mentioned in my dream … I have thought about him a few times in the last days. He was a major factor in all that happened in my life. Makes me queazy thinking about him. Brr.

June 21, 2025

Those license plates … showing up … it‘s really intense … my initials instead of the beloved „MEA“.

June 22, 2025, Sunday – **SO MUCH HAPPENING!**

Foot feels better when I take Boswellia Serrata. It would be a shame if I would become incapacitated, now, that things begin to be so interesting again.

Talk about synchronicity, reverse, in one case!

So I found a strange needle- or screw-like big thingie in the forest yesterday. Today I saw it again, where I had put it and photographed it. I did have the feeling it would be good for something.

Walked sweet Sandy at lake Saissersee (she begins to enjoy swimming – what a fucking shame that in her 10th year only she gets into a lake, hunting dog that she is, because my father would not allow it … he is such a psycho) and found a pink **carnation** on the path. Just one. No other flowers around. Strange.

So I have been working on translating **„Our Unseen Guest“.** The chapters I had been dealing with yesterday were about the ***quality of consciousness***, and also about the sonetts, ***strange poems, that a „professor“*** spelled via Ouija-Board from the beyond.

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THE PROFESSOR

"This, my dear sir and madam, is Professor X.," the tripod spelled. "The poem just dictated to you, and that dictated some time ago, are truly wonderful demonstrations of the possibilities of communication between the two planes. These demonstrations are a very great satisfaction to me. But in your enthusiasm for the beauties of poesy do not neglect the more important phase of the revelation, the literal statement of truth."

Here was the professor saying outright, I am so-and-so. The anomaly of the pointblank statement was not apparent to me at the time, because I knew nothing of coloring. But when Stephen later explained how readily the subconscious mind of

Then, without hesitating, save at the end of each line, that I might write the words down, the ouija-board spelled the following:

"From wakening sun till sleeping star, my race
Was but a feeble span of flickering light
A lonely candle casting through the night
But shadow's shadow on the wavering face
Of men's emotions, then puffed out apace.
Oh, earth-contorted concepts and the blight
Of truths but glimpsed, your soul-benumbing might
Now sweeps o'er nations like a flaming mace!

"And I, whose own hand rent the temple veil,
Essaying entrance bare of preciousness
That wise men offer, now say this to thee:
Regret is vain; for rust cannot empale
The quality of gold, and consciousness
Sits judge of self and her free-willed degree."

With the sonnet completed and recorded in my note-book, Joan asked, as we placed our fingers back on the tripod, "Is the poet still here?"

So today on a whim I watched the newest episode of **„Poker Face“** – and it was about a retired **poetry professor named Anna!** ***She even spells a poem in the end!*** A beautiful expression of how we know that death is inevitable but still can't really wrap our minds around it completely.

So in the end, she decides to move out of her „nest“ (apartment), expressing what I think often.

I keep thinking that sychronicities like this are supposed to let us mortals know that we are in exactly the „right“ place in our life’s story at the moment … otherwise completely „unrelated“ things would not come about like this.

My father seemingly having forgotten about the eklat the day before yesterday – and as I *spontaneously* turned into the road to the cemetery before visiting, which I never do, but I had received some donation clothes to try on from a neighbor, and I couldn’t use them so I had to drop them off at the used clothes collection spot near the cemetery, I saw my father walking down from the cemetery! Wow! In the middle of the day, the greatest heat! There were three elderly ladies closeby who greeted my father – who walked, by without seeing me at first, with an incredibly grumpy and unfriendly facial expression, in a way arrogance mixed with disdain, and he had NOT see me! – but he did not hear them, even though he saw them. He is almost deaf. When I talk at him in the kitchen, he can’t hear me. Obviously it must be stressful. So I drove him home, then took Sandy for a walk and swim, while he at the apple strudel I made.

I had way slept in today (until 11, the boys were sleeping too), and then I went for a swim and picked up my mother, who was willing, for a change, and we had brunch at my place and then went for a walk.

At some point today, I stood at the sink, dishwashing (which I hate, Bob knows), and I said out loud, without even intending to: „So what is my quality of consciousness that I am supposed to enhance in quantity?“ And I had barely ended the question when a voice in my head spoke along with the image of the **pointy thing** that I had found in the forest: **„Piercing intelligence“.**

Yes this thing lay on my usual morning walk path … mabye two days ago. No idea what that is. I photographed it because it’s so unusual, then I hung it up on a tree twig next to the trail. My subconscious mind (?) used it today to illustrate something as it seems.

Wow. It felt so „complete“ and intentional … it had to be … just that I had found that piercing thing ***before*** me asking the question, but then, there is no time, is there, in the beyond … wow.

Of course my father can't even make himself try to be nice to me … oh well. My mother took some efforts, today … and when I see her, in her way too hot clothes, her horribly disgusting unwashed hair and her old skin and hands and face … I feel at the same time pissed off and full of compassion and love … pissed off because I will NEVER have a mother in her. I can't imagine a world where she is not a mortal … or my father. Life is no fun, seriously not. We would need to be educated in the ways that „Our Unseen Guest“ begins to outline – to be brought to perfection by the works of Stewart and Betty White, only then would we take life as a true opportunity to enhance the quantity of our consciousness to contribute this gift to the quality in the beyond that we are part of … oh wow. And yet, the translation work is tough, at times, because the English sentences are loooong and complicate …

Well, I do my best.

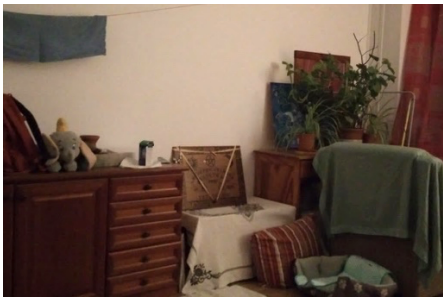
I do have the feeling that the **translation** work is giving me ***a new sense of self.*** In a way even an „old“ one, a familiar one … not from another life, but from this life, in previous years. I feel backed, supported, there is more composure in me, the tendency to despair and panic given the horrible situation with my parents and Sandy and my writing and all has been subsiding. Sometimes it feels like I am … well, **someone else.** Stewart E. White died seven years afte rhis beloved Betty passed. In November it will be seven years since Bob's transition. Fucker that he was.

I do feel smart. I know I have exceptional intelligence. I want to use it much and well … and I CHOOSE to do it in the film business. Now I need the help from … well, anyone, here and there. And I will accomplish great things supporting and furthering the project ***„THE BRIDGE“***. Haven't mentioned that in a loooong time, I realize now.

My parents are no danger to my inner strenghth. Felt like writing this just now. They are only factors, grades of consciousness with their own job to gather quantity. Can I help them? I always thought I could. Maybe not. Maybe I just don't get it. But anyhow … translating and getting so deep into the thinking and experiencing of Darby and Joan … and soon again of Stewart and Betty … that makes me feel „whole“ and strong again.

I hope they are padding my shoulder and cheering … but hell do I NOT want to be physically touched or see or hear anyone „for real“; I do NOT wish to be spooked, got it? In my head, dreams and through actual events, evidential stuff – bring it on! But never the fuck touch me so that I feel it or appear to me, thank you!

That said. The other day, I was researching something, it was late, and I thought about Hawaii, because the screensaver suddenly brought up an image of a Maui beach, and it cut into my heart like a knife when I took a closer look – and kind of flashed over into my Maui life. It was so real … and then I was right back in this damn apartment here. So I said out loud, I think, ***„just great … what the fuck?***“ And JUST THEN **a very lound thumping our pounding noise occurred exactly above the Ouija-Board** in the room**.** *Just once. Really loud.* ***Like something big hit the wall there.***



Yikes, I thought. Must have been the neighbor? But then, she is 82 and fast asleep. And it was past midnight. So it was something. But it was real. It was kind of fun. Okay. Stuff like that works too. But nothing direct to my body, okay?

(Later)

Translating … wow, I found myself with a head position that is NOT mine, that I never did, and already in the afternoon I realized that I am holding my lips differently than usual … and as I was reading on in *„Our Unseen Guest“*, arriving at the part, where Stephen wanted to divulge in general information rather than the philosophy – I realized that it was a gift of relaxation to Joan and Darby – **I FOUND MYSELF SITTING WITH MY RIGHT HAND HOLDING MY LEFT WRIST! Exactly how Darby had to do it during the sessions with Joan when they talked with Stephen.** *I don't know how I got there.*

I have never ever ever done that! I could not even do that in my usual sitting position, but I was keeping my left leg on the chair under the right leg, and my left hand rested on the knee, holding it, and the right hand grabbed the left wrist … and I had the feeling I was Joan and at the same time Darby. It was very very uncanny.

It seems like a funny or funky response to ***my previous plead to „not touch me physically“.*** Well, this did not mean that I could not touch myself! Damn'd I couldn't photograph myself!

I am smirking big time right now and have the feeling of tears welling up, this means, that I am entirely right. It is communication. IN ME. THROUGH ME. Oh my.

June 23, 2025 **– Bob, the Tree & the Stone!**

Today I saw a license plate number that struck me: **„JO 803 IO“.** Now, Bob's phonenumber was „250 8030“, and I have said several times in the last weeks, that I want to encounter the „8030“ after seeing many „250“. And if you read „803 IO“, you do get very close to „8030“. That's because in German, I don't pronunice „IO“ as „ai-ou“, but as „ee-ou“, so „three ee-ou“ … see how it reads ***„eight ou three ou“?***

And now, it is 8 p.m., it was a strenuous day, but not too bad, mom was willing to join the boys and me for a walk at lake Saissersee, where the dogs swam, then she ate at my place, then I dropped her off home, then I went to see my father and brought him a healthy vegetables and cheese and egg salad, which he immediately devoured, then I took Sandy to the lake Saissersee for a swim, she was so happy … and then I had a not so bad conversation with my father about how he does NOT know me and has no right to treat me badly, and he said that I must tell him in detail, how I would imagine living there. Ok.

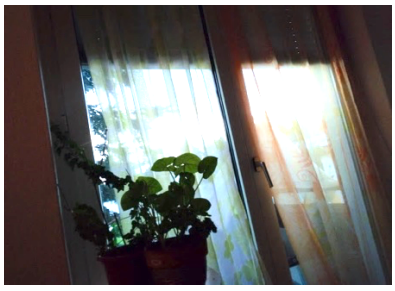
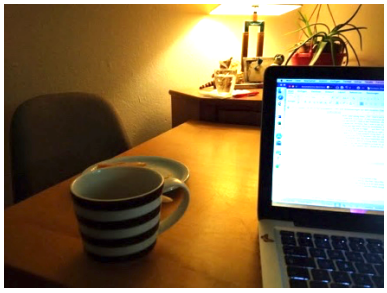
I wrote a text to CH, because I saw her with her hubby and both looked like the last fuck-ups. She texted back, that from September she will be in rehab for a year. Ok.

And now … I had an evening snack, a storm is brewing, I am hoping for rain,

and I went into my harddrive to look for an image of CH and her alcoholic boyfriend – but instead, a folder opened, and I clicked on one random image, and this is what came up:

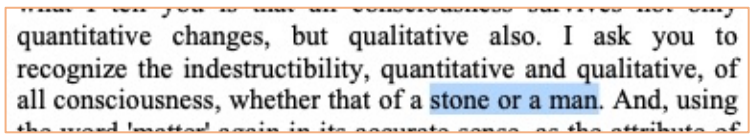
Seriously, Bob hiding behind a **tree**. In Iao valley on November 18, 2012. I remember that trip to take a walk there … it was one of the very very few things we ever did together in all those years. And our relationship was strained as fuck. I thought about how we never did anything together just yesterday, Bob never said „Let's do this and that, go here and there …" He was not interested in experiencing stuff with me. And there he is … peeking out, it was the spot with the petroglyphs, I remember. I add a picture of me, to round it up.

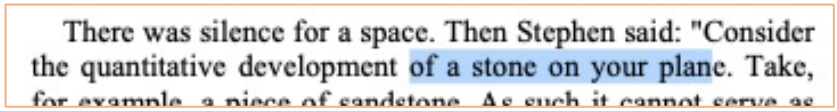
What the …? I had no idea that I have this photo, it was not named. Trying to look at Bob. Not sure what I am feeling. It is an ***eerie mood,*** the rain drumming on the window sill, it's getting dark, the room is entirely silent, except for Jacqui's breathing as he is lying next to me, resting. Hm.

(Later)

I had to smirk just now. I have been translating OUG for hours, almost called it quits, brushed my teeth, went back to the table – looked into the original book one more time, only to see – **STONE**. I can nearly hear Bob chuckle next to me, because I read it out loud! I do not know why I did that, I do not read anything out loud, but I did read ***„Consider the quantitative development of a stone on your plane."*** Motherf…..! Bob would say jokingly: „Who do you call a stone?" What a misery that he is dead.


quantitative changes, but qualitative also. I ask you to recognize the indestructibility, quantitative and qualitative, of all consciousness, whether that of a stone or a man. And, using


There was silence for a space. Then Stephen said: "Consider the quantitative development of a stone on your plane. Take,

There was silence for a space. Then Stephen said: "Consider the quantitative development of a stone on your plane. Take, for example, a piece of sandstone. As such it cannot serve as food for plant life. A seed dropped on the piece of sandstone would never germinate. Now, after a long time infinitesimal and invisible motion wears this piece of sandstone down to its component grains of sand; the sandstone becomes a part of the soil. It becomes fertile and develops a definite service to plant

QUALITATIVE DEVELOPMENT

sand. It is changed in form; it is changed as quantity, but that is all. With this simple bit of natural and empirical knowledge in mind, is it then impossible for you to conceive that the stone might, somewhere and under some circumstances, qualitatively progress?"

Well, sigh … of course he only graduated and is alive and well and busy „there“.

OH OH OH! I just realized something! Right after putting the above images in, of **Bob behind the tree,** I had started translating ***„Our Unseen Guest“,*** and the main subject was the development of quantity and the nature of quality **OF A TREE!**

"Let us start all over again. Your first difficulty is that you doubt the individuality of the earth tree. You think it a mere composite of branches and twigs and leaves. It is true the tree puts forth leaves and blossoms. But do

essence of the consciousness which is you, nor are the tree's leaves of the essence of the consciousness which is the tree. The life of the tree is not a composite; it is an entity, just as your life is an entity. The tree which you see is a manifestation of a producing force called by you plant life, just as you are a

"It is interesting," I said, "to speculate on the possibility of my consciousness having been once of the tree degree."

Well, I am under a **tree**, too, ok, facing **stones** .. and that I call a real tree, man!

(Bob took this pic)

Now I know why I saw „JO 803 IO“ today, it was Bob „calling“, **announcing his appearance today!**

Remember – I „picked“ the **photograph without looking for it and without knowing that I even have it!** It’s uncanny … strange …

Just earlier, brushing my teeth after limping to the bathroom, I thought that somehow me not being able to walk properly forces me to do more stuff sitting down … well, translating, obviously. It is a really not so subtle hint that I must get my shit together, isn’t it.

Now looking at the image of **Bob** behind the **tree** after all the tree stuff and then the „**stone**“ coming up … it is synchronicity at its finest.

Good. I am on it again.

Hahaha, good one … the answer to my silent question whether Bob, where he is now, would improve, learn, be great? ***„… is it then impossible for oyu to conceive that the stone might, somewhere and under some circumstances, qualitatively progress?“***

No, not impossible. Just so sad that he did not do it as a man in my mortal life.

It goes on, that connection of Bob and the tree … I mean, I am translating a book that was dictated by a discarnate, for fuck’s sake … and before the tree and stone topics I discover and pull out of nowhere a photograph of **Bob practically merged with a tree and – oh yes – gazing at a STONE WALL** standing right next to a big rock with a petroglyph in it. I guess I should get that freakin‘ petroglyph too. Here it is. How weird that nearly 13 years later, this day and these photographs would have such unforeseeable value. Go figgah!

(Does that look like sandstone like in OUG?)

The theme of „Akua“ that I dealt with in my documentary „Native of Owhyhee“ is of course a major topic here, even though, of course, Stephen does not call it that.

I have been meaning to send the documentary on USB-sticks to people who should see it. So much to do! What about „Mothership“? I have two more asses in my sleeve in terms of my filmmaking dream career … one, I contact Dr. Mueller, former boss of the filmmakers‘ association in Austria, who knew and liked me back in the day and who could get me connections for my scripts, and two, a fundraising campaign through crowd-funding. But then – ME, barely able to walk and making a film? I do feel so so so drive …

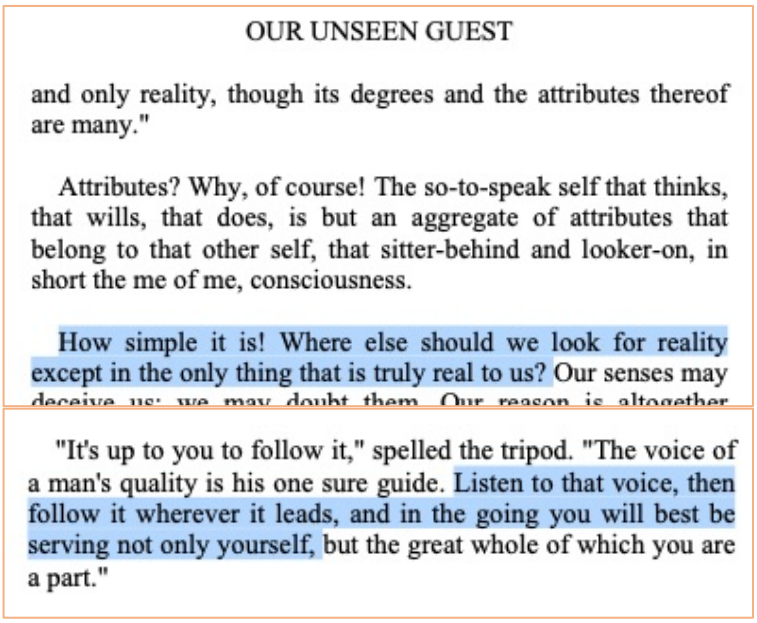
… I almost had a normal conversation with my father … tried to get him to admit, that he does not know me at all and has no right to be nasty at me … and I did not flip out, and he reacted by also not flipping out. He is so lonely. But I cannot help him if he does not want me living there. Well, we’ll see.

… and since I have know all the stuff about „Akua“ like Stephen describes it, too … is this supposed to be a hint that I have in some way ALWAYS dealt with the topic this Contact Diary is all about and that Bob had to play his role in?

Oh wow. Of course I have. I wrote „We Creators of the World“, for Heaven’s Sake. I have huge huge huge and wide knowledge of the human condition in terms of thinking, the invisible world and the beyond. Who if not me can and should make a difference? But how, when my mortal story is so fucking strenuous? Can’t I catch a break for a change and see everything go really smoothly?

I kind of „hear“ „them“ complain given the synchronicities tonight and say ***„But it is, Dani, just hang in there!“***

And more wisdom I came across translating …



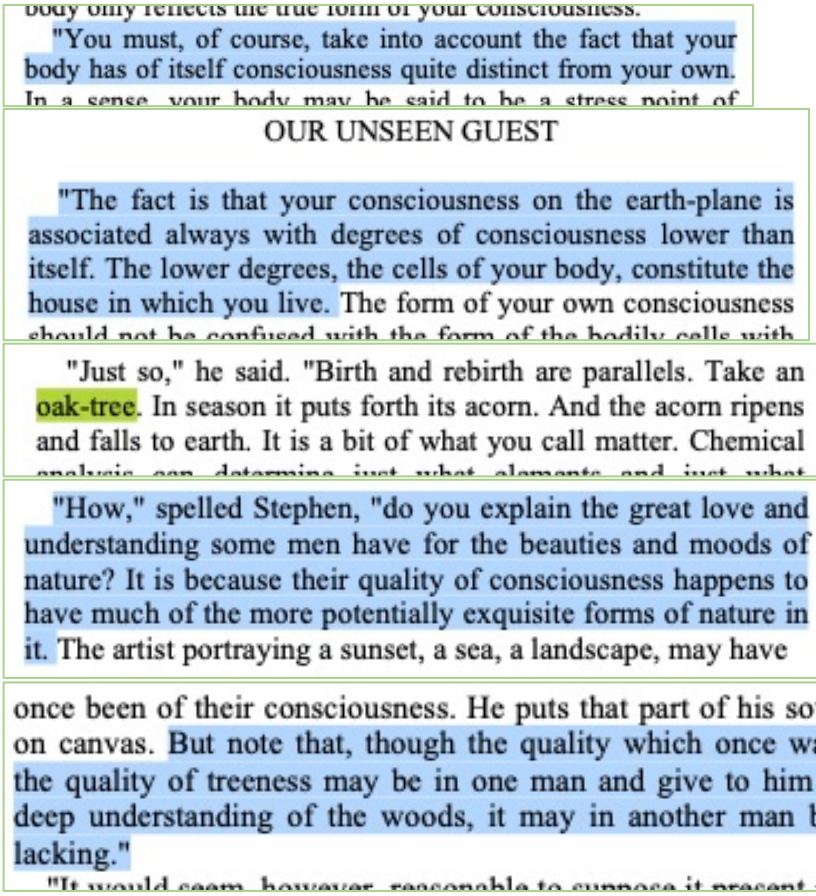
OUR UNSEEN GUEST

and only reality, though its degrees and the attributes thereof are many."

Attributes? Why, of course! The so-to-speak self that thinks, that wills, that does, is but an aggregate of attributes that belong to that other self, that sitter-behind and looker-on, in short the me of me, consciousness.

How simple it is! Where else should we look for reality except in the only thing that is truly real to us? Our senses may deceive us; we may doubt them. Our reason is altogether

"It's up to you to follow it," spelled the tripod. "The voice of a man's quality is his one sure guide. Listen to that voice, then follow it wherever it leads, and in the going you will best be serving not only yourself, but the great whole of which you are a part."



body only reflects the true form of your consciousness.

"You must, of course, take into account the fact that your body has of itself consciousness quite distinct from your own. In a sense, your body may be said to be a stress point of

OUR UNSEEN GUEST

"The fact is that your consciousness on the earth-plane is associated always with degrees of consciousness lower than itself. The lower degrees, the cells of your body, constitute the house in which you live. The form of your own consciousness should not be confused with the form of the bodily cells with

"Just so," he said. "Birth and rebirth are parallels. Take an oak-tree. In season it puts forth its acorn. And the acorn ripens and falls to earth. It is a bit of what you call matter. Chemical analysis can determine just what elements and just what

"How," spelled Stephen, "do you explain the great love and understanding some men have for the beauties and moods of nature? It is because their quality of consciousness happens to have much of the more potentially exquisite forms of nature in it. The artist portraying a sunset, a sea, a landscape, may have

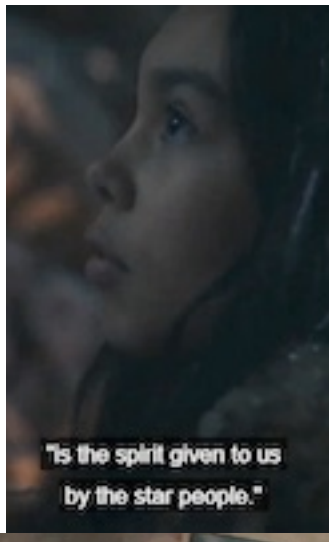
once been of their consciousness. He puts that part of his soul on canvas. But note that, though the quality which once was the quality of treeness may be in one man and give to him a deep understanding of the woods, it may in another man be lacking."

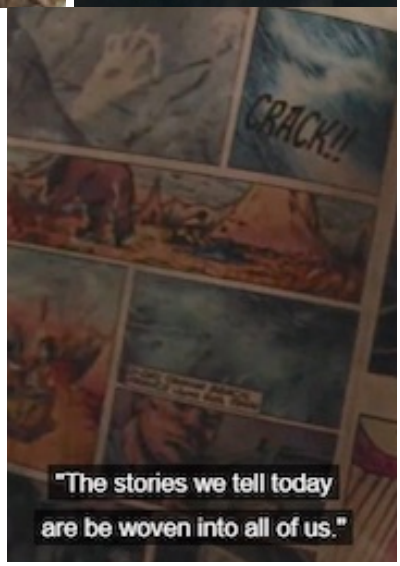
"It would seem, however, reasonable to suppose it present in

On top of it all: The sky gave me a clear image of „as below so above“ … mimicking our mortal grounds, isn’t?

June 24, 2025

On „Resident Alien“ there was an interesting image sequence … relates to my story, of course, but I am not sure yet what else …





June 30, 2025 – **Marion, the duck**

Both parents completely ignored my brother Peter's birthday, June 29 (1966).

My father is fragile, but nasty as shit. I have to flee everytime because he shouts insults at me all the time, cannot take the verbal abuse anymore. I bring him food (Palatschinken, Salads, Strudel) and Sweets, he greedily eats, no thanks … I water the flowers as much as I can … one day not there, everything dried out, he would NEVER water anything.

I must go there to check on Sandy, for water …

Walked with her today (after walking with mom and T and J earlier) at lake Saissersee, she swam so happily … when suddenly we nearly stumbled over a young **Mallard duck**, who was obviously injured on the path along the lake … I tried to take a look, when she fled into the water – but she could not use one of her feet and kept going under and nearly drowning. I ttok off my clothes and went into the swampy part with the reeds … yikes and got the duckling out using a towel. With the help of two swimmers – and Sandy behaving like the best dog ever – I managed to secure the duck, and I took her home. It was so difficult … I knew she must be in pain, put her in a box … gave her a soft bed, covered her up so that she could rest … and in the following hours I experienced the miracle of inter-species contact … and the little one had so much life in her, kicking and fighting … and actually also crapping and eating oatmeal in water and some lettuce …

Poor poor duckling … gotta get her to a vet. I put her in the bathroom so that the dogs wouldn't bother her, and I barely dared to look into the box … but everytime „Marion" seemed fine.

I have suffered a horrible ***Lumbago*** two days ago, must be so careful how to move and sometimes can't get up or sit or anything … but cursing I took off my clothes and swam after the duckling, in the muddly swampy part of the lake … brrr, would never ever do that otherwise, but it was necessary …

I got her out, brought her home … she lies in a box, we'll see if she makes it through the night.

July 1, 2025 **– Two DUCKS!**

Brought duckling Marion to a nice fowl-expert veterinarian, and **the right leg** is in fact kaputt – what an irony! I have been having big troubles with **my right leg** and foot, can barely put any weight on it at times … that's why I got the Lumbago, too, because I have not carried my weight evenly because of my foot ... oh my …

The doc promised she will try to fix the leg … or at least let me know what happened. I felt good with her, will bring Jacqui and Tino there too for checkup.

Father was furious because I showed up at after 6 pm … even though I brought him lemon creme cake … he was doing his own dishes, finally and did his usual abuse that I don't help him (he yells and curses at me and forbids me to touch anything all the time … so …) And then he said that Picej was coming tomorrow … AHA, that's why he had to clean up suddenly.

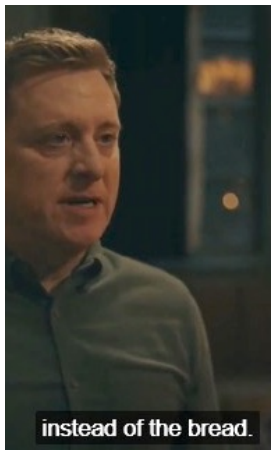
I watered some plants, could barely do it with my sore back, then he kept being so nasty, ridiculing my pants, me work, me … breaking out in poisonous spite when I mentioned the duckling … that I took the second piece of cake out of the fridge and took off with it. I can NOT STAND his abuse anymore. That's why I reallly cannot stand, probably, at times, on my right leg …

Thought of Marion. What an experience with the little bird.

Sandy and I had met her before, I am sure … one day at lake Saissersee three ducklings crossed out path – and then a forth one came out of the forest, slower and much more clumsy than the others … got entangled in the roots instead of climbing over, and I thought oh-oh, this one would have to be lucky to survive. Maybe it was really her that I met a week later, yesterday …

(Later)

Oh geez – I watched another (dumb!) episode of „Resident Alien", and „Harry" speaks about – ***A DUCK!*** *(He actually compares the behavior of his partner to a „**too eager duck** who bites your finger instead of the bread".)* Right after I had my encounter with Marion the duck.



(The vet called eventually and told me that the leg of the duckling was beyond repair, and they had to send her over the rainbow bridge because Marion would not have survived in the wild. I will not forget her. And there is a doubt … I had emailed them to tell them that I would find a place for her to live in a private pond if she can at least be fixed to keep her balance … but no word about this. I am sad. Good bye Marion. I love you.)

(The Mallard Duck that Marion could have become.)

July 2, 2025 **– Bob, the Lei and the Color Violet**

Anyway. It is very hot, and I try to take it easy. Swimming in the lake in the mornings, but the lake is so warm already …

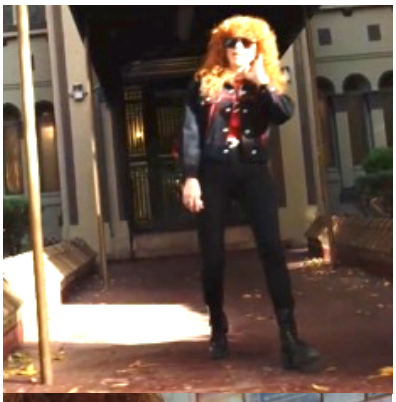
Today I opened an old magazne (from Easter) – on a random page, and there was **a guy with goofy posture just like Bob** had done it so often … and a **violet colored „lei“** on him – Bob's favorite color, I just had told CH about it that Bob's bed sheets were of that color … and here it was … **a Hawaiian lei in that color on a man who looks just like Bob** *as of grimace and posture.*

Those were the days, Bob, right? Oh how often I was with him on Maui in July … that was me, that was paradise. Often Bob was not even with me but working with all those producers who fucked him over and broke his spirit … but he would go off on me for it an abuse me – verbally, emotionally … yes, I see the pattern.

I have begun to translate „The Betty Book“ – it is very hard and takes all my patience. The English! The sentence structure! I must circumexpress so much … oh well.

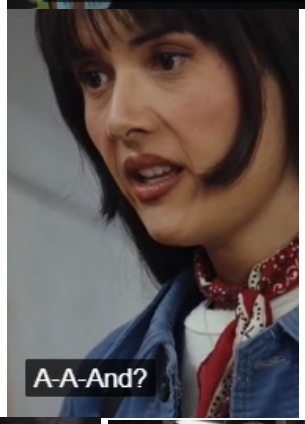
July 2, 2025 **– „My“ lumbago again!**

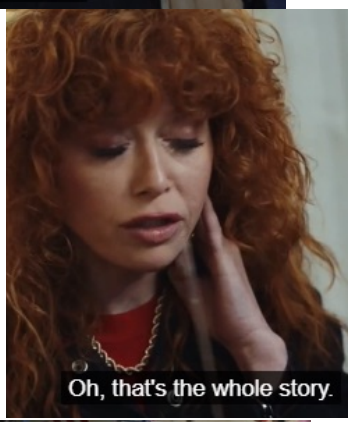
Oh my – I watched another episode of „Poker Face“ – and sure enough: She gets a lumbago on her neck! Geez! Have you ever seen anything like this – RIGHT AFTER YOU HAD YOUR FIRST LUMBAGO?



- Mm.
- What happened to your neck?

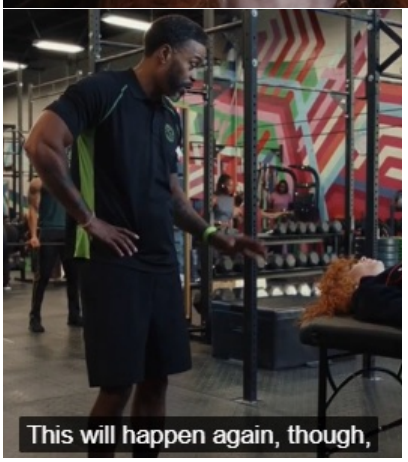
Oh, I, uh... I yawned.

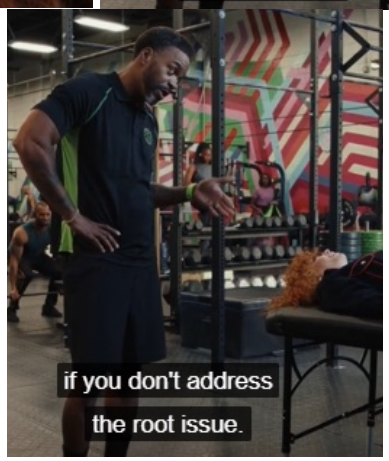

A-A-And?


Oh, that's the whole story.

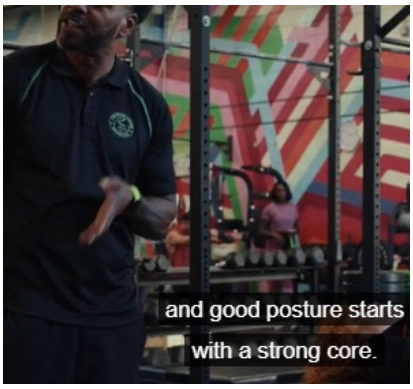
- [bones cracking]
- [Brick] Huh?

if you don't address
the root issue.


This will happen again, though,


if you don't address
the root issue.

- [Charlie] Huh.
- Okay, it starts
with good posture,



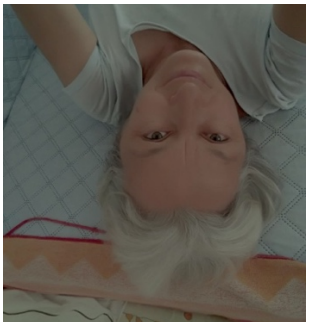
Also, a reminder of a one-night-stand (the only one in my life) on Maui after I had only been there for a few months, before I met Bob: My „lover's" name had been Rodney B., „Hot Rod".

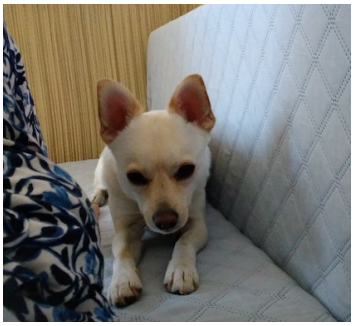
July 4, 2025 – **Stone with a Sign**

Took the boys swimming in the Drau river – where I found an amazingly strange stone … a circle on it? Two circles on the same stone. Hm.

And the thunderstorm sky … just so … comforting.

Oh the little wolf Tino … loves lying next to me. He can do that for hours, not moving. So sweet. Will be three years old in August.



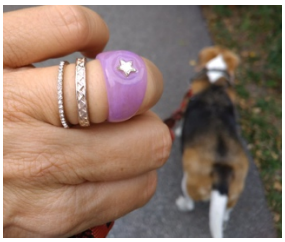


Funny thing: Today at lake Saissersee with Sandy a sudden wind gust grabbed the towel that I was just using drying Sandy and blew it away into some big meadow … And in the evening, I tried out some random series („Shadow and Bone“) – and sure enough, just in the scene I watched, the scarf of some woman flew away! That was a cool synchronicity.

July 6, 2025
The license plate number speaks for itself …

Yes, „**STM 1“** – **ST**ONE**M**AN will always be my Nr. 1. I need to live up to our „kuleana“. But how?

And of course … the amazing sky telling me that there are many paths to …? Plus: Walking Sandy, I found three rings today, on a tree twig. And there was a distinct „puka lani“.



July 7, 2025
I seem to find „support“ in the most „impossible“ places … like here, some wisdom in season 4 of „Resident Alien“ … rings true, doesn’t it?

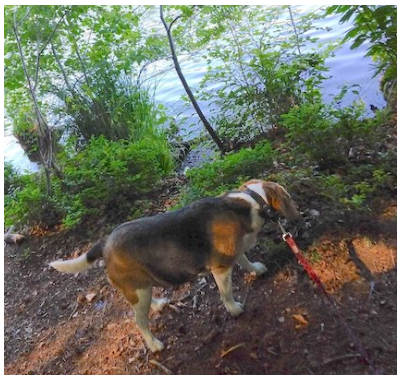
And my translation work gives me to most wonderful help again … here two excerpts from ***„Our Unseen Guest“:***

"Joan," I cried, "the quality of consciousness, the soul of us' cannot go backward, cannot be damned. What of quality the consciousness that is within us has won through ages of development is truly won, beyond peril of slipping down again into its low past. Its dreams may, for the now, go unrealized; its promptings may be heard only to be ignored; yet it will ever prompt and ever dream."

"What we strive for here," the poet replied, is the height of consciousness, the perfect realization of individuality and of that individuality's relation to the whole. And now, good-by!"

July 9, 2025 – **The hurting Leg 2x**

A few days ago … walking Sandy at lake Saissersee, reaching a little bay, limping barely able to put weight on my hurting right leg, and there was an older woman sitting on the lake shore with a little girl and reading to her (in German): „… and her leg hurt so much she could barely make a step.“



THERE ARE NO ODDS for something like this!?

Horrible horrible nightmare … (I remember them, but not writing them down to hopefully forget them) Very difficult with my parents … father so hateful and crazy, it is beginning to feel surreal; Mother confused due to unused mind and dementia … sigh, and I am supposed to care for them – but what about my storytelling?

July 10, 2025 – **The Island**

Amazing license plate incidents …

And:

I took a swim this morning, the lake has cooled down a few degrees after the heavy rains, so it was so refreshing and nice … and as I swam there all alone, I look over to the east where the sail boats are **– *and an island came floating towards me*** … reading „**The Island**“. An actual island. Of course I could not photograph it, but I found it online. It is an island you can actually rent on lake Wörthersee … and it reminded me of „my“ island and my time there and my „ME“ there. Can I be that again … when my time is so consumed by my parents and all the pain and hurt and stress inflicted on me by them?

So I was swimming, a hearty „What the f…?“ on my lips …

The island, huh. Oh Stoneman, you fucking loser. I see Bob in front of me so clearly so often, and I drift to our Maui home so often … as if I could wake up and find myself there. So long ago. And I saw „910 R“ today … like the universe making fun of me.

<u>July 11, 2025</u> **– The „R“-Tree**

Oh wow – the follow-up to the „Bob and the tree“ of June 23 incident happened today. I took Jacqui and Tino to the forest path – where there had been a tall tree right at the turn-off from the road. But the tree – was gone. And instead there was the left-over piece of trunk and an **„R“ engraved in it.** Like „Robert“. What are the odds?

Seriously, Bob hiding behind a tree. In
trip to take a walk there … it was one of t

Also … my screensaver suddenly produced an image of Maui … motherfucker. I can't look to hard, I am right „there" … feel it, know it, smell it, hear it …

Sad that Julian McMahon has died … actually on July 2, but I didn't find out until today. He was a wonderful handsome sweet man. His soul took cancer to get rid of this beloved body …

(Cancer sucks the body empty)

Wow, the two images remind me so much of Bob and what he looked like in his dying body … I don't think I should show you.

Why, one must ask … why can a person like him, so talented and attractive not do more in terms of „increasing the quantity of his quality of consciousness" … like all those wise-cracks are telling in their writings? Why did he have to suffer so much and then die so early – when horrible creatures like my father (even though it is not his fault) keeps living and will maybe turn 85 in December … he is just outright nasty and horrible to me and to Sandy … he is insane and yet nobody can stop him. There are so many nice old men around, and I must have a monster as a father? He lives on a huge property (where I grew up) alone in a huge house, and a small house is empty on the property and hasn't been opened for years? And I need so early a home with a garden for the dogs and me …

And my father keeps that from me due to pure evilness and disdain? I never ever ever did anything to him, and he tries to hurt me every way possible … even drags Sandy about the streetshimself so that he then can shout at me that she is „his dog, and he walks her, and it is none of my business" … but he gets nothing done, lives in filth, had barely anything real to eat and is craggy and alone … but his is the typical malignant narcissist. It is dangerous for Sandy to object to him – he would do something to her to hurt me knowing how much I love the dog.

It is very very very hard.

WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK?

I would love to keep translating and finish my scripts and take efforts to produce „Mothership" and find an agent … but I feel empty and tired and heavy and so caged all the time. My right foot is barely better, the lumbago is gone … and the tick did not give me the B. disease after all, like the doctor said … he thought it was only an inflammation, that big red patch on my thigh … so I held off with taking antibiotic – and the red patch disappears. Good. At least something good.

July 12, 2025 – **The Luau!**

Oh my.

This morning, I drove up the hill as usual to the forest parking to take the dogs out – and lo and behold, at the driveway to the last house on the left, there was a lovely handmade sign that read „**WELCOME** TO KAISERS **LUAU**“, with ocean and palm trees and all … and in the background, a Hawaiian Luau setting!

So Bob and I NEVER made it to a luau, not in 16 years … and I had been thinking about this and other Maui-related stuff a lot in the last days … so my surprise was … just … fucking painful.

Yesterday the fucking „Island“, today the „Luau“ … WTF?

Unfortunately I could not take a picture …. Of course, people were already there as I was driving by on the way back.

July 13, 2025 – **The ULTIMATE GREETING: „The End of the Road“ Ina Gada da Vida**

Are you shitting me, Universe and Bob et al?

First, tonight I had the weirdest ***dream*** of all weird dream that can possibly be had: I was supposed - in some kind of resort or holiday place - to lie down next to a corpse, a huge, fat corpse, and it was Gerard Depardieu. I don't know why I had to do that, but it was my job to lie next to him, he was lying on his right side, just wearing a slip, and I was supposed to cuddle him. Strangely, while I was getting in position, the perspective changed, and he was now lying with his head west on his left side. And then there were other people around, who were also part of this … program (?) of sorts that had to do with those dead bodies, and they were aware that I was about to cuddle dead Gerard the pale and blueish „whale“. And while I tried to find the perfect grip noticing that the corpse was totally warm, I realized that I had to hold him until he would be cold (what a fucking gross dream!), and as I looked at the dead man's face, I realized - that he was breathing or trying to! So I yelled and shouted for help, and it turned out he was not dead after all.

I woke up with a mix of disgust and fascination.

Then Sunday happened. I slept until 11 (!) a.m., and so did my dog boys, no complaints. Picked up mom, went shopping, then brunch at my place, I baked a strudel (apple, nectarine and topfen), gave her two pieces, then headed to my father - who I had not seen for 2 days. He was so nasty … and he insulted me ultimately and hurt me again, by not watering the flowers I

had bought for Edith's grave and put there, because the two pots with red desert flowers was just so plain and thoughtless, and I gave her and my grandparents a nice potplant with lush yellow petals. When I got to the cemetery - I had put the plant there two days ago - my father had been there, replaced the candle, and he had watered only his plants. Mine was dry. He has done that before, years ago. I felt such a disdain for him like never before … more than the hostile vileness he displayed again even though I had brought him a nice strudel and cleaned up his kitchen mess. I walked Sandy, that was nice.

So I left after telling him that I should not have expected that he would try to be nice to me just once. I detest this creature now. No way back.

I swam in the cold lake, so lovely. My right foot is giving me hell, still.

So then, back home, after the evening walk … I sat down to allow myself to watch some series, ***„Poker Face"*** came to mind - and I was happy to see that the final episode of season 2 was already on, ***episode 12***.

Elisabeth had emailed me that her new husband was dying … and I really flashed back to my last days with Bob, especially since „911" and „910" and „JO" and „BOB" are everywhere on license plates these days.

And now I had to sit down and write this after I had switched on „Poker Face", because I received the ultimate message.

The project that had killed Bob, ***„Taylor Camp"*** - I just saw „TC 1000" yesterday and thought „Fuck it!" - had had the subtitle ***„The End of the Road"***. I have written about this many times, especially during my Griffen-time. ***And the documentary started with the song „Ina Gada Da Vida" by Iron Butterfly.***

Now, **„Poker Face" today started with *„Ina Gada Da Vida"* by Iron Butterfly** - under the title ***„The End of the Road".***

I kid you not.

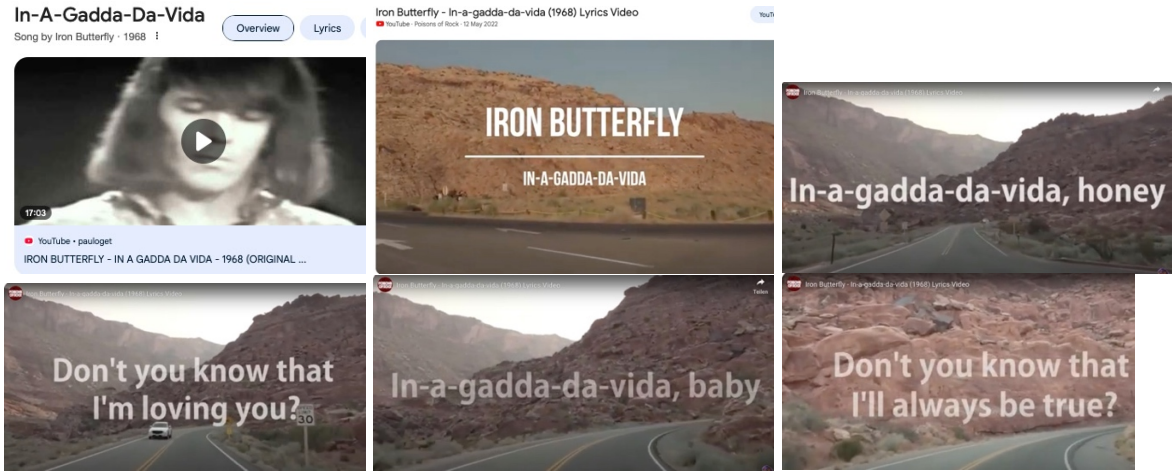
I can barely believe it myself.

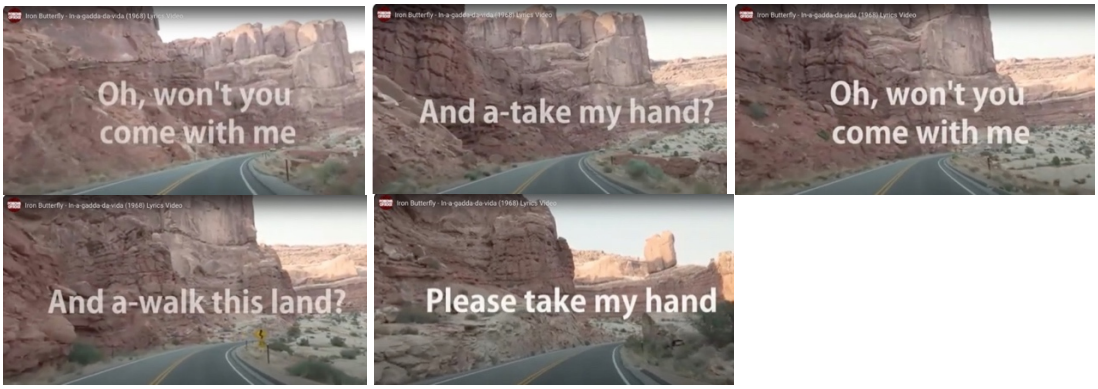
What are the odds?

There are none.

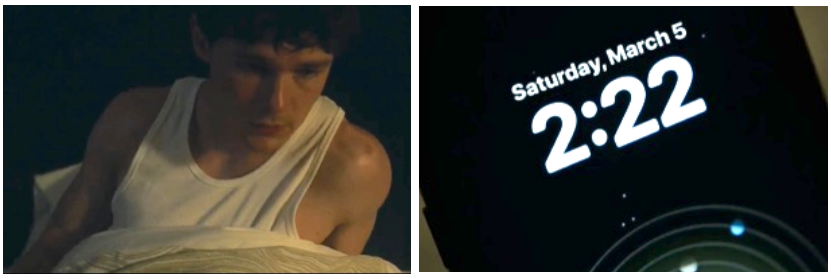
And now?

I gotta do what I gotta do. And what exactly?





Well, and then, of course „Dexter: Resurrection“: Oh Bob would have loved this sequel to his beloved original Dexter-series. And guess what, a hint that he is watching showed up:



(Harrison getting up.)

See, „222“, our address … oh my.

July 14, 2025 – **Maui & Edith**

Watching „The White Lotus“ season 3, and a character, „Belinda“, presented herself as a resident of „Maui“, and she works at the „White Lotus Maui“.

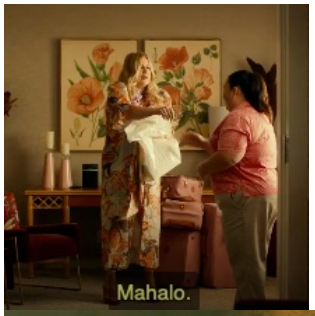
And then – oh the sweetest Edith-lookalike!

Oh shit. It prompted me to open the movie file of the season 1 that plays in Hawaii – and it actually does play on Maui, how … horribly painful to see my old, my actual home.

The first images … on ***actual Kahului airport*** … oh how often I was there … looking out of that exact same window up to Pukalani … ***it was my home.*** It was ME. And one day it was the last time that I looked outside, it was evening, and I Bob was up there in housie, dead sick, and it was pouring … and I was so cold and scared and stubbornly thinking I would be back and all would be good.

I don't know why I had to do that to myself. At all. *That beach* … I was there so many times:

And just the Maui feeling. *Can't even cry, because I would suffocate. And I have dogs. And parents.*



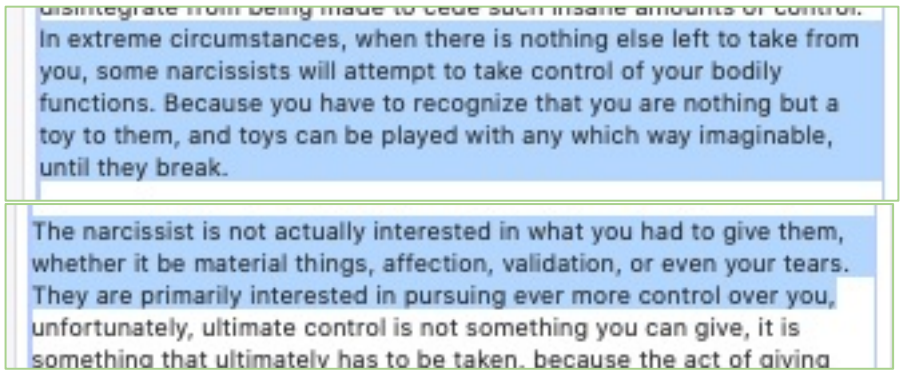
Related **Why am I so traumatized by narcissistic abuse?**

The root of narcissistic abuse stems from the need of the narcissist to push for ever deeper and deeper control of you. Beyond any bounds of sanity.

You start to get in a haze where you forget about yourself and then find yourself floating in and out of depression, trying to figure out, years later, how in the world to get out of the situation that YOU'VE ENABLED.

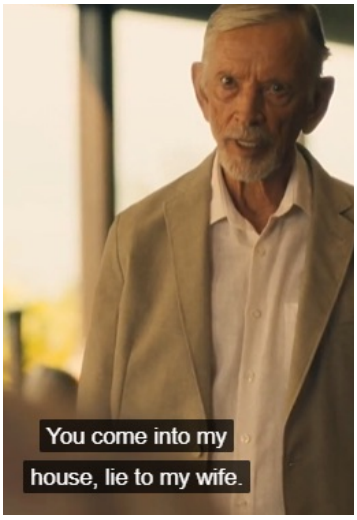
You will either eventually breakout in rebellion, or you will give and give until you become literally insane, as your conscious mind will disintegrate from being made to cede such insane amounts of control. In extreme circumstances, when there is nothing else left to take from

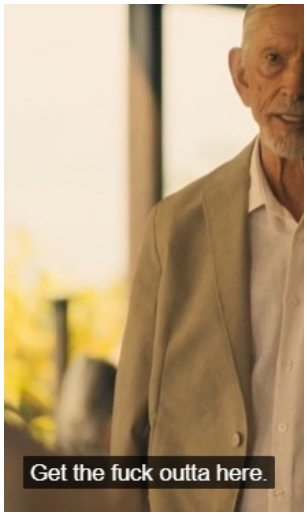
And ever again, I have to find help for my ailing mind reading advice …


In extreme circumstances, when there is nothing else left to take from you, some narcissists will attempt to take control of your bodily functions. Because you have to recognize that you are nothing but a toy to them, and toys can be played with any which way imaginable, until they break.
The narcissist is not actually interested in what you had to give them, whether it be material things, affection, validation, or even your tears. They are primarily interested in pursuing ever more control over you, unfortunately, ultimate control is not something you can give, it is

Always amazing to see what big invisible animas life in the forests just around my „home“ … oh how I want to move away from here.

July 15, 2025 – **Father situation reflected**
Oh wow, it is just uncanny how sometimes things are reflected right back at me when I least expect it. I watched *„The White Lotus*“; pretty much because Walton Goggins is in that particular season … and I did not see that coming:





I remember your mother.
I knew she was a
drunk and a slut.
Didn't know she was a liar too.
You're gonna try to kill me now?
Forget about him. Okay?
You're free. Remember?
How can I get over everything
he's taken from me?
He took my whole fucking life.

So in the story, the old man is the actual father of the Goggins-character, and even there, seeing his son and knowing that he lied to him his whole life and abandoned and ignored him, this old fuck still abuses him verbally! And his mother! Exactly what my „father“ does all the

time! Wow. I am just blown away that some screenwriter even thought of something like this! It is the malignant narcisstist in pure form and fashion – just like my „father“!

The loving girlfriend tries to comfort and pacify … but in vain and too late.

(*Shot his dad. Death is not a punishment!)*

July 15, 2025

Found a spoon, walking Sandy. Maybe it means something to the reader.

July 17, 2025

Looking at the sky … wondering what I should focus on … and ever again I halt and think how nature is just a miracle itself … the development of every cell to form a living creature – like a fruit … how can all of it work just on its own so perfectly?

July 18, 2025 **– Josef gone**

This morning in the forest, walking the dogs, a big **white butterfly** came flying at me – that's how it felt, it went straight for my face and flow circles closeby, before it disappeard … and I thought and said spontaneously (in English), ***„Okay, this means transition***, someone is gonna die". Maybe not literally, but close. I could barely sleep last night, woke up all the time, and at some point I said out loud to Elisabeth (whose husband is dying of cancer), that it is not „death" but „graduation" („Tod" / „Aufstieg") …

Elisabeth emailed me in the evening, that this morning, her beloved husband ***Josef has passed on***. He was very sick for a long time, struggled, tried every possible threatment that school medicine offered … and his transition was imminent, but it still is a shock. I don't know the details yet … but at least Elisabeth had the chance to be with him to the end. Walking in the sunset I had to think about how the circumstances of Bob's death were … better not think. Graduation or not – they are in fact „gone" … from our plane. And this hurts like hell.

So I paid attention to my *inner images*, and I „received" the impression of a ***garden dwarf*** and a ***white scarf or cloth with big black dots***. Then, during the sunset walk, I asked to be

„given“ something in my hand „if“ Josef wants me to „greet“ Elisabeth … she is not of the same persuation like me, but it is my job to spread the word. We were not that close, ever, on the contrary, we had long stretches of bad blood, and I never met Josef in person. But still I have much compassion for her.

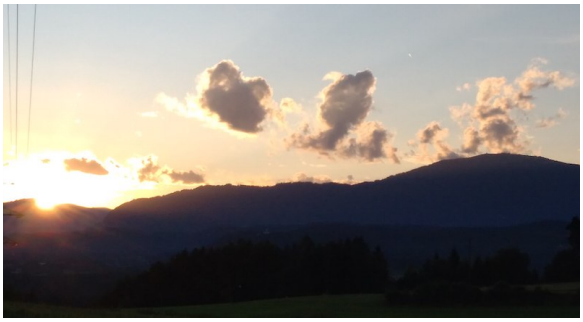
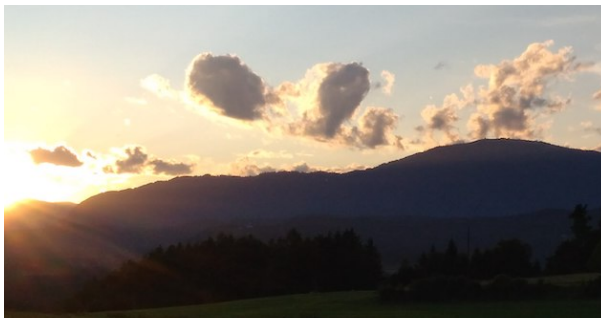
So on the palm of my hand „appeared“ eversofaintly – because I was not fully invested or relaxed enough or patient enough – some kind of ***hanging item, like small bells or other round thingies on thin strings of different lengths. And there was the impression of some light-violet coloring …*** I texted Elisabeth about them. Curious if it will ever mean something.

Okay, Josef … your story here is lived out. Curious what Elisabeth will do now. She did know that the man who she married one and a half years ago was dead-sick. So ..

I have been following the **news** of the horrible floods in Texas, where whole youth camps were devastated and hundreds of people were flushed away by the Guadalupe river in Kerr County in the pitch-black night and dawn … can you imagine? You wake up because your home is filling up with icecold river water, and you have the choice of being crushed inside or trying to make it outside and be swept along in the raging water, in the dark … oh my God. Why do have some people, innocent youths and kids, have to go through something?

Why is our souls‘ playground such a horrible place that our bodies and minds must suffer so horribly?

(Clouds like hands or … wings?)

July 20, 2025, Sunday
Talk with Liesl about Josef and his death … she held his hand as he passed. What a blessing.

Afterwards I asked Josef (or Bob or them) to put something on my hand that would be a greeting from Josef to Elisabeth … and a flat gold brown tarte appeared, like a freshly baked Kuchen or a pie dough … it was spontaneous and clear. I texted it to Liesl. I'm curious what will happen now.

July 21, 2025

Very hard to deal with my mother who on one hand is so confused and aloof and forgetful, her hair not washed for 3 weeks, but on the other hand is dismissive of everything I say, and she would not take up any kind of activity at all … she does literally nothing the entire day. Not even plants on the window sills, no walks, nothing. No wonder she loses her mind. Sometimes I have a hard time looking at her. It may not be her fault, but on the other hand she still has the ability to be nasty at me at will – so she can do other things at will too.

I found an interesting mineral today, on the Eurospar parking lot, parking in a spot where I practically never park … first I thought it was an Amythyst, but it is likely a **black Onyx.**

Strange.

To find a stone. Pun intended. I read up on the ***black Onyx, and it supposedly is good for protection and strength, self-control and inner stability and helps to get rid of negative energies and emotions and stress!*** Also it is said to ***enhance willpower and decisiveness.*** Well, just what I need!

Also … I saw a corn plant with a broken stem – but somehow it had pulled itself up and kept growing, just look at this!

Just realized that in the evening, when I took the boys for a walk to Aich, the ***dog named Onyx*** and his owner came towards us. (I know the dog's name because I had ask some other guy one day when we encountered them close-up, and I had seen that dog that looks like an Akita run free in the area.)

My father was not feeling good and looked horrible, but he was loud and aggressive and nasty and was yelling and cursing … I walked Sandy, then I left when he began his rant that his „beloved" Edith had been so successful and had amassed so much money and stuff … I was so close to shouting the truth back at him, that she and he had just inherited a lot, and that he had been abusive to her and caused her to drink herself to death … that she had many lovers to be able to bear her ordeal with him, the psychopath narcissist monster … but he is too far gone as of brain functions that this would go anywhere.

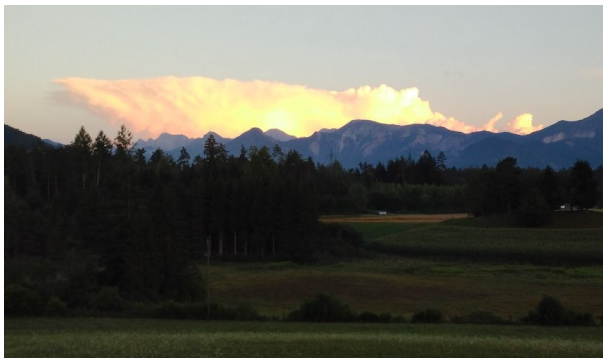
He said that he would „let me know when he would want me to come and live with him", but right now he wants nobody around … hahahahah, he thinks he will order me close then, and now he pushes me away every time and is the nasty fuck that he is?

Sandy did NOT want to get back into the yard today.

She would stay with me.

I want to keep her. But I cannot do this in this apartment.

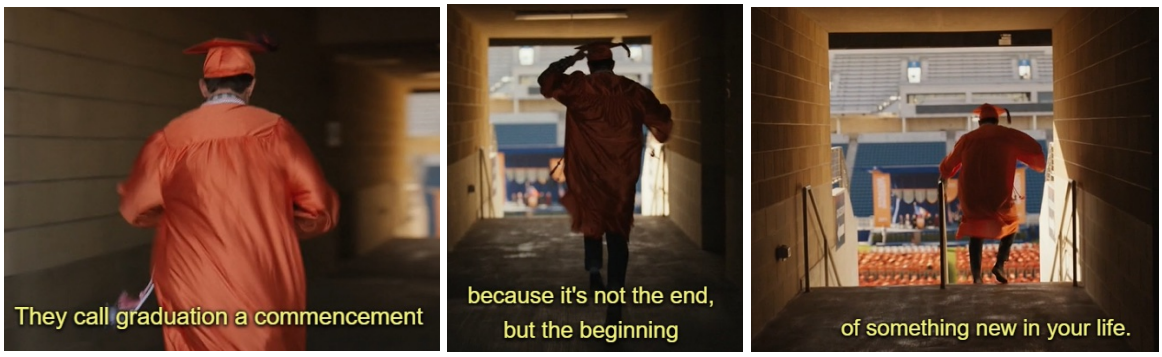
It is all so fucking hard. Not even the most amazing power-oozing cloud formation during our beloved evening walks can bring comfort … Oh yeah: I have been thinking that I need to buy new kitchen ***sponges*** … and today, bingo! One was lying right there on the street. Fun!



July 27, 2025 – **Stretching like me! The Graduation!**

Oh my! That is a surprise! Because of my beginning „Heel Spur" (Fersensporn) I was told by the orthopedist that I had to do a certain kind of stretching … propped forward against a wall, the sore leg backwards, stretching the heel and the calf … and I watched „Monk", and he did just that! What are the odds?

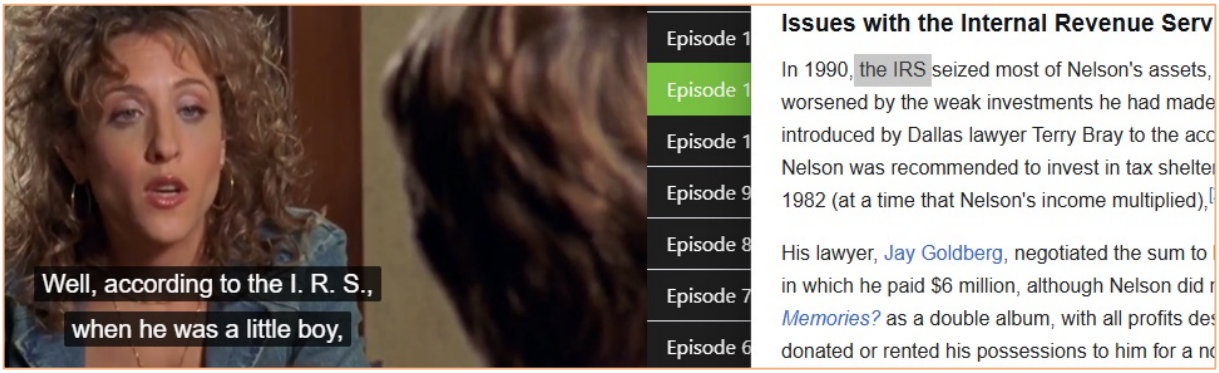
Also … I tried out the series ***„Ordinary Joe“*** … and it felt very stressful, in a strange way … but then I saw why I had to start it in the first place. In my translation work of „Our Unseen Guest“ and in the works of Stewart E. White and my own Contact Diary, it is all about „**graduation**“, meaning „death“ … and that it is not the end, but the gateway to the next phase of existence. So how surprised was I to see this …



The guy talks about an actual „earthly“ graduation, at an educational institution … but WHAT he says, fits exactly to all I have been dealing with and all that those works are about. Odd. To find this. By accident. (Yeah right.)

July 29, 2025

Oh cool – I watched „Monk“, and it was all about ***Willie Nelson***, and of course I saw him around when I lived on Maui … so I began to google. And just when I read about „***IRS***“, the character *„Sharona“ on „Monk“* said „**IRS**“ out loud! This is one of the synchronicities that are meant to tell me that I am „absolutely in the right place“ and that „everything is the way it is supposed to“ … well, and when will the shit stop and all will be great?


Well, according to the I. R. S.,
when he was a little boy,
Episode 1
Episode 1
Episode 1
Episode 9
Episode 8
Episode 7
Episode 6
Issues with the Internal Revenue Serv
In 1990, the IRS seized most of Nelson's assets,
worsened by the weak investments he had made
introduced by Dallas lawyer Terry Bray to the acc
Nelson was recommended to invest in tax shelte
1982 (at a time that Nelson's income multiplied),
His lawyer, Jay Goldberg, negotiated the sum to
in which he paid $6 million, although Nelson did
Memories? as a double album, with all profits de
donated or rented his possessions to him for a n

July 31, 2025

All those amazing license plate numbers … showing up when I am most in thoughts … just don't want to go into what kinda thoughts right now … This one reflects Bob's entire phonenumber that I heard him say a million times, **„two five ouh eight ouh three ouh", 250 8030**. Now here, the „E" stands for „eight out" and „S" for „three ouh", because in German, there is no „TH", only an „S" instead.

August 1, 2025 – **The Pens! And „Monk's father"**

Monster-eklat with the evil beast that is my malignant narcissist psychopath „father", he insulted me to the max, only because I asked him how he was, checking on him, after he had not felt well yesterday. I pray that his completely deranged brain will stop working soon, sorry to say. He is so insane, that even the neighbors have already contacted me, also because of the dog … it is unbearable. I only fear for Sandy, sweet girl. I could not take a walk today with her … because I did not hold back today and went totally verbally berserk on the monster. Of course this will do no good, but in a way, it was a relief. I will have to go back there, to check on Sandy. He is a broken and insane creature that should not be allowed to be free, he needs to be in a mental facility. He is so hateful to me, that even in the cheapest most brutal B-movie you will not see craziness like this. I cannot and will not take this anymore.

I had such pain in my legs in the last nights … I had to buy several onitments to make it better, and I took pain and inflamation medication in the middle of the night. It is just my body telling me that it cannot go on like this. Similar with my mother … her demented behavior, the unwashed hair and insane glances and constant lashing out on me … I can NOT take it anymore.

Today I had to cry because I miss being with Bob and that life so much. Unbelieveable the situation I am in. I asked Bob to give me serious signs that he is out there …

And just then, a guy walked along the street I had just turned into, that could have been a double of Bob, with the same turquoise shorts and kaki shit … tall, white hair …

And later, I saw a car with the license plate number **„910 DJ"**, „Oh shit," I said, „that is pretty clear … the worst time of my life, the last day with Bob, and the 910 from his license plate."

I drove for a swim and was about to sing the jingle of the series „Mr. Monk“, but only started, and just then, a car drove by with **„480 FF“**, and it was quite startling, because „480“ is code for „sound“ between Bob and me, and „FF“ means „continue“ as German language abbreviation. And just a minute later, there was another amazing number … but I cannot recall right now.

Swimming in the lake is the only thing that empowers me … it is all so very hard. Why must I have a monster of a critter as a „father“ and an insane evil fuck of a woman of a mother?

I want to get away from both of them, far away.

Weirdly … something just happened. I was sitting kind of numbedly in front of my laptop, watching a new episode of „Mr. Monk“, just shattered after what my „father“ spilled out over me today, pur toxic evil hateful shit … and I let my mind wander about what I would want to do to him to shut him up, what I had considered today, and thank God did not do … and JUST THEN ***the character in „Mr. Monk“ DID what I had just imagined.***

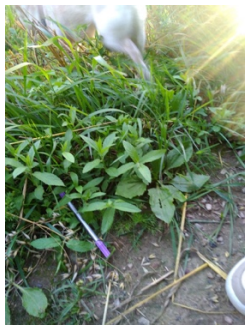
Oh geez. That was weird. Gotta reflect on that. For sure it gave me some satisfaction, seeing done and lived and played out what I would have loved to do … sadly.

Encouragement? Signal of understanding, „We know, we have witnessed, we understand“ … I don’t know. But I hate that this evil sick fuck makes me into someone who even thinks along those lines. I was always a soft and loving person. Now I want to see my father in ways I would never dare to even allow myself to think … but the images simply keep coming up. It takes effort to resist … today, I wished so hard I could just grab him … but I did not touch him, even though he clearly wanted to provoke me. I hate him so much, I can never express it. This is not a human person. This is an entirely evil inhuman piece of foul slime that need to be destroyed. This brain has no right to anything anymore, I wish for it to cease existing.

(Later) **The Pens!**

Oh wow.

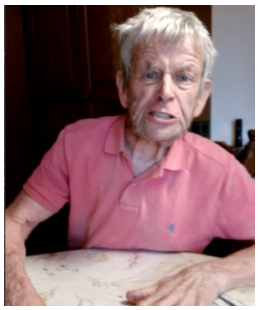
A message? Bob used to say, I was „his writer“, and he was full of praise for my writing abilities and loved my screenplays. So this evening when I walked Jacqui and Tino up through the forest of Aich and then to the lookout-meadow, I found – ***three color felt pens! Bob’s colors, turquoise, blue and violet.*** On the ground. In the grass. In the middle of nowhere. How and why did someone lose those pens for me to find them? Very odd.



(First I found two, then a few meters further, the third.)

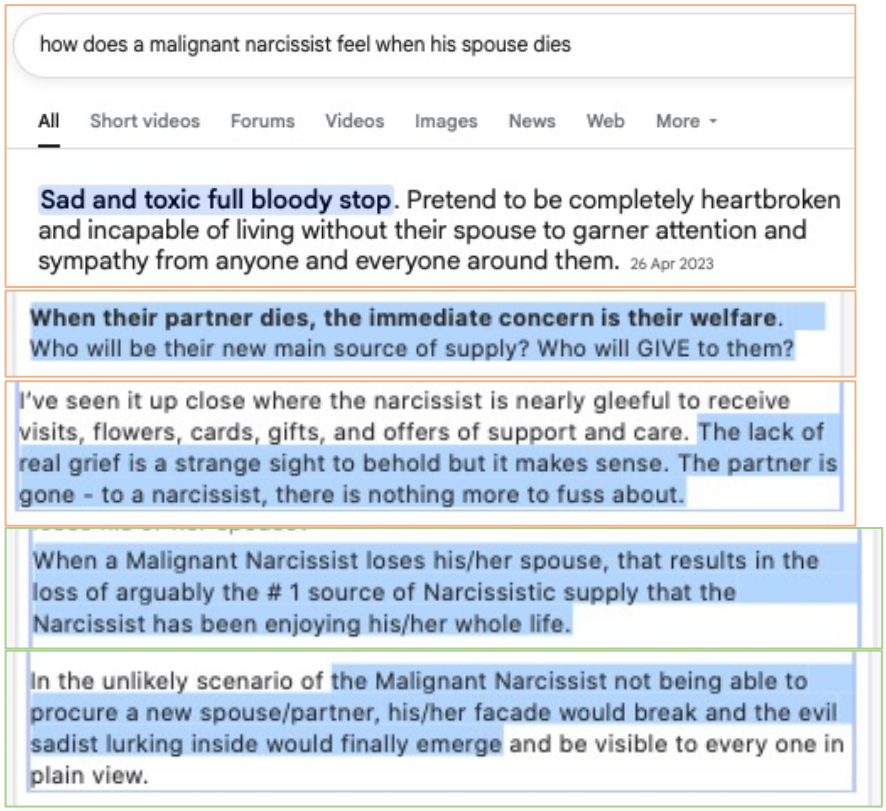
So I immediately had the thought in my mind that I really should find solace in my writing and get back to being a writer. The situation with the insane creature that is my „father“ is horrible beyond description. And likely Bob saw what happened today. But the synchronicity of someone losing PENS on my path for me to find is … well, amazing.

I have feelings like panic attack when I only think of how the monster was to me today, and here is a screenshot – because I taped most of his outrage, but I could not make myself look at more.


This is too much.

I need to get Sandy away from him … and peace for me.

He behaves in ways … it is undescribeable, and he lies and lies and lies … I hear him on the phone … I see the way he shoots hateful glances at me when I only appear in the distance, he is such a sick sick person … and I can't help but think about Edith's suffering. Standing at her grave … is hard at times. Not that I think „she is in there“; but because I keep thinking how much of her life was wasted to dealing with and surviving that brutal sick brain that was her husband. For money. He needed someone to help him maintain his inheritance, and they found each other via newspaper ad … I just had to google the particulars of the present:


how does a malignant narcissist feel when his spouse dies
All
Short videos
Forums
Videos
Images
News
Web
More
Sad and toxic full bloody stop. Pretend to be completely heartbroken and incapable of living without their spouse to garner attention and sympathy from anyone and everyone around them. 26 Apr 2023
When their partner dies, the immediate concern is their welfare. Who will be their new main source of supply? Who will GIVE to them?
I've seen it up close where the narcissist is nearly gleeful to receive visits, flowers, cards, gifts, and offers of support and care. The lack of real grief is a strange sight to behold but it makes sense. The partner is gone - to a narcissist, there is nothing more to fuss about.
When a Malignant Narcissist loses his/her spouse, that results in the loss of arguably the # 1 source of Narcissistic supply that the Narcissist has been enjoying his/her whole life.
In the unlikely scenario of the Malignant Narcissist not being able to procure a new spouse/partner, his/her facade would break and the evil sadist lurking inside would finally emerge and be visible to every one in plain view.

want to pay for the funeral, put on a lavish funeral, buy the biggest floral arrangement to outdo all the others, etc. This is so people will think the narcissist loved the lost one the most, and therefore must be suffering the most, and therefore deserves/needs attention. Attention equals fuel/power.

They will put the lost one on a pedestal, and use the lost one to triangulate with others.

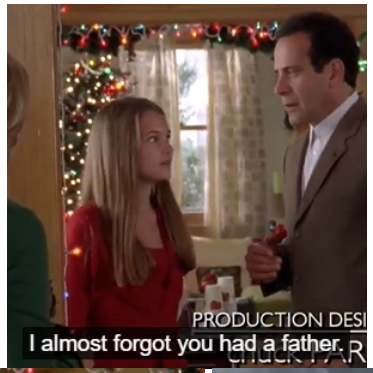
Originally Answered: How does the narcissist feel when a loved one dies?

A real narrasists feels nothing and if they show empathy it is all for show ,they really do live without a soul ,they only feel about themselves ,

This, then, is the secret of maintaining our integrity: we must meet the problems of our world and the people of our world, not in their zone of action, but in ours. We must not go to them; we must get them to come to us.

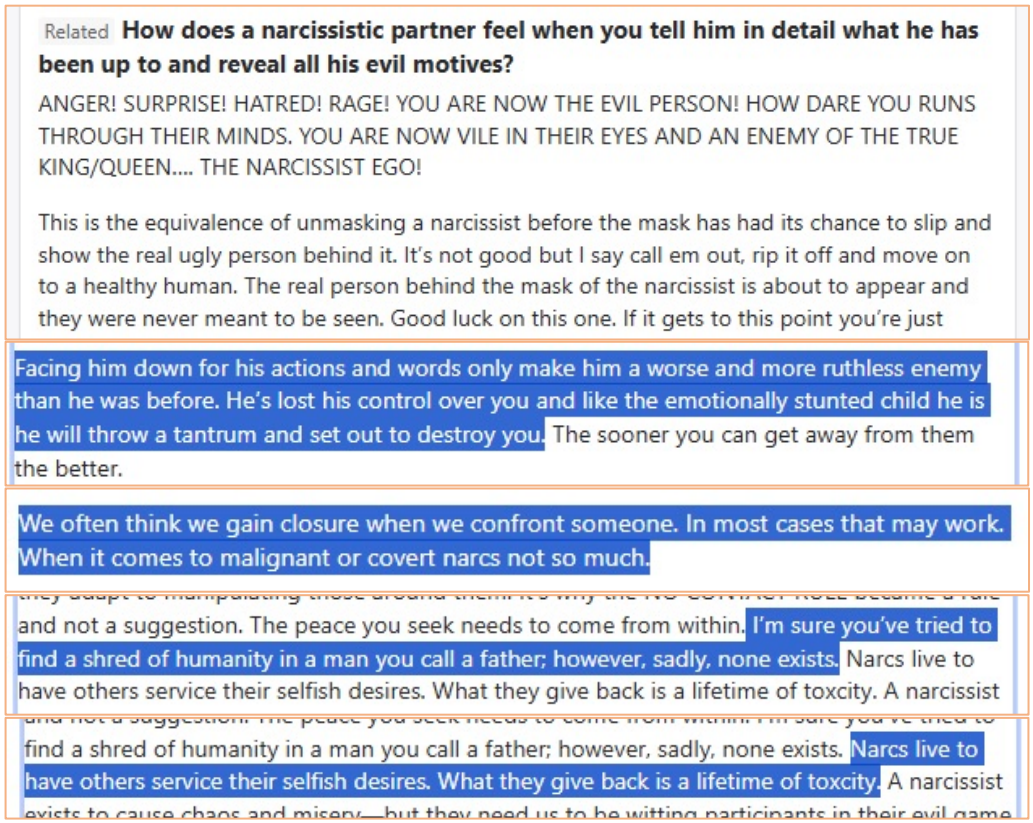
First, a lovely sunsat …

And then „Monk“ – the father-situation came up too.



(Mine just threw us out and never cared again.)

So, yes … I had to read up on the narcs at night to calm myself down.



Related **How does a narcissistic partner feel when you tell him in detail what he has been up to and reveal all his evil motives?**

ANGER! SURPRISE! HATRED! RAGE! YOU ARE NOW THE EVIL PERSON! HOW DARE YOU RUNS THROUGH THEIR MINDS. YOU ARE NOW VILE IN THEIR EYES AND AN ENEMY OF THE TRUE KING/QUEEN.... THE NARCISSIST EGO!

This is the equivalence of unmasking a narcissist before the mask has had its chance to slip and show the real ugly person behind it. It's not good but I say call em out, rip it off and move on to a healthy human. The real person behind the mask of the narcissist is about to appear and they were never meant to be seen. Good luck on this one. If it gets to this point you're just

Facing him down for his actions and words only make him a worse and more ruthless enemy than he was before. He's lost his control over you and like the emotionally stunted child he is he will throw a tantrum and set out to destroy you. The sooner you can get away from them the better.

We often think we gain closure when we confront someone. In most cases that may work. When it comes to malignant or covert narcs not so much.

and not a suggestion. The peace you seek needs to come from within. I'm sure you've tried to find a shred of humanity in a man you call a father; however, sadly, none exists. Narcs live to have others service their selfish desires. What they give back is a lifetime of toxcity. A narcissist

find a shred of humanity in a man you call a father; however, sadly, none exists. Narcs live to have others service their selfish desires. What they give back is a lifetime of toxcity. A narcissist

How in the world did I end up with two toxic parents who depend on me – and I often don't know anymore who I am at all. All day those thoughts about my „parents", the abuse – then and now. What to do?

<u>August 2, 2025</u> **– The „Crown" and the „Wire Fence"**

Amazing synchronicities: I was thinking about a way of getting Sandy out of my „father's" (from now on called „Foulbrain", F) garden, and there is a **wire fence** that can easily be cut. That would be the solution in case … and guess what: I was watching „***Monk***" to calm myself down (because I must take screenshots of my father's crazy behavior and send it to his doctor and other people), and there was a scene with a ***hole in a wire fence***!

Before that I took a walk with the dogs in the rainy forest (breaks my heart thinking that I can't walk with Sandy again today), and I asked Edith to „put something in my hand" if she saw all that and if I was right with my thoughts about what F had done to her … and immediately a **„crown-like" shape** appeared on my hand.

And just a few minutes later, I came across a ***wine bottle*** standing on a tree trunk in the middle of the forest – on a path that I took on a whim, where I very rarely ever walk.

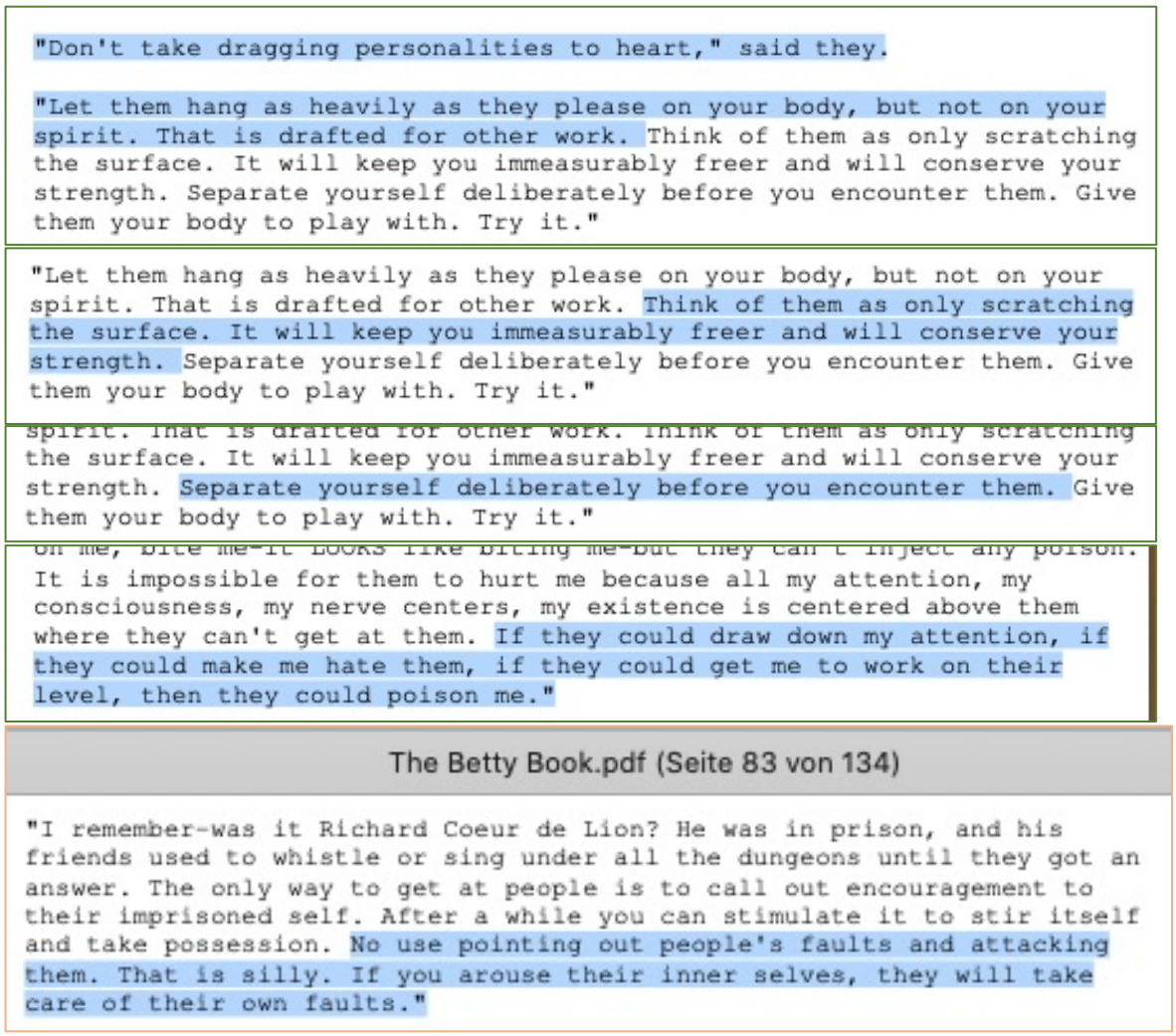
So the logo looks like a „crown" … but it is not one. Does it count?

Last night, my thoughts were completely full with the horrible F-situation … so I consciously focused on other things, and in the end I had to ask Betty White and Joan Finley to help me with good images … I focused on the two women who had lived a century ago … and I calmed down and fell asleep quickly. Thank you so much, ladies.

The summer is in full glory. Dreading the dark season with the too cold lake.

August 4, 2025 – **Stand Above Evil & The Ultimate Insight About the Brain**

I am in the process of translating „The Betty Book" into German … and just re-discovered the most precious advice:



"Don't take dragging personalities to heart," said they.

"Let them hang as heavily as they please on your body, but not on your spirit. That is drafted for other work. Think of them as only scratching the surface. It will keep you immeasurably freer and will conserve your strength. Separate yourself deliberately before you encounter them. Give them your body to play with. Try it."

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spirit. That is drafted for other work. Think of them as only scratching the surface. It will keep you immeasurably freer and will conserve your strength. Separate yourself deliberately before you encounter them. Give them your body to play with. Try it."

on me, bite me-it looks like biting me-but they can't inject any poison. It is impossible for them to hurt me because all my attention, my consciousness, my nerve centers, my existence is centered above them where they can't get at them. If they could draw down my attention, if they could make me hate them, if they could get me to work on their level, then they could poison me."

The Betty Book.pdf (Seite 83 von 134)

"I remember-was it Richard Coeur de Lion? He was in prison, and his friends used to whistle or sing under all the dungeons until they got an answer. The only way to get at people is to call out encouragement to their imprisoned self. After a while you can stimulate it to stir itself and take possession. No use pointing out people's faults and attacking them. That is silly. If you arouse their inner selves, they will take care of their own faults."

Just one aspect all those wonderful people back then did not consider:

When the brain is broken, there is no way for the mortal person to turn towards their inner „Self“, the brain will just NOT allow or enable it. This is the reason why some people are evil and cannot be changed. Oh I know that now. Even the most gifted medium or „station“ as they call such a person can do nothing when their brain is damaged from some childhood accident like an electrical charge (in case of my father) or horrible emotional trauma (father too). Not all people get their brains damaged that way … **but for those who do, it is clear and true: When the brain is sick, the mortal person is lost,** and his or her time on Earth can at the most serve for fellow humans as … well, means to learn something? Or get destroyed by them. Like poor Edith.

Was that her path? It was, obviously. But there is free will, too. And when a malignant narcissist of the worst kind like my father finds a spouse who has a weak „mind“ (because of a tick bite in her youth that resulted in a brain sickness, and it took her a long time to recover, only to meet the monster my „father“ is), then he will destroy that poor creature.

I am standing up to him – always was, always was smarter and more talented and had an intense „light“ in me – and that is why he will hate me to his last breath. I am sure of it.

Unless something happens … but then**, the brain will not recover.** It is clear on a scientific level, that the brains of malignant narcissists and demented people lack certain areas of substance that have to do with emotions … so the mortal that my „father“ was in a sense of having „fathered“ me or „sired“ my body, will NEVER „heal“ or change or recover. His soul probably wants out … if his „path“ is done.
Is it?

human beings in the front row. I argue that I can't live in a material world without doing many little things; and THEY argue that that is Just what we are sent here for, to find out what things are worth doing and what are not. They have great respect for material labor and necessities and such things; but they are only so important. They are not asking me it with thought.. For instance, having enveloped you with it, I could say: 'This substance will gradually seep into you, permeate you, relax your nervous system.' And by replenishment I could keep you from ever shutting out-being impervious, nerve bound. In that case it would be a healing kind of thing-I think it is possible to direct it in other ways. First you envelope in it; and then you put any kind of thought you want into it. It would have to be very carefully handled-a terrible power! The strange part is, it looks as though I might be able to smother evil with it.

Funny detail, just when I wrote the title to this entry, I realized that it reminded me of the second installment of my spiritual SciFi-epic „Regents of Clouds“; because it is entitled **„The Evil Above“.**

August 5, 2025

Aw, „***Monk***“ … he had a ***near-death experience*** and met his beloved „Julie“ … oh wow. This was good to watch.

August 7, 2025

The day that I saw Bob again as a dying man seven years ago … feels suffocating to think about it.

The Betty Book.pdf (Seite 87 von 134)

"From where I am, suffering looks like just a great mass of work you've got to force yourself to attack and bit by bit lessen, transmute, consume,-I can't understand why it doesn't make me any SORRIER. It is so different from the way I have always felt before. I feel deeply responsible and solicitous, but the feeling has a curious proportion. I am spending my energy in a given ratio. In place of spending my attention in being sorry over unharmonized ingredients; I associate myself, I join forces with the vastly greater proportion, the greater harmony. Wait, wait! I've got to investigate this! It's so different from the way I've always felt; I've spent my life being sorry for people."

"If you do only that," said the Invisible, "it is like sitting with and sympathizing with a sick person instead of getting the Great Doctor who could cure him."

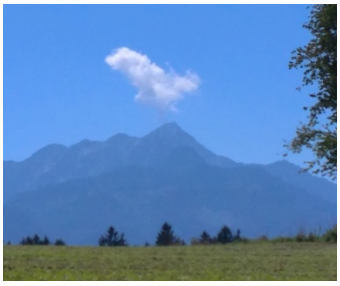
August 8, 2025

Today seven (!) years ago I woke up in our beloved „housie“ on Maui after having arrived the night before to see (dying) Bob again after four years.

And today twenty-four years ago I woke up in Norways and my beloved dog Kimba had been killed by a car the night before.

Today I walked Sandy, and „480 FF“ showed up … meaning „keep going with …“ – and then, „480“ can mean „video production“ or just „sound“ like „talking“ … with Bob, that is. 48000 Hz is the sound rate for video production, Bob told me over and over.

And does this look like a ***penis smoke coming out of a volcano*** or what? Today seven years ago I woke up on Maui after having arrived late the night before – to find Bob a dying wreck. My shock has never really been truly dealt with.



August 11, 2025
Found a deflated balloon in the forest … seems to be awfully poignant … topics in my life that have deflated … but what am I supposed to do? Revive them? Drop and discard them?

August 13, 2025
It was a tough day … one of many … but my father doesn't even try anymore to be at least not openly hateful. He growls when he sees me and shoots such hateful glances at me … I can only stand it because when I discipline myself, I get to walk Sandy. And she is so happy when I come and runs ahead to the gate …

There really is no stopping them, they are too far gone and aging messes with their minds to begin with. Take what you can, limit the rest and do what you have to do so there is no guilt on your end after they go.

First of all, in their mind they are doing nothing wrong in their life. They take no responsibility for other's feelings like hurting someone, making them cry, sadness, being rude, being abusive, explosive anger... the bottom line is that they are incapable of even caring for anyone they are in a relationship with along with their feelings due to the fact they lack emotional empathy. You have to realize you are just an "object" in their life to tear down, put down and throw under the bus just so they feel the **superiority**, **power** and **control** over you that they are so addicted to and crave because it calms them down. That is no place to be with a person like that.

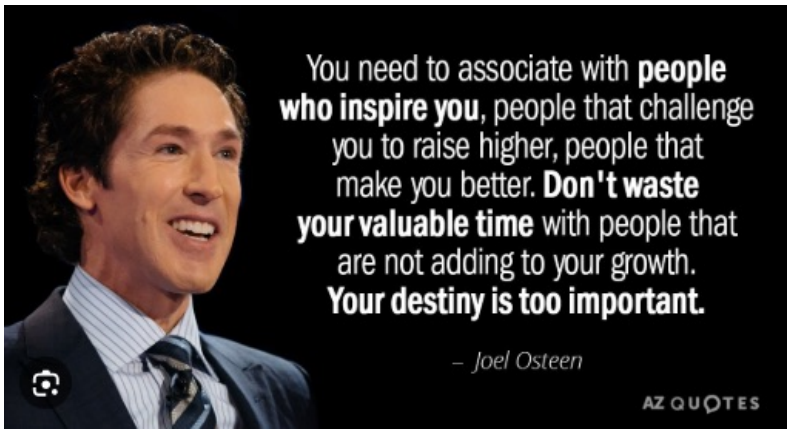
caring for anyone they are in a relationship with along with their feelings due to the fact they lack emotional empathy. You have to realize you are just an "object" in their life to tear down, put down and throw under the bus just so they feel the **superiority**, **power** and **control** over you that they are so addicted to and crave because it calms them down. That is no place to be with a person like that.

If they have children or if the spouse or partner hasn't left them and is still sticking around for the sake of loyalty, will pay the price for the narcissist stage of aging. The narcissist will take out their frustration, and anger onto the person closet to them just as they did when they were younger though the abuse is even more egregious. This causing the victim to leave or depending on the age most adult children or spouses of

of entitlement and they will never admit inferiority, thus the need to always be right. You can show them evidence of something in an encyclopedia and they will swear it's a misprint if it's not what they believe to be true. You will become exasperated, frustrated, disgusted and overall worn out by trying to persuade them otherwise. You will spend your entire life attempting to gain a balanced relationship where there is give and take on both sides; with a narcissist there is only one side - theirs. The narcissist doesn't THINK they're right - they KNOW they're right and you will not convince them of anything else.

Secondly, they have never loved anyone in their life, humans or animals, even their children because they are incapable of loving and trusting anyone in their life. In fact, when you date one, they treat you like you are the best thing in their life treating you to

I looooove Joel Osteen … and here is a quote that I cherish:

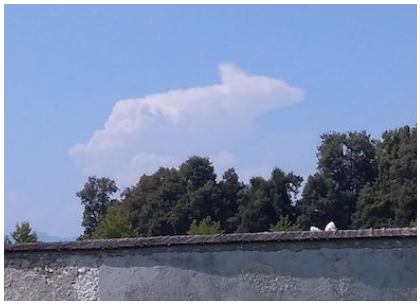
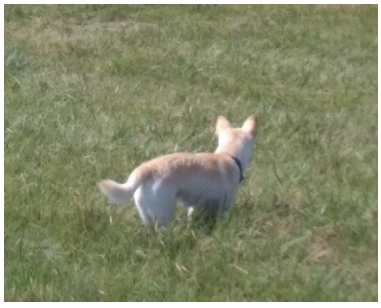

You need to associate with **people who inspire you**, people that challenge you to raise higher, people that make you better. **Don't waste your valuable time** with people that are not adding to your growth. **Your destiny is too important.**
– Joel Osteen
AZ QUOTES

I am eternally greatful to all the people who shared their knowledge and insights about narcissists - I can just google and feel a bit better. My father is old … but I have the feeling that until his last breath he will do anything possible to hurt me.

There really is no stopping them, they are too far gone and aging messes with their minds to begin with. Take what you can, limit the rest and do what you have to do so there is no guilt on your end after they go.

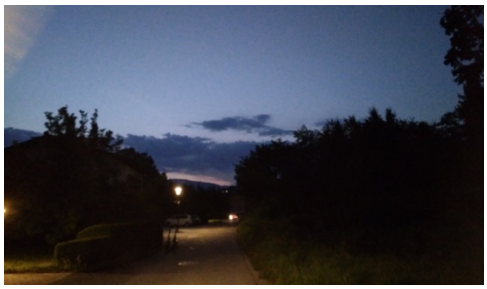
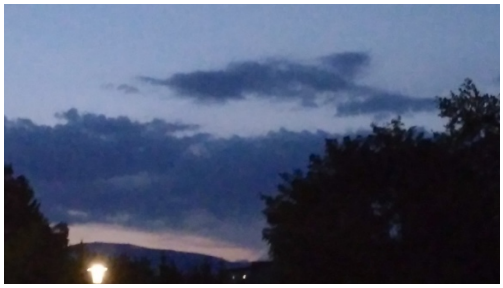
August 14, 2025 **– Reflection of Tino in the Sky**

Today I had an experience walking at Rosegg – as if „zumbuddy" was trying to point out that they „see what I see". Look at this: I am always watching Tino, of course … and there he was, right in the sky too!

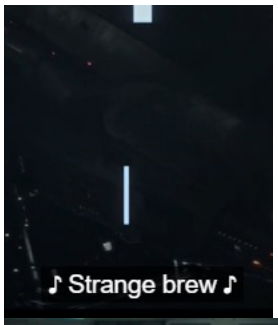



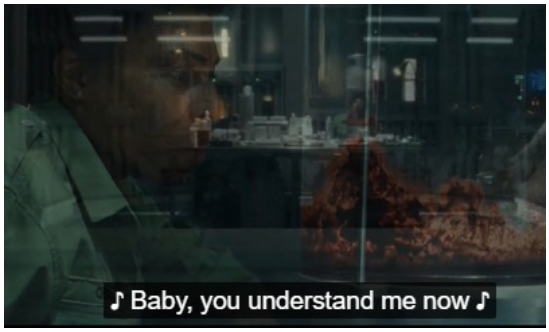
August 16, 2025 – **„Monk“ and his „father“ & the Alien Song**

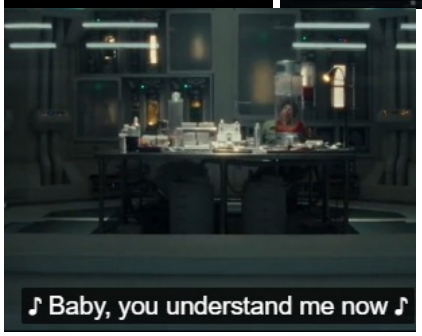
Last night I saw the most amazing **sky shark** … long time no see.

And: I looked into the movie ***„Alien: Earth“***, couldn't stand it, but there was a song, and the lyrics spoke to me – SO MUCH:







(Yeah: The meaning is a bit of a secret, but it reflects absolutely and totally some aspect of my life of late.)

Oh wow, my father is just the cruelest monster ever … at least, I am „free“, I think, because from now on I will never ever feel pity for him anymore. I cooked with a lot of thought and love chicken ragout with veggies and potatoes yesterday, especially for him, as he likes chicken, and he barely eats veggies, so I wanted to get him something healthy. He did eat it greedily, and he asked me to put the rest, a whole other meal, into a pot „for tomorrow“.

Today I showed up with the promised fresh apple strudle – and he was so mean and heartless right when I came in, I had Jacqui and Tino with me to get Sandy some company, that I felt my stomach turn. Then I asked for the food from yesterday, because I could smell he had just cooked something. He looked at me with his usual bitter insane hated and yelled that he did not know where it was, maybe in the basement. So I opened the door to the trash area under the sink – and there it was, my chicken ragout, in the trash, along with the pot where it was in.
I was outraged. But he only yelled that „crap like that he can't eat twice“.

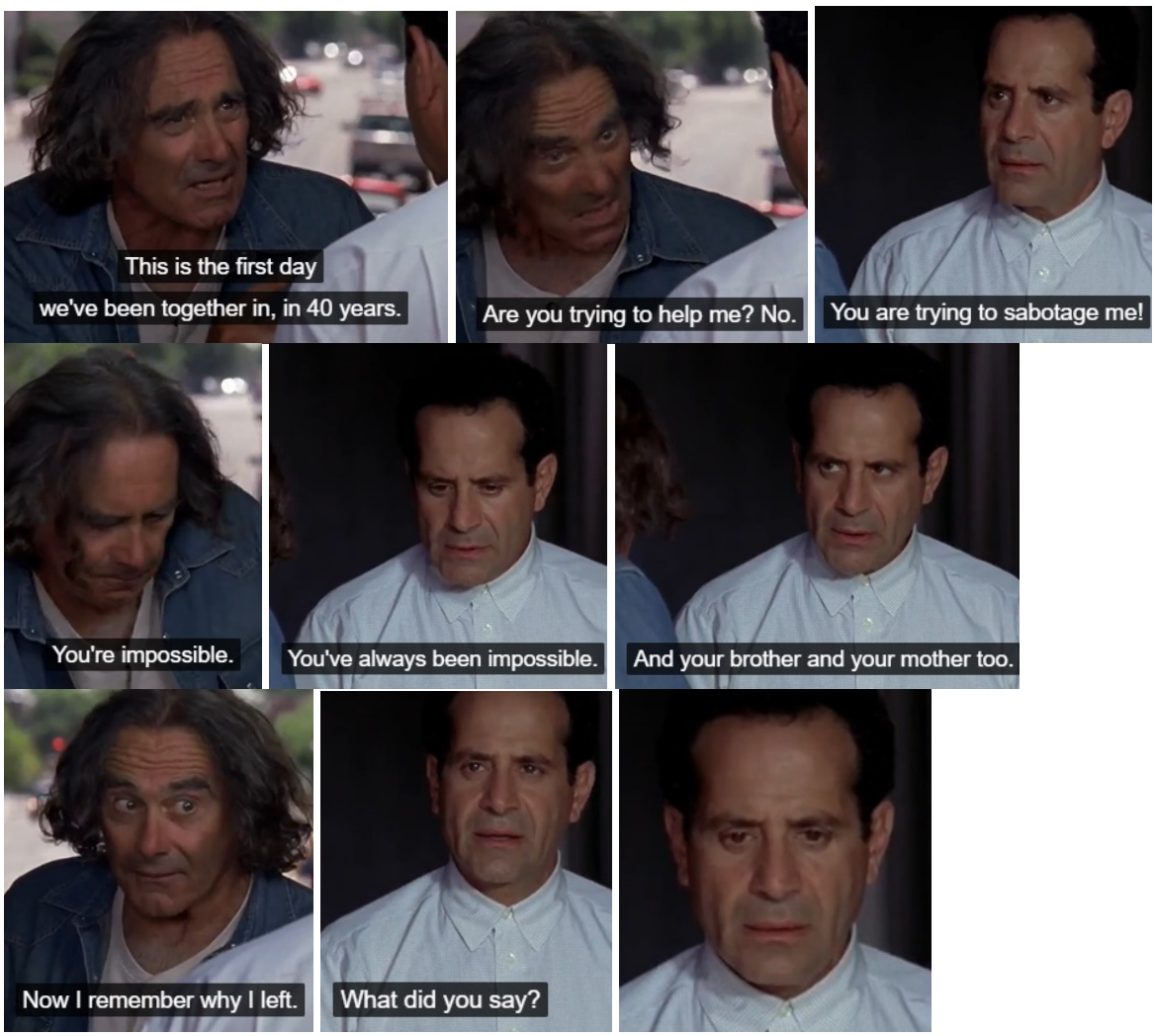
I was so hurt and disappointed. Note – he insulted me WHILE eating the apple strudel.

So I took the food outside and spread it on the lawn behind the house and let the dogs eat it. They loved it … they were so sweet and respectful with each other, no growling, they ate next to each other.

Unfortunately I could not stay, I told him I would never ever cook anything for him ever again, and then I did not speak another word with him, did not look at him, took the dogs and left. I threw some chewing treat over the fence for Sandy … so sorry for the girl, she must have looked forward to walking so much.

I felt so heartbroken … reminded me of several, actually many (!) occasions throughout my life when my „father“ had been the cruel monster to me and my brother like he had been today.

And then, guess what: I watched some „**Monk**“ while eating dinner – and there it was: Poor Adrian was treated very similarly cruelly by his „father“. ***The fuckass even yelled with a hateful grimace and hit stuff with his flat hand, like my fucking „father“ always does.***


This is the first day
we've been together in, in 40 years.
Are you trying to help me? No.
You are trying to sabotage me!
You're impossible.
You've always been impossible.
And your brother and your mother too.
Now I remember why I left.
What did you say?

What are the odds? Monk heartbroken facing a cruel monster. Oh I can relate.

And of course … I have to read up to remind myself that I am not alone with a situation like that.

r/narcissisticparents • vor 7 Monaten
Ok-Memory2552

Even on his deathbed he was cruel and evil.

My malignant narcissist father was violent, aggressive and tried to isolate me from the outside world my entire life. When he was diagnosed with cancer and given six months to live, he deteriorated fast. He lost 50 pounds, was very weak and skeletal looking. Even in his weakness, when he couldn't even walk anymore, he insulted and berated me. He told me how much of an idiot he thought I was and how stupid he believed me to be. These people are insidious and the insanity! He was one foot in the grave and still couldn't stop tormenting me.

I was there, I watched her say that to my mom. But my mom is a 100% carbon copy of her own f-ed up mom. She's done everything to me that her own mom did to her. So I already know what she will do on her death bed: she will be evil and then beg me to tell her that I love her. Shit, I should go just to say, "Lady, you're gonna burn for what you did to me and so many other people. I'll see you in Hell. I'm thrilled that you're dying."

taking care of them and I don't care of those nurses treat them like crap. To me it's sad it's come to the point that any of us feel that way. Parents should love their kids and kids love their parents. No one should have terrible thoughts. It's totally understandable and valid but it's still sad.

Can we talk about the n-father/daughter relationship?

I CONSTANTLY see women talk about growing up with a narcissistic mother but almost never see women talk about what happens when you have a narcissistic father. I was the oldest (and scapegoat) daughter and I think the abuse I suffered is very unique to that birth order and my gender.

I guess I'm just asking if any other girls/women in here have narcissistic fathers, what was your experience and what do you struggle with as a result, and do you still have contact with him?

some kind of consistency and safe space for her. Parents start to realize this dynamic, start manipulating and shame injecting to play me against mother/ sister / vice versa Constant belittling and perceptual abuse on my end, meanwhile I saved me and my sister and we're both extremely successful considering our upbringing, narc father divorced our BPD mom an remarried an alcoholic and has become one himself. BPD mom is addicted to some kind of unconfirmed opiate/painkillers/coke/something you snort. I'm open to answer or discuss

My therapist once said something that resonated so hard, "In every aspect of his life he gets to be the "good" guy/ the better of two evils, very intentional it seems" lol they're so nasty down to they're cell membranes. Very true that he sets himself up to be the innocent victim all while destroying the lives of three women with his perpetual avoidance. Being a father commands a lot, and truly he is an empty rotted shell of what a human should be, a parody almost. Like he's just trying his best to mimic what an actual empathic person would do and behave like. I call them Lizard people.

his face like that. But his body language doesn't change, and his face is too extreme. Like Happy Clown or Sad Panda (IYKYK). It's effing creepy. The only time it looks real is when he's feeling sorry for himself lol. That one he gets right every time.

Horrible narcissistic father, E/covert narc mother. I'm the oldest daughter too, standing up to him meant I got the worst of his behaviour. No one in life has been crueler than him, even when I was more vulnerable and would put up with mistreatment from others, I'd heard so much awful shit from him and my narc sister, in the back of my head I'd be thinking 'is this all you've got '?

Grandiose narcissistic father and BPD psychotic narcissistic mother. Honestly, I don't know who fucked me up more. All I know, all boundaries were trampled in our household (my door

her in confidence); my father expected me to hand over my salary and always entered my room while I was changing. Extreme beatings when you were perceived to have done something wrong. Always in front of other people. But later they claimed they 'never laid a finger on me'. They constantly compared me unfavourable with my cousin and brother (both golden children). I can't remember a single time I was hugged or told I was loved in my entire

When you picture a narcissist, you may imagine someone who simply can't stop talking about themselves. They want everyone to know how much they've achieved and how much more they're capable of. Malignant narcissism takes this a step further by including an element of cruelty. This type of narcissist doesn't simply delight in being admired; they delight in humiliating and hurting others—so much so, that their behavior might even be sociopathic at times. The pain they inflict doesn't necessarily need to be physical. They may aim to tear you down emotionally.

might even be sociopathic at times. The pain they inflict doesn't necessarily need to be physical. They may aim to tear you down emotionally.

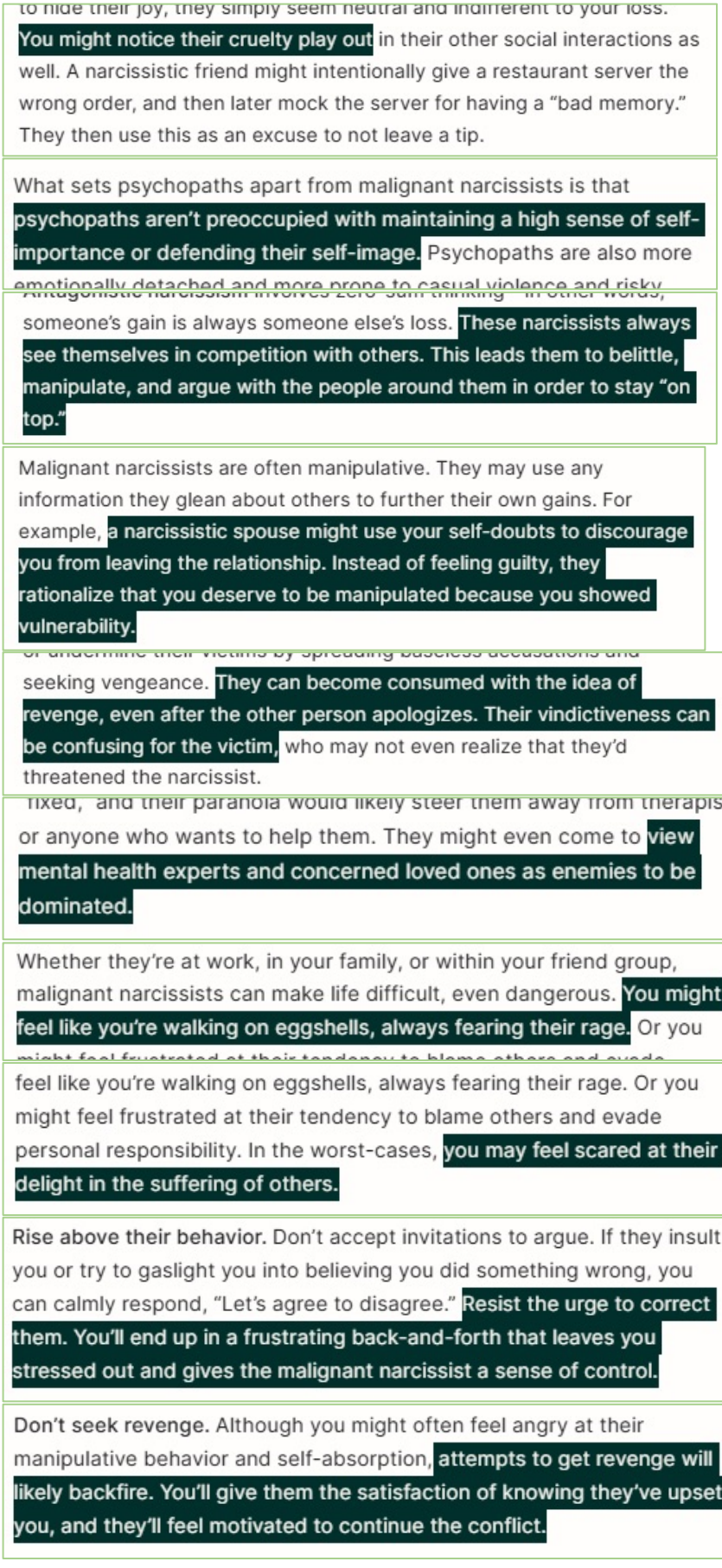
They may belittle you in public, ripping into your self-esteem to make themselves feel superior, or use fits of rage and threats of violence to intimidate you into obedience. Or they might take a more subtle

One of the key aspects of a malignant narcissist is their sadistic behavior. They may genuinely enjoy the suffering of others. For instance, a malignant narcissist boss might openly mock and criticize you in front of

Their cruelty can also rise to the level of physical aggression, especially when they feel provoked. For instance, if you try to stand up to the malignant narcissist and injure their ego while doing so, they might resort to throwing items against the wall or even attacking you directly.

Empathy is the ability to see things from another person's point of view and feel their emotions. Malignant narcissists typically won't recognize your feelings or acknowledge your perspective. Instead, they're only concerned with their own opinions, wants, and needs. If you seek

Then, they shift to devaluation. They become overly critical, mean, and dismissive. Meanwhile, their attention moves back to their own opinions, wants, and accomplishments.



to hide their joy, they simply seem neutral and indifferent to your loss. You might notice their cruelty play out in their other social interactions as well. A narcissistic friend might intentionally give a restaurant server the wrong order, and then later mock the server for having a "bad memory." They then use this as an excuse to not leave a tip.

What sets psychopaths apart from malignant narcissists is that psychopaths aren't preoccupied with maintaining a high sense of self-importance or defending their self-image. Psychopaths are also more emotionally detached and more prone to casual violence and risky

Antagonistic narcissism involves zero-sum thinking—in other words, someone's gain is always someone else's loss. These narcissists always see themselves in competition with others. This leads them to belittle, manipulate, and argue with the people around them in order to stay "on top."

Malignant narcissists are often manipulative. They may use any information they glean about others to further their own gains. For example, a narcissistic spouse might use your self-doubts to discourage you from leaving the relationship. Instead of feeling guilty, they rationalize that you deserve to be manipulated because you showed vulnerability.

or undermine their victims by spreading baseless accusations and seeking vengeance. They can become consumed with the idea of revenge, even after the other person apologizes. Their vindictiveness can be confusing for the victim, who may not even realize that they'd threatened the narcissist.

fixed," and their paranoia would likely steer them away from therapist or anyone who wants to help them. They might even come to view mental health experts and concerned loved ones as enemies to be dominated.

Whether they're at work, in your family, or within your friend group, malignant narcissists can make life difficult, even dangerous. You might feel like you're walking on eggshells, always fearing their rage. Or you might feel frustrated at their tendency to blame others and evade

feel like you're walking on eggshells, always fearing their rage. Or you might feel frustrated at their tendency to blame others and evade personal responsibility. In the worst-cases, you may feel scared at their delight in the suffering of others.

Rise above their behavior. Don't accept invitations to argue. If they insult you or try to gaslight you into believing you did something wrong, you can calmly respond, "Let's agree to disagree." Resist the urge to correct them. You'll end up in a frustrating back-and-forth that leaves you stressed out and gives the malignant narcissist a sense of control.

Don't seek revenge. Although you might often feel angry at their manipulative behavior and self-absorption, attempts to get revenge will likely backfire. You'll give them the satisfaction of knowing they've upset you, and they'll feel motivated to continue the conflict.

Just horror.

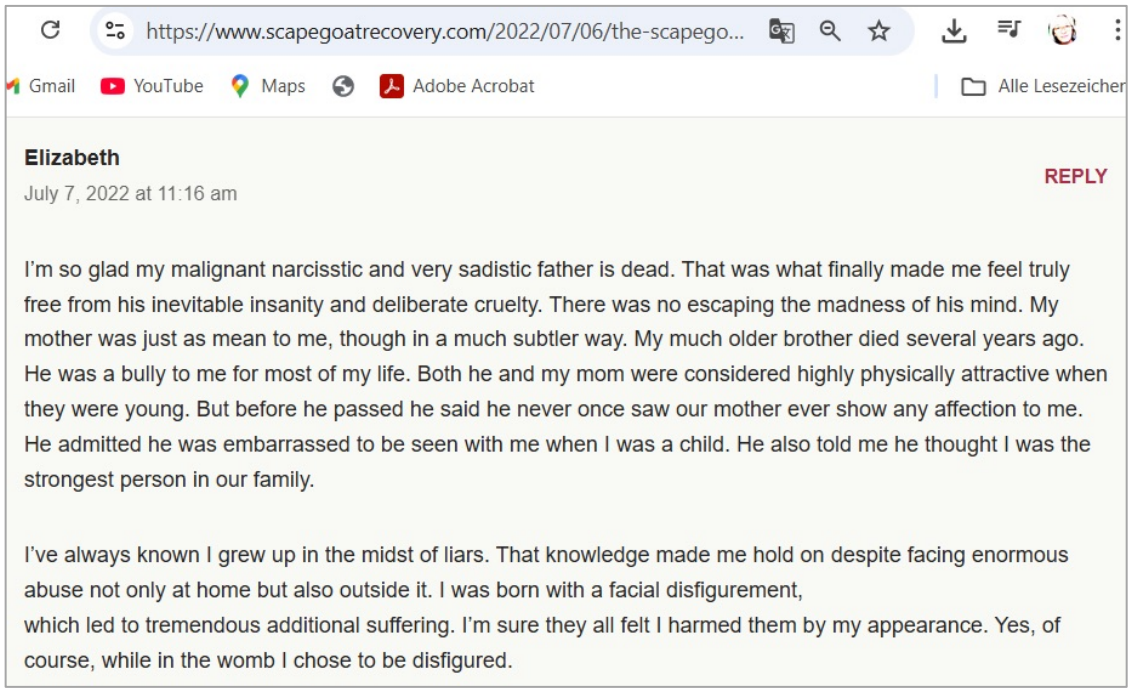
August 17, 2025

Horrible dreams … I don't want to relive the details, but they were about people in my life I MUST stay away from, because they keep disappointing me, lying to me and taking advantage of my patience and interest – but have none for me. And others who simple are not on my wave length and will never understand what I am all about … being with them is only a favor to them … but I got nothing out of it. Also not help with my dogs who are the most important creatures to me, of course including Sandy.

I found a tiny **safety pin** on a forest path. Why? *(Note: Will need it in 11 days.)*

Also: A weird license plate number, with my name in connection with „Ha", the Hawaiian word for life force, and the numbers 7 …?

In need of information … like most nights, to comfort my poor heart: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Elizabeth

July 7, 2022 at 11:16 am

REPLY

I'm so glad my malignant narcisstic and very sadistic father is dead. That was what finally made me feel truly free from his inevitable insanity and deliberate cruelty. There was no escaping the madness of his mind. My mother was just as mean to me, though in a much subtler way. My much older brother died several years ago. He was a bully to me for most of my life. Both he and my mom were considered highly physically attractive when they were young. But before he passed he said he never once saw our mother ever show any affection to me. He admitted he was embarrassed to be seen with me when I was a child. He also told me he thought I was the strongest person in our family.

I've always known I grew up in the midst of liars. That knowledge made me hold on despite facing enormous abuse not only at home but also outside it. I was born with a facial disfigurement,
which led to tremendous additional suffering. I'm sure they all felt I harmed them by my appearance. Yes, of course, while in the womb I chose to be disfigured.

Narcissists know they don't need to lie, hurt, manipulate, or betray people to get what they want. They just *choose* to do these things. That's the evil part. Their sickness doesn't force them to hurt others; it's their *want* that drives them to be selfish and cruel. When you come across a truly "evil" narcissist, that behavior isn't an accident. It's a choice. Evil isn't something that can be excused or forgiven. They do things the way they *want* to, even though they know it's wrong, because it's easier or better for them.

https://jreidtherapy.com/unprotected-from-narc

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Sometimes – tragically – something unnatural happens. A child is born to someone motivated by something other than human connection. Instead this person wants to see others – even his or her own children – suffer. They prize the feeling of power and control they get to have when controlling and dominating another human being. This feeling becomes so valued that no appeal to morality will impede them. A person with this kind of motivation structure is known as a malignant narcissist. Saving others from harm does not matter to them. Or worse, it matters, but in the opposite direction – they *want* to harm others. They react to confrontations of their abusive behavior by denying, blaming the victim for 'overreacting', or claiming the victim deserved it.

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Terry had a narcissistic mother and 'enabler' parent as a father. When he was 4 years old, he came out to say goodnight to both parents. His mother may have found him to be in too high of spirits and decided he needed to be knocked down. She asked him if he had brushed his teeth and he told her he had. She recoiled with an over-dramatic gasp and said, "Oh Terry, how can you tell a lie like that?". He had, in fact, brushed his teeth so he was confused but knew something bad was going to happen. He insisted that he had brushed them and was met with her turning to his father and saying, "Can you believe that he is standing there lying to us?". Terry's father put down his beer, grabbed him by the elbow, spun Terry around and spanked him three times. The physical pain was not significant to Terry. The knowledge that Terry had a mother who wanted to set him up for such abuse – and a father who would go along with it – was.*

1. You feel constantly provoked and gaslighted

Feeling like your perpetrator is constantly provoking you is one of the key indicators of reactive abuse. They may engage in behaviors that are deliberately designed to upset, confuse, or anger you and then deny doing so. This tactic, known as gaslighting, can make you question your own perception of reality.

2. You experience intense emotional outbursts

Another sign of reactive abuse is experiencing intense emotional outbursts that feel out of character for you. Because the perpetrator may systematically erode your emotional stability, your reactions can become more volatile over time.

Example: You find yourself so emotional: screaming, crying, or even throwing objects during arguments, which is not how you typically handle conflict. These reactions are often a direct result of prolonged exposure to stress and manipulation.

3. The abuser plays the victim card

A classic move in reactive abuse is when the abusive partner plays the "victim card." After provoking a reaction from you, they may use your response to portray themselves as the victim and you as the aggressor.

Getting over abuse is a process that calls for patience, community, and expert help. You can take steps towards a better and more empowered future by recognizing the abuse, creating a support system, and taking care of yourself.

Remember, your reactions are a response to prolonged trauma, not a reflection of who you are. You deserve to heal and live a life free from abuse!

Don't expect him to change. Some people can and do change, but that has to be on their terms. The more you expect your father to act differently, the more you're setting yourself up for disappointment.

August 19, 2025

I am flashing back so hard to the August days seven years ago … approaching September, knowing that I would leave Maui on September 11, and Bob was so desperately sick … but I felt so at home there … and then shit happened.

Very hard to handle given that I have no loving family here at all, and no friends who would care. I am a Wahine Kapu, like I have always suspected.

August 20, 2025

„***Hula***" on Monk … breaks my heart. And yes, sometimes I am able to prioritize the „paradise" aspects of my life on Maui … but more and more I realize that my relationship with Bob was very similar to that with my father now.

August 22, 2025

Truly interesting ***license plate numbers*** … make me realize that I have no fucking idea where to truly turn regarding projects for the future. „Mothership“ would be an alltime favorite, but without a true believer and supporter I would have no chance to make it.

Plus … on „***Monk***“ … my thoughts that my father is so weak and wobly sometimes with his backpain and bent posture, that I often worry what I will get to see when I come visit. His bedroom is upstairs, and his supplies are mostly in the basement … stairs everywhere.

Also … uncanny:

I have just begun to translate the book ***„Jesus The Man“*** by ***Dr. Barbara Thiering*** … and it’s all about Bethlehem and Israel and Angels and The Sons of the Sun … and there it was, in „***Monk***“ … reflected back at me:

August 25, 2025
Ball cloud … like every shit in life is accumulating around me …

August 27, 2025 – **Baby, baby, baby!**

I just can't make myself to write the details of my life … my father is unbearably cruel to me, but his evil five-year-old's brain will never realize or acknowledge his behaviour … so I can only seek and find solace and sanctuary swimming in lake Wörthersee … I am dreading the time when the water will be too cold.

I am so disappointed, … in people, the world. I shared the Native of Owhyhee links with many folks … so far, only one responded, telling me that his organisation (Calvinist history) cannot hand on my work … geez, I sent it for people to watch it, privately, because the WANTED to. At least that was what I had in mind.

I met a friend for a walk … oh so much ignorance. But at least she did listen.

My father was today in such a horrible mood … he insulted and hurt me even more than usual … I am his CHILD. And all he does is berate me, call me stupid and worse …

Yesterday he could not open the bungalow door with the key and went berserk when I suggested to try … eventually he flung the key on the table, of course I opened the door right away. Turned out, the insulation tape was too thick, it was necessary to pull the door closed hard to be able to turn the key … it took a while for him to understand that. But no thank you, no appreciation, only more and more and monre insults … I

But I knew something was coming … because this noon, I took Jacqui and Tino to the forest and took a path that I had not even meant to walk, including a turn into another path where I had never been before. And there, to my total bafflement – I looked down (in the middle of the forest), and there were ***three words made from some thin metal foil*** on the forest path, saying **„baby"**. Oh wow. Immediately I „heard" Bob's voice in my head, saying ***„Oh baby oh baby oh baby"***, when something upsetting or extraordinary happened. And there it was, „Oh baby oh baby oh baby" … in walking on, I discovered a forth but mangled „baby".

And later, when I walked Sandy, I found **plastic „beads"** in Bob's colors …

Sigh.

Is that supposed to comfort and support me?

I had to flee from my father's place, I could not stand the presence of this insane fuck anymore. He is mentally entirely ill … he needs to be locked up. I just have no way to bring this about. Shall I pray? To fucking who for what? Edith and my father's parents brought this shit on me … and I am supposed to do the fuck what with it?

Mother had a trip to Italy today and called me, entirely happy.

And I washed stuff at her place. Received to pieces of cake from her neighbor. Gave one to my father. He would NEVER EVER say anything nice or even remotely friendly to me. He breaks out in insults against me all the time … I am so so so so so tired of it. I realize only now how fucked up my childhood and teenagehood really were.

The horror.

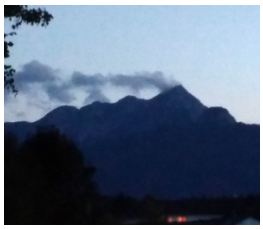
It is good for me to do the translation work I have begun a few weeks ago – the works of Stewart E. White and of Barbara E. Thiering. Keeps my mind supple, and I am learning details. Training my brain.

Remember I found a safety pin on August 17? Well, today my jeans ripped when I squatted down … and it came in very handy.

<u>September 1, 2025</u> **– Aloha to me!**

Walking Sandy at lake Saissersee, I was greeted by … „Aloha". I was stunned shitless.

Weird clouds, too …



September 4, 2025

Oh my … I keep watching *„Law & Order": SVU"* because I like the main characters, makes me sad, too, because the days of my work life are over … it still feels like I could choose a real good profession, like in law enforcement … and then I realize I am 61 years old. Here I got reminded of what I have to go through every single fucking day – ***a madly aggressive hateful father*** … and shit do I remember the dread growing up, the constantly lurking verbal ***violence***, the horribe screaming …

Is it that I am watching this to feel … not so alone, being a victim of so much abuse?

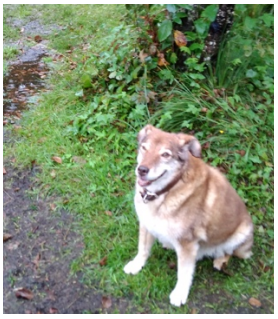
September 13, 2025 – **The small orange fruit & the Black Woodpecker**

Oh my. It struck me that I missed those most important dates of my life, **„910" and „911" –** but the truth is, the good-bye with Bob never even entered my mind in those days. Yesterday I realized that … and images like this, taken on 9/11, the 11th of September 2025 …

*„**B** & **D** at our address **222** Haulani Street"*

… prove, that „zumbuddy" did not forget and put a „note" in my realm. Found feathers on September 9.

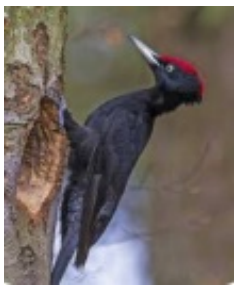
How suiting, that on September 10, the infamous „**MEA 910**" on Bob's Honda Accord's license plate, I took the ***dogs for a walk in the pouring rain*** … but I had to try so hard to let the hell regarding my „parents" behind and relax, that I did not even think what special date that was … How far away is that „world" of mine on Maui … and yet, so close. When I allow myself to think back, it is as if I was there, in an instant, I feel *myself* so clearly, like my personality is still there and not here, in this hell of pressure and free-floating trying to grab what's supposed to save … well, save what? Me? My life?



I realized when putting in the pictures, that on September 10 something amazing did happen … a bird, the Schwarzspecht, the **„Black Woodpecker".**

A few days ago I met a young woman, Julia, in the middle of the forest, walking my dogs. She literally broke through the brush … looking like Pocahontas. We ended up talking about suiting forest paths for her to bring her Kindergarden group for some exploration. She told me about the various kinds of soil, and I shared about the red earth of Hawaii. She said that she had intended to move to Hawaii by 40, but this didn't seem to happen. She was very interested in my documentary and told me her email-adress. So I sent her the files of „Native of Owhyhee" for downloading. She responded, that she was very happy for the tipps about the forest paths – and that on the one she had chosen among my suggestions, she had had a very interesting encounter with a Black Woodpecker.

So in the morning I read that email, and later as I walked with the dogs in a forest I don't often go, a **Black Woodpecker** flew right in front of me between the trees! I have never seen one in my life of been aware of it … but there it was! Right after I had heard about that bird for the first time in my life!



Of course I checked about the mythology … it is interesting … great things ahead, it says, and that I am loved and supported. Right.

I was not blessed with parents who cared about me … on the contrary, they have despised of me since I was little, because it was my „fault" that they had to be together, hating each other. *(Note: Realized a bit later that I really was never loved, like lastingly, for who I am. Never in this lifetime except by – the dogs.)* I am now so old at 61, because I still feel as if I was 35, and everything was just about to begin, everything good, my relationship, my career, my … ME. But it is not. How to cope? I will not abandon my three dogs. Breaks my heart everytime I have to leave Sandy behind. But give where I live now it is better for her to be with my „father" … at least he does not mistreat her expect for feeding her garbage and not walking her …

I keep watching ***„Law & Order: SVU",*** because I like the main characters … and it is just stunning, how sometimes what is said just reflects directly what I keep hearing in real life (and I don't want to think about what happened when I was a child) … like a ***narcissist mother emotionally and verbally abusing*** her son … so horrible, so familiar:

Also … in an episode of „Law & Order: SVU“ someone said this:

(In the movie it is a doll.)

And I was flashed right into my scifi franchise screenplay world of „**Regents of Clouds**“, where ***„Princess Alexis“*** is one of the main characters. A hint?

Yes, I did consult blogs that evening … and I do remember the evening of September 10, 2018, after the last day I ever spent with Bob … the dread, the surreal feeling going to bed in housie, listening towards his bedroom … And now … I am in another hell.

Suzette hoped to find a solution by finding a senior home-care service and a nearby assisted living home, but her mother refused both options. She felt she had no choice but to stay with her mother and take the abuse.

How the Elderly Abuse Their Caregivers

There are many other others like Suzette who only want to help their parents. But caregiving can be dangerous to the caregiver's well-being when parents are angry, callous, and controlling. The types of abuse tactics that are commonly used include:

- Yelling
- Lying
- Accusing
- Excessive demands
- Name-calling
- Contempt

But know that there are more subtle types of abuse tactics that are commonly used, such as:

- Manipulation
- Gaslighting
- Guilting
- Shaming

Even when parents use these tactics, many caregiving adults feel tremendous guilt if they leave their parents to fend for themselves.

When caregivers don't enable abuse, there is a higher probability that abusers will change, because their tactics aren't as successful. However, don't be surprised if parents initially try to gain back control with harsh reactions to you removing yourself from their influence.

When a parent is abusive, don't escalate the interaction by stepping into their circle of drama and control. Stay in your own emotional circle of loving family members and supportive friends. Participating in unproductive dialogue will only make the situation worse.

About that … in the horrible horrible ordeal that I am forced to live through regarding my insane „father“, ***I turned to Edith*** at some point yesterday, asking her to *„put something into my hand“* if she is right with me and if she did suffer under his tyranny like I can now entirely imagine**.** And immediately **an almost round, entirely orange fruit** appeared on my hand, turned little ways, I thought an **apricot** or a **mandarine**. It was distinct and immediate. Well, I thought … it is the time of fruits, so …

Sure enough, tonight, walking my dogs Jacqui and Tino thinking about the immense pain that creature that is my brain-sick „father“ has brought upon living beings through all his life, probably based on his own childhood trauma … and I considered driving down to his house later (it was already dark) to check on Sandy, see if the door is open, if she is barking … and I

thought I don't trust my eyes, as there was the **image** (!) of **a small entirely orange fruit right there on the street,** just like I had „seen" it on the palm of my hand … on a **soda can** that was standing on the street! I did not have my handy with me, so I could not photograph it, but it was so … uncanny. Pun intended. It stood there, all alone in the dark on the street right on my path. I felt right away that this was „the orange fruit".

So yes, Edith is living through this with me from the other side … seeing that I care about Sandy so much, I took her for a walk around the entire lake Saissersee today, and she loved to swim again and again … (of course I was with my boys out earlier, too) And the „orange round fruit" feels like a real „message" to me. I haven't asked so clearly for a long time, and I have not received so clearly and immediately also in a long time.

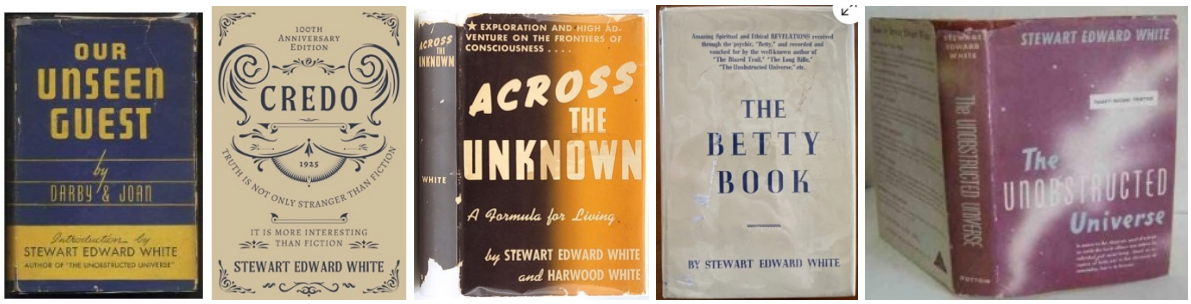
I feel that I must wrap up this contact diary and share it … and I will.

September 14, 2025 – **Revival**

I feel very close to Betty and Stewart E. White.

I realized that there were two relevant books before „The Betty Book" („Credo" and „Across the Unknown", and as I researched „Credo" (that I have not read yet), and found it online, I also came across a biography of Stewart E. White. (Note: There is also „Why Be A Mud Turtle" by S. E. W., but it is more of a self-help book and seems not relevant for the topic the others are about; also, I cannot find an online version, taking this as a hint.) It will be a long way to „The Unobstructed Universe" and to the other books after that.

It was right at the beginning of writing this contact diary that I became aware of their work, and I remember that I did read about their personal life too … Betty becoming a medium, learning how to connect with the beyond and visit there and the dying. Reading about this again, today, wow, sigh, it struck something in me. It feels like a circle … from the year after Bob's death till today.



I look at my father and my mother and how they have affected my life, also in the past years, wow, I must stop wasting my time … but also, it was inevitable learning.

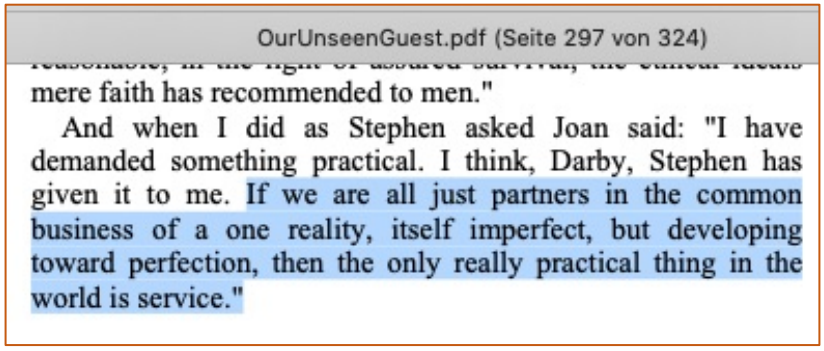
I will translate the Whites' books, I am now finished with „Joan and Darby's" „Our Unseen Guest" and will find out the main open source online sites where the English versions are to publish my German versions. This will open their work to millions of people. I am happy to help do that. **Perhaps that is my job**, because that is what Bob meant when he kept saying that I was „his writer" before his passing. I miss him so much. I keep flashing back to our life together on Maui … also while swimming in lake Wörthersee … it hurts, but I realize how intensely I can „go back", also while lying in my bed here I can instantly „be" on Maui, in „housie" and in my beloved bed … I can still hear, see and smell everything about living there … know how all the items feel …

I feel close to Bob and to Betty and Stewart. I think I am supported after all.

A lot A LOT of work for me to be done.

Like Betty White had to go „too early“, my Bob had to go „too early“ too … so that Stewart and I would be forced to deal with the topic of „continuing life after physical death“.

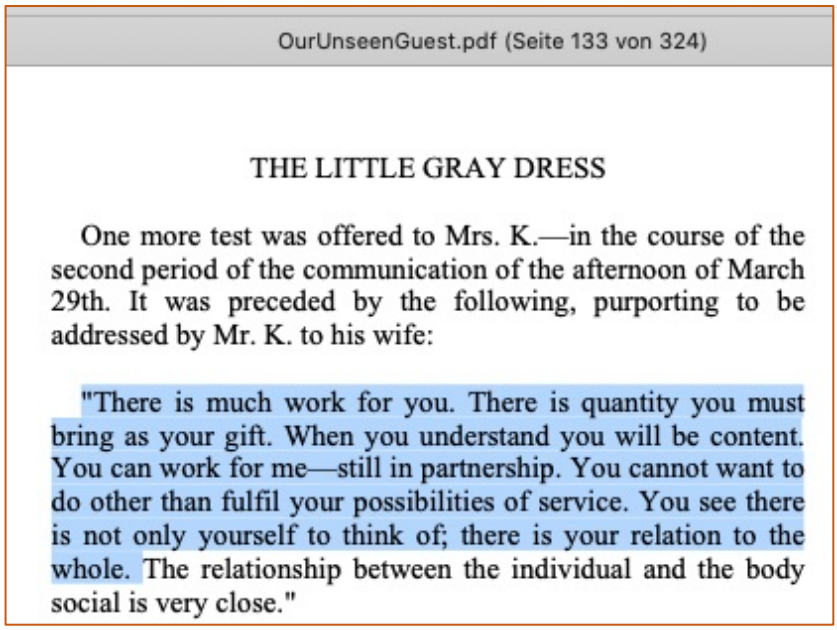
There, I said it. That’s what I understand, this is my truth.


OurUnseenGuest.pdf (Seite 297 von 324)

mere faith has recommended to men."

And when I did as Stephen asked Joan said: "I have demanded something practical. I think, Darby, Stephen has given it to me. If we are all just partners in the common business of a one reality, itself imperfect, but developing toward perfection, then the only really practical thing in the world is service."

Service, huh. The book by „Joan“ and „Darby“ describes wonderfully how small a deed can be to qualify as „service“. Relating „Stephen“ communicated the following:


OurUnseenGuest.pdf (Seite 133 von 324)

THE LITTLE GRAY DRESS

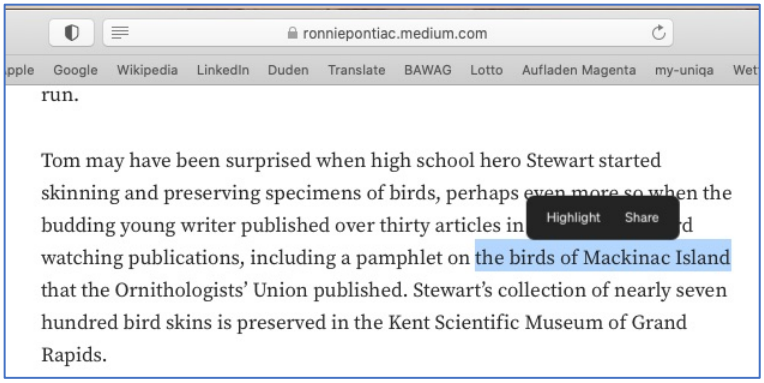
One more test was offered to Mrs. K.—in the course of the second period of the communication of the afternoon of March 29th. It was preceded by the following, purporting to be addressed by Mr. K. to his wife:

"There is much work for you. There is quantity you must bring as your gift. When you understand you will be content. You can work for me—still in partnership. You cannot want to do other than fulfil your possibilities of service. You see there is not only yourself to think of; there is your relation to the whole. The relationship between the individual and the body social is very close."

Stewart was a prolific writer … I am one too. Imagine someone would have ever supported my career and my talents instead of putting me down, hindering me, trying to subdue „my light“, as a new acquaintance once said to me, not long ago … if I had been helped and supported, I could have been „Stewart E. White“ of today. I wrote so much, books, screenplays, novels – NONE of them published or made into films. But I insist they be made. He was so fond of bird like I am … and even **Mackinac Island** is mentioned in his biographical article, more his obituary that I read … the place was a matter of my own research when making the documentary „Native of Owhyhee“, and the name has been stuck in my mind ever since.

I AM A WRITER, and I want to leave a legacy that mankind is aware of.

Reading stuff today, I stumbled across a person I had never heard about, „**Tina Keller**“, a psychologist of the Jungian Era … curious what’s up with that one, will read up later.


ronniepontiac.medium.com
Google
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BAWAG
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run.
Tom may have been surprised when high school hero Stewart started skinning and preserving specimens of birds, perhaps even more so when the budding young writer published over thirty articles in
Highlight
Share
watching publications, including a pamphlet on the birds of Mackinac Island that the Ornithologists' Union published. Stewart's collection of nearly seven hundred bird skins is preserved in the Kent Scientific Museum of Grand Rapids.

So now, I gotta work. I am curious about „Credo“, it will be fun to translate it. I already translated „The Betty Book“; only must do the fine edit … I am good at this. So okay, I will put my innate „quality of consciousness“ to good use.

One thing finally: Whenever I look at the bookcovers and think about Betty and Stewart … I must cry. Tears. Yes. Right now, too. I am emotionally so affected, like hardly anything before only thinking about them.

<u>September 17, 2025</u> – **Keanu Reeves AGAIN**

Oh wow.

Tonight I had the most intense **„Keanu-Reeves-and-me-Loving-Each-Other“-dream** – like SO MANY of that kind over the years, also while I still lived on Maui with Bob… and it was so comforting and nice and loving … and when I woke up, I felt kind of good and had to smile. I felt stronger.

And now, it is night, and I am editing my first translation of „The Betty Book“, I felt compelled to suddenly google him – and sure enough, there is a super cute movie with him, a comedy, with the title **„Good Fortune“;** and **Keanu plays** – and **ANGEL!**

Oh wow. That totally fits my dream. Talk about dreams: I had amazing detailed dreams of ***Bob***. Always with the truth-element – me knowing in my dream that I was dreaming and possibly really meeting Bob in the beyond. But I didn't manage to write them down. It seems like I have run out of steam … I am so tired, a lot. And when I pull myself together, I go with the dogs and take care of my parents.

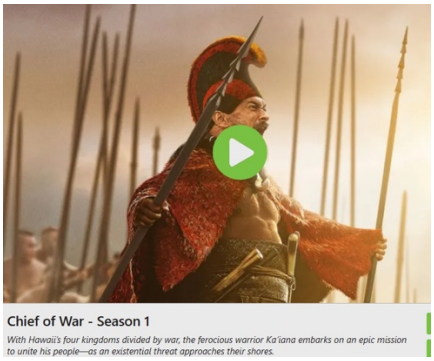
How did I „know“? Does it mean that I should pursue what I think I must pursue – my filmmaking? I have seen so many license plate numbers that point at that, a lot of „**480 FF**“ and „**422 BD**“ and stuff … of wow, I would. But currently I feel so stuck in my parents-situation, and I have so little money, and I am very discouraged by the lack of communication by people I was hoping would respond.

I feel so alone.

Except for Keanu. In my dream. And there – he plays the angel „Gabriel“ in „Good Fortune“.

Well, I take this as a sign. Can’t wait to see the movie.

That said, I cannot make myself watch „Chief of War“, the series about the Hawaiian chiefs, made in Hawaii. Hurts to even consider it. Makes heat flash up in me while I feel sick-ish. Strange.


Chief of War - Season 1
With Hawaii's four kingdoms divided by war, the ferocious warrior Ka'iana embarks on an epic mission to unite his people—as an existential threat approaches their shores.

September 21, 2025 Sunday – **222 LV**

It relaxes me to do the translation work … and I sometimes gasp because it is so spot-on for my current situation.

The Betty Book.pdf (Seite 40 von 134)

"Arouse yourself," they insisted, "It is worth your greatest effort. Once started you cannot choose: you must take all or nothing. You will get as far as your own yearnings carry you. You must not fad. We cannot let you now. We are mightily and intensely pledged to your success. All of my strength goes into this plea tonight to arouse you from your world lethargy. Fix firmly in your mind the things to cling to in times of danger threatening your purpose. The first is grim determination to succeed; and the second is a great heart hunger which is the call of love. These will be your strongholds. Could I lash you to my own frenzy of purpose, I would for your own salvation. We cannot always come with the force of this evening, and I want these words to burn into your soul, to be your obsession and your ruling passion. A tremendous stimulation it should be to you. Power wanes, and I want to leave you at my highest pitch of urgency, calling to the deeps of you to answer the great duty you have been chosen for."

"There is no use trying to do anything if you have a lot of little fishhooks in you all around that keep pulling at you," said they, much later. "There is no use trying to do anything until you get rid of them and assert your independence; it is hard to get these barbed things out."

My father … I have a hard time describing how horrible the situation with my father is … he was really ill on September 18, told me he had thrown up all night … looking weak and feverish … and I went out of my way to help him and make him comfortable, bought stuff in the pharmacy, made soup, strudel, checked on him many times … he seemed grateful … although I saw the hateful glances inspite of my efforts … he explodes all the time, about the cell phone and the trash, anything … he clearly is not right in his head … he had nothing at home to eat, and I offered to go shopping, which he refused, didn’t need anything. (I know enough about narcissists to realize that it’s all with the goal to make me like the uncaring daughter – and that’s what he called me later and much worse.)

I was too skinny. Too overweight. Too smart. Too stupid. Too loud. Too quiet. Too happy. Too sad. There were never any compliments. Never. Just subtle backhanded efforts to make me feel worse about myself. They're bullies and they never matured enough to stop being that way.

Blogs about narcs help.

- Unable to regulate their emotions by themselves which is why they want others to do it all the time.
- No solid sense of self which is why they rely on fleeting external validation from status markers like beauty, wealth or achievement that will never be enough.
- inability to handle challenge, so they demand everyone else make it easy and comfortable for them.
- inability to handle negative emotions or experiences like rejection, embarrassment, jealousy so they project it onto others and make it their problem.
- Want it their way all the time.
- No thought of other people.

They do a lot of damage and it's very hard to learn that it truly isn't personal. Because it isn't.

And yesterday, when I showed up with soup again, he was already highly aggressive, ate the soup, but said right in my face that „he had nobody who is there for him … except for Picej" (his heir, who is now on holiday and is never with him except for a few hours every few weeks bringing some food). I walked Sandy, and when I got back, he was outraged, screamed that he had nothing to eat in the last days, he demanded I get him Wiener Schnitzel … when I tried to remind him of the last days and my help and efforts, he denied everything straightout and called me names … I shouted back and left, and he ran after me and called me names all the way to the garden door … it was so horrible, my heart began to burn, my pancreas to throb – he was so derogatory and horrible, he looked like the scum of evil on earth … I can't bear this. I must get Sandy away from there.

Today I could not make myself to go there … drove by briefly, Sandy came running through the garden, whining and so happy, but I could only throw a treat over the fence and left. There is a chance that my „father" is very unwell today, but I still could not make myself go visit him today.

The name he called me, „Kraxn", Carinthian dialect for a haggard, scrawny ugly woman. A father says that to his daughter who is nothing but nice to him. In my teenage years he kept calling me similar names and told me that nobody would ever find my pretty, compared to my pretty school friends I was just ugly … If I'd let myself, I would recall other abuse, but I can't. I only realized that this monster of a creature had been hurting everyone who ever cared about

him, and I can't believe that he is the one getting away with it … not „he", really, but his broken brain that has enslaved his soul. This brain must be stopped.

Enough.

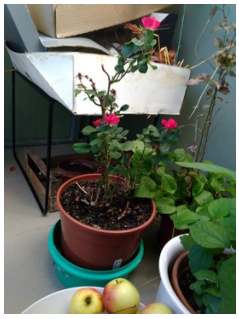
At least I made it to the lake and into the sunshine for a half hour today, and yesterday, for the last days of this intense summer. Can't believe autumn is now.

I sat on the ground in the quiet forest with my dogs today – and I thought of my paternal grandmother Johanna … wondering why it had never occurred to me to try and contact her to ask for help with my father … so I tried to recall her closely … when I asked for something on my hand, a ***basket with kittens appeared.***

Oh the forest … with its wonders … and the clouds …

I felt „comforted" today, when, at the morning walk, a car was parked on the side of the road, blocking our way, and the license plate number read „**222 LV**". Yes, ther was „LOVE" once at „Haulani 222". My only love. Ever.

I love animals, that's for sure. I saw a struggling bee on the lake's surface while I was swimming …and at first I swam on thinking I could not help her, how would I get out of the water … and lots of people watching. But I turned around and put the bee on my hand and swam holding that hand up back to the shore, got out and put the bee on a shrub. I did not care a bit what the people thought of me. I also have been feeding the wasps and bees and hornets on my kitchen window sill, with sugar or honey water. They are so smart. I can put my hand right between them, they respectfully give way and just buzz around me until I gave them the refill. Sweet. I have also been feeding the **birds**, all summer. And the pigeon couple that lives in the tree. I wish I would have a little house of my own with a big garden. That would be my dream.

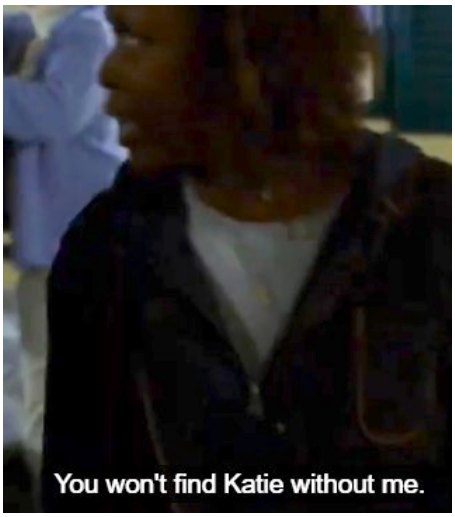


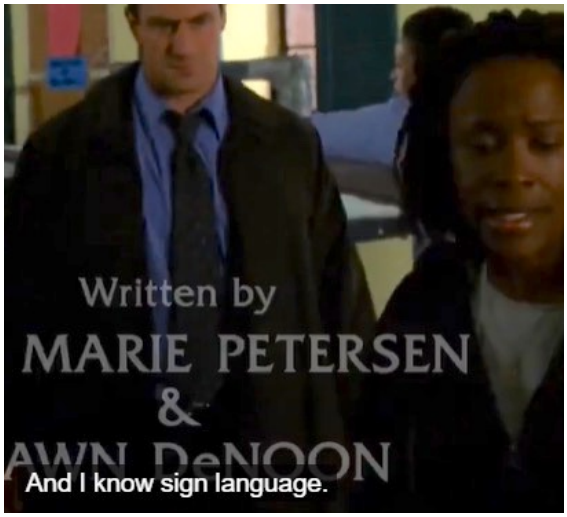
Oh and the lovely rose on my balcony … gives me joy. It was a throw-away root tangle on the cemetery, and it grew so nicely.

Here are some images that I took in September … maybe the mean something to you, the reader … they felt intense to me.

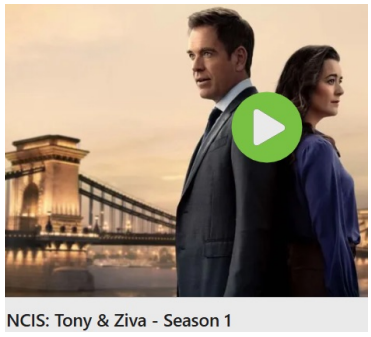
September 24, 2025 – **Sign language plus Tony & Ziva TODAY**

Again, synchronicity in „Law & Order: SVU“ – I have just begun to ***learn sign language!***





So there was one TV-series that Bob loved … **loved! It is „NCIS“. The original, with Mark Harmon. Bob loved it!** And I have been thinking of revisiting it for weeks now, but I am very involved in „Law & Order: SVU“, probably because I feel as abused as many of those people … but today, I put in a search in my favorite movie-site, and there it was: There is a spin-off of the romance of **„Tony“ and „Ziva“ on NCIS, and it is called „Tony & Ziva“.** So I had to laugh today when I saw this, and I said to Bob, „Oh that's why who have been in my ears all these weeks, you want to watch this!“ So I watched the first episode – and I did NOT like it at all. But look at this, there is a numbers-countdown in a scene, and it is TODAY's DATE! Today, that I watched it!


NCIS: Tony & Ziva - Season 1

What are the odds of that?

Also … very hard to stay „above“ all the abuse by my mentally challenged „parents“, so reading up „for help“ most every night:

Rising Above Narcissism
Answered by Sophie Gray · Author has **64** answers and **26.7K** answer views · May 23, 2023

By moving on, healing and working on yourself. Make yourself centre of your own attention, not her or revenge. If she is a narcissist she won't empathise with you and she won't apologise, leaving you even angrier. Learn to find your own closure as you won't get it from someone who doesn't take accountability for their actions. Move on without

On one hand I am extremely angry with her. I am fully aware of the abuse. I am angry that I just now realize that I have been robbed of a better life. Almost since I was a teen.

On the other hand the very personality traits of being empathetic and helpful that were used against me, and for her benefit in forming me to be codependent by my mother are the same traits that are holding me back from going no contact.

How can I teach my 81-year-old narcissistic, ungrateful wretch of a mother a lesson she'll never forget to make her sorry she ever mistreated me and spoke evil lies behind my back?

All related (45) Sort Recommended

Rising Above Narcissism
Answered by Dianne Timpson · Author has **664** answers and **3.3M** answer views · May 23, 2023

Revenge doesn't do a thing when it comes to a narcissist. It just ups the ante. And believe me, she has more flying monkeys on her side through years of blatantly grooming them against you. She'll be the consummate victim as always.

in-law, died extremely complicated and painful deaths. Now, I'm not gloating. Don't get me wrong. But both died at the point when I was close to being psychologically destroyed by their lies and harassment. They got nothing from me. No visits. No sympathy. No forgiveness. I just stayed far away and let nature take it's course.

Just be happy. It was her plan all along to leave you behind an angry bitter person, who cannot survive without her.

You must know that confronting a narcissist is an absolute waste of your time. You have lost so much time already. Get away from her and never make contact with her again, that would be the worst thing you can do to her. Remove her source of supply, because your angry is what makes her happy.

Revenge is an ugly evil. You don't want to be like she is do you? Revenge just leads to more reasons for her to target you. At 81, it won't be long before she will begin to realize she needs you and the sweet little old lady will emerge. But don't fall for it. She is only looking for a way to age at home with you as her caregiver. Don't fall for that either. It

Related **How do you deal with a narcissist mother 90 years old?**

The simple answer is "give up". Be your own person, take care of yourself. She owed you, children do not owe their parents. Having said that I was in your shoes until about a year ago, when my mother passed away at 96. She had been significantly demented for some time, but still controlled me. I spent my whole life trying to get her approval. When she died, the light switch turned on. I am happier now than I have ever been in my life.

But why would I be angry at that? She didn't teach me much. I learned it myself. All by myself. Turns out, I probably did better this way. Instead of being mad at what she didn't do, I'm amazed at what I did, without her. Huh. Awesome!

couldn't outdo her on that front. The way I see it, I am too ill to allow anyone to suck even one more drop of my energy, I don't care how old they are. If yours is like mine, you never had a mother. You will mourn, but letting her take your entire life (she has more than half statistically speaking already) is not required. Who knows when she'll die...my

mother to their own children. It's up to you how many years you want to waste on an ungrateful, selfish narcissistic mother,

If you go no contact the mental struggle is brutal. If you continue contact you are exposing yourself to more abuse. I think it's a no-win/ no-win situation. Frankly you're

3. Go as little contact as possible. DO NOT engage with her nonsense. Learn about the 'Grey Rock' method of dealing with a narcissist.

Last, but not least:

Pointing out the narcissistic behaviour is a waste of time. It's like talking to a brick wall.

<u>September 25, 2025</u> – **BELIEVE: The Sun and the Moon**

Oh wow – such a clear message, just shortly before I am going to close this version of the Contact Diary.

Yesterday I found a piece of a plastic item with the word „**BELIEVE**" on it, while walking Sandy. Of course I was startled …

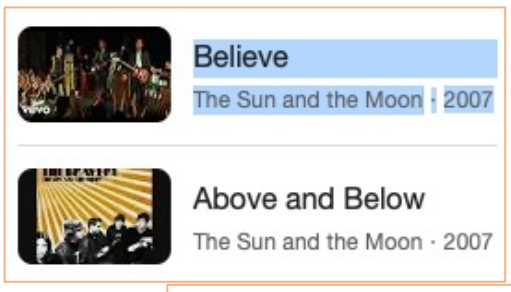
Believe in what? … I thought.

So today I drove back from swimming in the early evening – can't believe I won't be able to swim again soon, because it is getting cold fast, but my body has just now begun to become really toned again from all the swimming, and the lake is just my sanctuary … swimming in it.

So I drove there, and I NEVER put the radio on, as I can't stand music. I remembered the times when I drove back and forth between Griffen and Velden … and I would switch the radio on just for a minute, and always there would be some song that would relate exactly to something I had just seen or experienced …

So I switched the radio on, and I swear to you, the first word I heard (sung, as a song was on), was: „**BELIEVE** …"

I was baffled shitless. So I listened … and it was pretty amazing. I looked up the lyrics, and it all just fits so well. The song is from the 2007 album **„The Sun and the Moon"** by a band called **„The Bravery"** … and look! Another one of their titles is **„Above and Below"!**



So give me something to believe
'Cause I am living just to breathe
And I need something more to keep on breathing for
So give me something to believe

I am hiding from some beast but the beast was always here
Watching without eyes because the beast is just my fear
That I am just nothing, now it's just what I've become
What am I waiting for? It's already done

The lyrics just fit so well, so well … to my situation with my father, who I keep calling „Bestie" in German, which is „beast" in English – just like in the song „Believe" … oh wow. I

feel so lost … so much like having lost all that I once stood for … that I wanted to do … that I was all about … like I am „***nothing***“ anymore, like the song says … but I must overcome the agony in dealing with my parents knowing that the abuse my brother and I suffered from them was just … so damaging. And it is ongoing. I do have to take care of them, in a way, but I also do have to take care of myself. I am working on it.
This synchronicity event brought me back to the very beginning of writing this Contact Diary … when I lived still in Vienna, Edith was still alive, and I had no idea about my mother's situation. Oh so much happened since then.

On September. 24 I sent online download-versions of my Hawaii-documentary *„Native of Owhyhee“* to many many people … also in Hawaii, I just had such an urge to share, also with participants, people I had interviewed for the series … to find out, that several of them have **died** in the last years. ***And then I realized that it is 20*** (TWENTY) years ago that I finished that work, that documentary, that is such a big part of my life. It feels like it was yesterday. Which is very very strange. What will people think receiving the links to a 20 years old documentary work? Oh I must put it online on some platform for free downloading worldwide. I wish I could ask Bob which one … must find out everything on my own now.

I wish I had a partner like Bob … but one who loves and supports me and who I can really trust and respect. And who is funny. And insanely handsome and sexy. (LMAO!)

It is just amazing.

This „BELIEVE“ incident was the first time that I felt „spoken to“ again, in a looooong time, by Bob.

So many things happened lately in terms of small hints, beginning with license plate numbers all the way to things I read driving by, things people do … I am on my path. I miss Bob so much. I am changing. I feel too exhausted to keep writing in detail … but I will start a new diary. Now it is time to share this one.

<u>September 27, 2025</u> – **The Tape & „Dani“**

And yes … I include a few more blog snippets about us, the victims of narcissist abuse … maybe they will help some of you readers. I don't even want to think about what my sensitive little brother went through …

It is discouraging to hear that they may not get better. I've been told my Mom will become worse. She's already a nightmare to be around, and we definitely limit our time with her. Strange thing is, she's "lovely" around other people. So it's something she can control. Mom went from using anger to control (only because it's not working), to the victim mentality. She has this "poor me" to stir up the compassion of others. And they buy into it, making her worse. It's sickening! When that doesn't work, she falsely

Holy fuck, it's scary how extremely similar all narc parents/siblings seem to be. It's like the same soul got stuck in a million different bodies. It's like they're all possessed by the same demon or something. I'm an atheist but that's what it feels like to me. Same quotes, same habits, same mental gymnastics, and same bullshit.

I've taken to telling my ndad "we have different value systems." It doesn't help, bc, ya know, narcissist, but it definitely defines my rejection of their ideals enough to satisfy me.

How do you care for your parent when they have always had some form of mental illness?

Follow Share

How do you continue to be a caregiver when your parent has always had some form of mental illness...in my case Narcissitic Personality Disorder. My mother has always suffered from this and now trying to be a more closely caretaker is bringing me down. No one is realizing I cannot take care of her by myself. She is crafty and her aging just makes is all much worse. More and more calls from neighbors to the police or paramedics with her stunts. They say she cannot be alone but I cannot tolerate to be around her. She refuses to go to a nursing home, so now trying to find someone who will at least come and check on her a couple times a day at least to give her her psych meds. There is no one to help me. I have been of work for almost a month on FMLA and it seems to be a waste of my time, since she can think that you need all the external support you can get.

I can only tell you that you are not alone and that any negative feelings that you have towards her are healthy feelings. You should not feel bad about limiting contact as much as possible. Please take care of yourself.

You do have to protect yourself, so I'm glad you are looking at options. Aging doesn't give us the right to abuse people. Mental illness is not the fault of the ill person, but it shouldn't ruin the lives of all who try to care for that person. I'm glad you can talk with a few caregivers on this site who've gone through the conservator process. It is a lot of paperwork, but you may have to do it.

antidepressant. When she was younger she would not consider any evaluation or treatment - family problems were not her fault, in her eyes, but everybody else's fault. Having a mentally ill parent is a huge burden and brings lots of hurt.

" I've lived with this my whole life and at times it's been h*ll. " Yes!

This is an old thread but if someone stumbles on this I just want to say my heart goes out to all caregivers of a seriously ill person with personality disorders. Particularly Borderline and Narcissistic PD. These people are impulsive, verbally abusive, sometimes violent people. They seek to control you and make you their servants and whipping posts. They are paranoid, vindictive people that find pleasure in your pain. How does one care for someone like that and doesnt suffer severe damage themselves? Dont talk about boundaries, because PD people. lew boundaries as personal insults and

By the way, I heard it's not a drive to crazy, but a short walk. I was wondering if you've ever experienced feeling ill from being around your mother? It's hard for me to explain this feeling, but it's something I physically feel when things don't go well with my Mom. Even though she's the one with the diagnosis, her disease makes me "feel" as though something is wrong with me. No one else makes me

When i moved her into my home it was the year i turned 50. I started remembering "things" from my childhood that i had forgotten. And not just my childhood but throughout the years.

handicapped. And now that I'm her caregiver she is treating me like crap just like she did when I was doing her job when I was a kid... There's no appreciation what so ever. Never will be...

mother is fine. She lies to them and say that I'm somehow the problem and they believe her. My mother refuses to shower or wash her hair and when I try to force her to do so, I'm in for a day of verbal abuse. She has tried to hit me and push me, too. I told my sister that when I plan to leave as soon as I can and

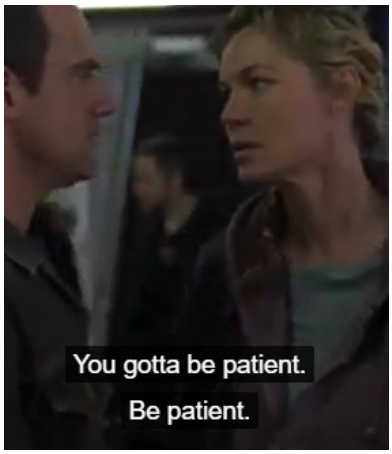
seven years. Her abuse of me has escalated to the point where I'm nearly destroyed emotionally. She's attacks with the most psychologically hurtful and poisonous comments that anyone has ever said to me. She completely changes when my brother or sister come around which is not often. They think

I found this round rubbery thing on the ground, today, no idea what it is:

Some snake with five dots?

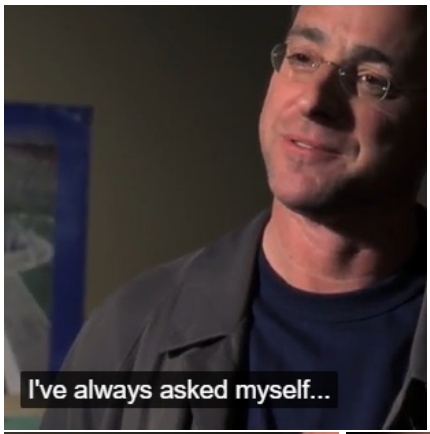
And: I had bought a plastic tape today, intending to fix the fissure in the windshield of my car. ***Oh I saw Bob a thousand times handle such tape***, when he was packing up DVD to send off, none of the other producers of „Taylor Camp“ wanted to do that fucking mailing job … I wonder if Bob was paid for it. And there it was again, on my screen, „Law & Order: SVU“:

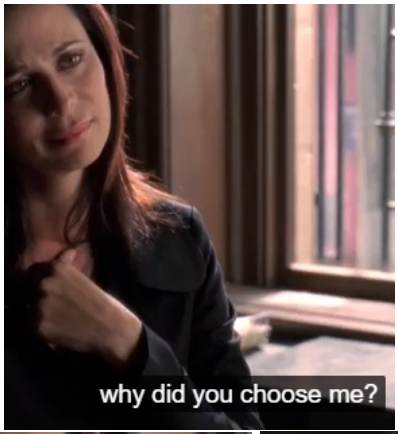
Plus, there is a „Dani“ now, „Detective Stabler’s“ partner, he seems to „play Bob“, like I hear his voice saying this to me … many many times:

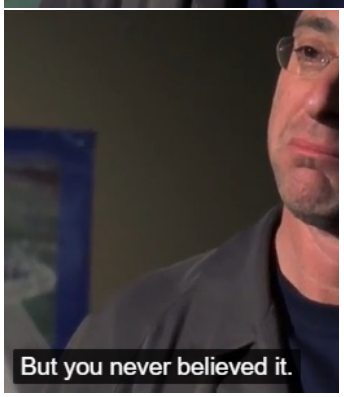


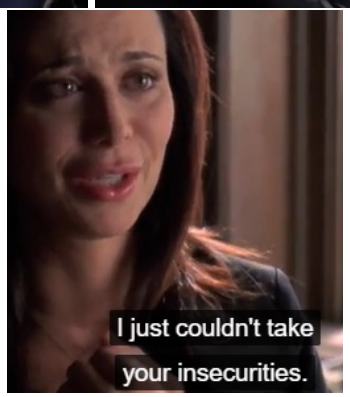
September 28, 2025

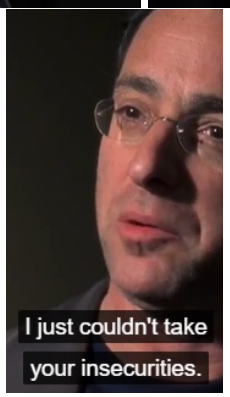
Watching *„Law & Order: SVU“* … calms me down, strangely … and of course, I heard something that struck a cord … **my relationship to Bob,** and how it deteriorated. Oh had I only been brave enough to follow up on my suspicion … that he had early-onset dementia. But I didn’t. ***„Always ask the righ question“, a friend on Maui said often, „especially the ones that you are afraid of the answer“. I*** never did.











September 30, 2025

Oh wow. September gone. I managed to go for a swim … hope to do many more this fall. But my beloved lake is cooling down so fast. And the cold water sometimes doesn’t do too much good to my knees and ankles.

I am translating „The Betty Book“, and just HAVE to share a few snippets … they are just too precious and too fitting …

"It is the antithesis of spiritual. It is the impetus to nullify, to deaden your life-containing powers. It is analogous to the way a certain action takes place and a tree is petrified; or if you stay out in the cold, you freeze. Certain action takes place, a certain impetus is unchecked, and you are reduced to a helpless state and can't do anything about it. It has a great drawing power toward its own. When you get in the vortex it begins to work on you unless you have a strong insulation."

This above means that whatever you start, in strong thoughts and emotions, WILL get a „life of its own“ and will „try to manifest“. So keep your thoughts and actions right! Oh how long ago it was that I wrote all that in my own never published book „We Creators of the World“ … and as a script dialogue for my documentary „Native of Owhyhee“, as ancient Hawaiian wisdom.

like getting into quicksand; that acts on you, and you can't help it. That's a zone of action of a certain kind. It takes great, almost superhuman, spirituality to go into that lower form of life and hold your own. You can do it, if you have the right insulation. They are trying to get me out of it, and keep me in another zone of action so I can acquire the superior force.

This above section deals with the hardship that you suffer in the „claws“ of an evil or mentally ill person like a malignant narcissist.

2. MAINTAINING OURSELVES.

If you want to help someone, first of all you must somehow be better off than he is. Then in your effort to lend a hand you must be careful not to lose your advantage. If you want to pull someone out of the mud you must first get a firm footing yourself-and then keep it while you are trying to land him. Anyone can see that.

But when the need is an intangible mental or emotional one, instead of a perfectly plain physical one, we generally act as though this principle no longer obtained. We get angry, or we weep on the other person's neck, or we indulge in sympathetic recriminations, or whatever. Circumstances differ, but in every case the process is the same: we abandon our own equilibrium in favor of the other's turmoil.

This is the vortex. Clearly, if we are to be of any use, we must not approach it undefended; must not get drawn in by its almost irresistible zone of action. If we do, one of two things must happen: either we must enter into conflict, use violence, in order to retain our very mastership of ourselves; or else that mastership will be warped, bent aside, modified by the influence of conflicting and disintegrating forces. That meeting of the other influence, or the other man, on his home ground is where most of the trouble begins.

This describes the ways of how to self-rescue in the „claws“ of bad people.

"When dealing with non-receptive people," they said, "you must first of all protect yourself from getting in their zone of action. It is an insulation. You must first insulate yourself. Insulation is not unsympathetic! It is just the precaution the doctor takes against infection. That is done by quickly raising your thought above the disease-level and concentrating on the cure, so that none of your attention is taxed by getting into their morass. If you meet the opposition in its own manner, it entangles you. You must not let it obscure the strength of your desire to serve. It is human to oppose opposition, so watch out!

… and again: „Keep your thoughts right“. I see in front of me the face of the speaker in my documentary who says just that right into the camera.

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on me, bite me-it LOOKS like biting me-but they can't inject any poison. It is impossible for them to hurt me because all my attention, my consciousness, my nerve centers, my existence is centered above them where they can't get at them. If they could draw down my attention, if they could make me hate them, if they could get me to work on their level, then they could poison me."

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The Betty Book.pdf (Seite 85 von 134)

This, then, is the secret of maintaining our integrity: we must meet the problems of our world and the people of our world, not in their zone of action, but in ours. We must not go to them; we must get them to come to us.

"Don't take dragging personalities to heart," said they.

"Let them hang as heavily as they please on your body, but not on your spirit. That is drafted for other work. Think of them as only scratching the surface. It will keep you immeasurably freer and will conserve your strength. Separate yourself deliberately before you encounter them. Give them your body to play with. Try it."

October 2, 2025 – **The Hunter**

It would have been Bob's 71st birthday today.

I experienced the utmost cruelty by my „father“ today … and after something similar yesterday, my mother calling me the crudest and most vile names when I tried to get her to change her clothes after months … I am now done with these two creatures.

I had a phone conversation today with a total stranger, who is a ***manager*** to his actress daughter, and I had contacted him on a whim weeks ago with the question if he would think that some of my scripts were fitting career vehicles for his daughter. He had responded via email, very nicely, weeks ago … and asked me to call. I had sent him the scripts in question for his and his daughter's perusal, because we would need the basis to talk about, right? Didn't

hear back, so I had emailed again. He called yesterday, I was not available. But he left a message.

After the horrific experience with my completely insane father (I had helped him for hours yesterday related to his misplaced cellphone, and today he denied it), I walked Sandy, then took my boys to the forest … I felt a bit in shock, realizing once more, that there is not even no „help“ for my „father“, but that he is getting worse in wanting and trying to hurt me in every possible way. I happened upon his and ***Edith's wedding photo*** yesterday, brought me nearly to tears … innocent unsuspecting Edith, happy, and my „father“ next to her, having just thrown his family out of the house and so much worse … oh dear Edith. Decades of horror were to follow.

I keep meeting people who knew her and her ordeal … I did have the chance to connect with her … but I had no idea back then what my father was really like, that he was a sick narcissist bastard all in all and not just to me. *(Note: These days, I keep catching him standing in front of the mirror in the corridor, very close to it, gazing at himself, talking to himself – stuff, I can't understand! Sometimes, when I arrive, he is not in the kitchen, so I open the door to check if he is somewhere in the house ... and then I see him, directly in front of the mirror, staring, babbling. Poor Sandy. She must feel that he is nuts.)* He tortured Edith, who boozed herself to death at 71. That's what Bob would have been today.

Strange thing … I ended up in Edith's office today, too, looking for my father's cell phone … and I found, that ***her computer was ON!*** So I switched it off. Maybe it has been on for more than five years now. My father has no idea how to handle a computer.

So I felt like my „old Maui filmmaker persona“ today. And this was … amazing. Surprising. I slid right in, talking to that man on the phone, Heinz M. – who was in the Slovenian mountains **hunting** when I reached him. The signal got lost mid conversation, but he called me back when he was on top of a hill … it seemed so … suiting. He doesn't know as much about filmmaking as I do … that was clear from the beginning. We will talk in person, soon. And for the first time in a long long time, I felt like I was up to it. Yes. I am up for the challenge of re-discovering – – – me.

A few hours later, I was doing my translating job on „The Betty Book“, and of course, the „**hunting**“ appeared. It's about getting other people to join the „spiritual life“. I take that as a good sign.

"That is the way they conquer a thing, work on it, over there. It is quite a thrillingly fascinating way because there is so much zest to it; it's the grandest hunting in the world."

"Just unstopper yourself," concluded the Invisible, "and something within evaporates, so to speak-returns to its source. It is a simple, normal action. Just don't keep yourself corked up. Remember: open at the top!"

When I say „**hunter**“, I flash back to my first years on Maui, especially 2002 and 2003, in our beloved „housie“, with Bob, at Haulani Street 222 in Pukalani: They neighbor was a grandmother who had her little grandkids with her every day. The girl was a baby, but the boy was a little rascal, a frail looking little guy, and grandmother called him all day, all the time, with her piercing voice … I will never get that out of my head, ever, *and some times Bob and I would make fun of him and mimic her yelling … and we would yell:*
„Hunter, Hunter“.
That was the boy‘s name.

I am very curious what that conversation will be like. Maybe already next week.
Sure I feel a bit confused, having to come to terms that I have „parents“ whose only interest in me is how they can hurt and abuse me verbally, while I am obligated to care for them, as they are old and demented and frail. I want to stay away from them, though. I tried so much, so many years, to be loving and „help“ them and convince them that way. But I have to realize that broken brains will rule the physical body. And I doubt that the strongest „spiritual“ influence can make a difference. Didn’t with Bob. I tried. And how.
I have to „imua“ now with my writing. I even connected with Serge King again, as I sent the links to „Native of Owhyhee“ documentary to many people recently. I emailed the screenplay „Hulihuli Moon“ to him with the question if he knew somebody looking for such a wonderful story. He responded he had downloaded it and will read it. We’ll see.

I will begin a new „contact diary“ if I will ever again be consciously seeking contact with Bob himself. For now I have the feeling, it is enough. He must move on just like I must – before my „graduation“.

I end with two more quotes from „The Betty Book“. I will surely take them to heart.

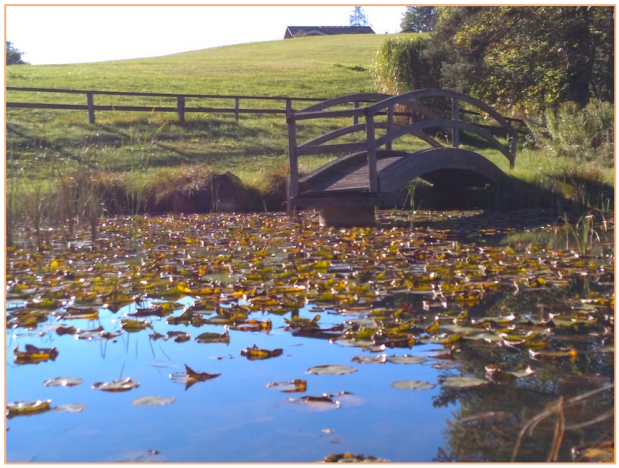
> Another useful suggestion was that we should try, as far as it was possible, to look on deterrent personalities not as individuals but as belonging to a unit, a whole, a level of consciousness: and when you do think of them as individuals, think of them as warped, out of proportion, wrong-headed, if you must; but as being so not because of their personal malice or intent, but because of this distorting element in which they have their spiritual being. To put it another way, they see things wrongly not because they squint deliberately, but because their lack of development furnishes them that sort of a lens.

Thank you, „Invisibles“ – whoever you were who gave those hints to Betty and Stewart E. White back in the day. I guess I will (re-)meet you eventually.

> "Give bountifully of your spiritual vitality," said the Invisible. "That is what they are starving for. It enters the consciousness somehow, and gives them a faint perception. Don't shut down or turn away. Indifference is so terrible. It closes in on you like a fog. You grope and struggle. You make constantly renewed efforts. You fight your way out into the sun again where you can see clearly once more and there is some joy in the doing. Then when the quick and ready resentment comes toward people, remember what it was like when you were in that fog.
>
> Your whole heart will be set on helping people. That is hardest of all when there is no response. But it must be done in spite of the lack of visible accomplishment."

Love you, Stoneman.
Hoping for the best for you, the reader. Be wise, be brave, love yourself, have fun living.

Aloha nui.



PS October 3, 2025: Remember the strange symbol I found about a week ago? Today I photographed sunlit lotos-leaves at the bridge pond … looks familiar?

PPS Oh yes, I wanted to end on October 2, but after that date, immensely intense things happened, so …

I want to add another quote from **Stewart E. White's amazing book „Across The Unknown";** the follow-up to „The Betty Book", and actually a work of immense importance, whilste sorely underappreciated … where he summarizes the basics of all, well human existence:

> … each of us occupies not only the physical body we see, but a second or spiritual body. This latter will continue to contain us after physical death. Though imperceptible to our ordinary senses, the spiritual body is no vague wraith of insubstantial shadow. It is perfectly real, made of definite substance, and will function in a world that corresponds to it. That world also is of definite substance. Indeed so far from the fuzzy or ghostlike is this world that, in one sense, its matter is even more substantial than that of the physical universe, for it interpenetrates--fills the interspaces--of the latter. In it the realities of consciousness will have more vivid scope than we know in our present phase. Through it the vital force of the universe acts more powerfully and directly than with us.

> But--and here is the important point--that world is not separated from ours by a hard and fast iron wall of time. We can, in certain ways, begin to function in it now. Indeed at the time of ripeness that is what we must do if we are to continue efficient and developing. If we gain consciously and keep continuously our contact with it, our reservoirs will draw from unfailing abundance. The difference between that and our ordinary state would be the difference between power line and a storage battery

So now, dear readers, live on – KNOWING that death is only another beginning.

October 4, 2025 – **A Tiger?**

Went for a swim in the afternoon (at the village of Auen), just when the sun came out a bit, and it was really cold. I felt my right arm numbing and hurried to swim back to shore. On the way to my car, where my dogs Jacqui and Tino were waiting, **I found a round sticker with a „tiger“ on it.**

„Go tiger!“ Did Bob say that. What does that tiger mean?

I saw „222 FX“, „222 FF“ and more, then „910 DW“, which really struck me … my initials with the famous „910“.

October 5, 2025

Rainy Sunday. Wonderful to wake up to pouring rain. Quick walk in the forest with the dogs. Breakfast. Some translating of „The Betty Book“. Then I cooked pumpkin-potato-cream soup and apple strudel, and brought both to my father. He „greeted“ me with the usual sounds of disgust upon seeing me through the glass of the kitchen-door (that leads to the garden and is the usual entrance). My heart sank right away, but I reminded myself that poor Sandy probably had been for hours in the hot kitchen, and that I would walk her …

Strange jelly ball that I found on the ground … never saw anything like this before. No idea what it was. Wobbly jelly stuff.

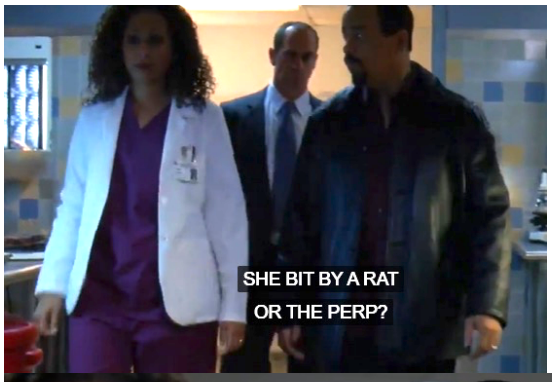
October 8, 2025 – **Benson & the Tiger**

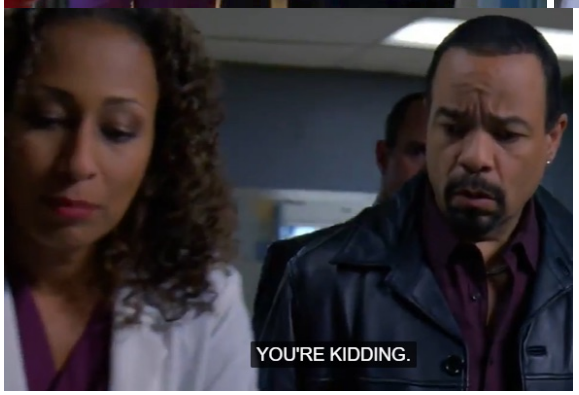
Oh wow.

I have been watching *„Law and Order: SVU“* for weeks now. To the point that my eye-sight on the left eye is impared by „floaters“ … but anyway. I like Detective Olivia Benson, and see her every night. So yesterday, walking my two boys, right behind my car, I found a piece of a cigarette package – and nothing else! – and it read: ***„BENSON & Hedges“.*** Wow.

And ***I found a tiger sticker***, remember?

And in the eposide I watched tonight, of Law & Order SVU, a ***tiger*** showed up!





Okay. I feel … observed.

Just look at this wonders of nature … how do the cells know what to build … in what amount … where …

Watching Law & Order SVU I have meanwhile of course realized while I feel drawn to the series … it kind of makes me feel less alone with all the abuse suffered and still being exposed too …

October 13, 2025 – **Happy horsie?**

In case it means something to you: Found this „toy“ on the path in Rosegg right next to beautiful colorful trees … remindsme of „Le'a“, the Hawaiian word for „joy“. And it is a „horsie“ … like Bob was.

October 16, 2025

It is hard – but necessary, how my „father“ REALLY thinks about me … he hates me to the core of his being, as soon as he feels a bit better he treats me with such spite and hatred, it is breathtaking, given that he seems unable to go shopping on his own or to the bank.

But I stood up for myself in the utmost serious way because I gave him to read the doc I wrote already weeks ago with my conditions under which I'd be willing to take care of him further. But when I reminded him that I have been there for him for two full years now, almost daily, he laughed in my face and said I didn't do anything …

I came in, and he wanted me to help find a technician to start up his heating … and even though I immediately knew what to do and called, he STILL yelled that I am not good for anything and he would ask Picej to do it … even though I GOT the one technician to call him tomorrow and made the secretary call my father too. Whatever I do, it is of no value to him –

he is the meanest and truest malignant narcissist in the world. The way he looks at me – I swear, if it was not for Sandy, I would leave and never go back.

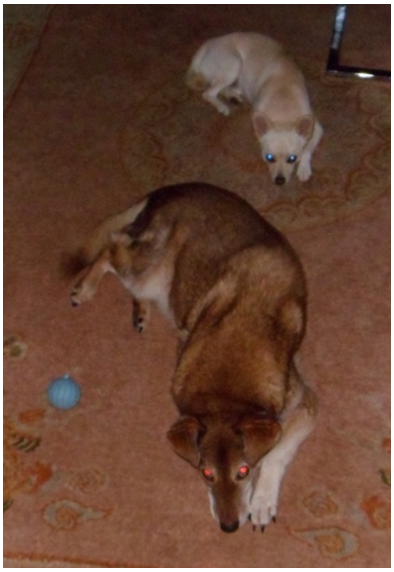
His face is cold and evil … just EVIL.

His hatred towards me makes my stomach knot – just like when my mother treats me similarly. I do not have parents, never had. It was the same in my childhood.

Sometimes I feel like writing a book about the many many ways of abuse I had to go through in my life … maybe I will. It will be called „Die Arschkarte“ … meaning „The Ass Card“, the very worst card one could pull.

Maybe I will write it. I have a great basis, my own book „Dunst“. Hm. What a thought.

Here, my three loves:



October 17, 2025

I met a former school-comrade, last saw her in 1978, today, walking with my mother and J and T in Rosegg … only to learn that her husband, also a schoolmate of mine, died less than a month ago (Sept. 28) in a motorcycle accident – on the road that leads by Kolonistenheim, where I basically grew up. I always hated that road … and where he died, it is a true murder route.

Weird.

And a few minutes after meeting her, I found this:

A **strange „peace dove twig“** … as it seems. A golden pendant. Right next to my car. Itis tiny. But I do see these kinds of things. I am sure it will have relevance.

Then mom and I went shopping, and I ran in to a guy, Philipp, who I knew as a very young woman and was in love with, and I know he lives alone on a big property, but he is said to be a drunk. He was happy to see me … and back in the day, he was called „Fipsi“.

So I dealt with my father, then drove to the lake, even though it was late, for a swim. The woman who I keep meeting there, also for swimming, was also there, and we introduced each other, she is „Kay“. Very nice lady with a body like a 30-year old, and I do not exaggerate. We are both born 1964, she in June.
So as I drove back towards home, a car passed by me, with the license plate number – hold on: „**FIPSI**“. Seriously. I met a „Fipsi“ today, and then I see „Fipsi“?
There are no odds. And just look at the sky … the division of the realms … very very intense.

Also, I started translating ***„Across the Unknown“ by Stewart E. White*** … and there were striking things to be rediscovered:

curiously enough we fail to recognize exactly the same thing when it works on us in later years. When, at that time, the old formless unrest once again stirs our spirits--causelessly it may seem--we resent, or we endure. We have not learned this lesson of youth, which is that our discontents are among our most valuable gifts from life. They are not to be resented or endured. They are to be examined. And examination, if we are vitally intelligent, results in our doing something about it. Which, in turn, means a new venturing. Curious that we can see this only in

endure. We have not learned this lesson of youth, which is that our discontents are among our most valuable gifts from life. They are not to be resented or endured. They are to be examined. And examination, if we are vitally intelligent, results in our doing something about it. Which, in turn, means a new venturing. Curious that we can see this only in retrospect. Curious that we are able to smile so indulgently at the fevered blind rebellions of our adolescence, seeing them clearly for what

Yes, indeed. Getting older we really truly should be wiser. **And accept our experiences NOW as big learnings, too. Not to be used in the mortal sphere, but in the beyond.**

And wow … the division in the sky today, as I took a swim in the beautiful lake.
Check this out:

October 18, 2025 – **The peace-leaf manifested!**

Oh wow, that was fast!

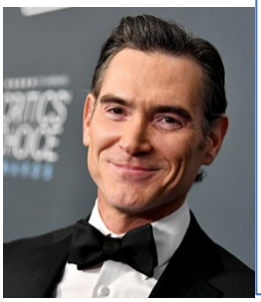
I googled an actor who I like, Billy Crudup. He is in „The Morning Show“, but I did not feel like watching further episodes, because I found the plot so ludicrous. So I read up on *Billy Crudup* – and there was a movie he once was in, ***„Jesus‘ Son“*** … and I looked at that, and here it was: ***That peace-dove twig!*** There are no such odds!
Oh wow, the leaves pendant came through.

After an intense encounter with my father – who was NICE to me today! – I took J and T for a good walk, then emailed to Silvia, the new widow with some of my „wisdom“, then

precooked the vegetable soup for tomorrow, and then I sat down for some series watching online. I had skipped through the film that my father loves so much, it is on TV today, and he insisted I watched it, as it was „so good“. It is a gruesome horribly dark film about rape and backcountry folks, brr.

Then I thought I'd watch some more of „The Morning Show“; but the only person in that series that I care about is the one played by Billy Crudup.

I googled him because of his strange name … and I saw that he was famous for playing a lead in his younger years in a movie called „Jesus's Son“ – from the year 1999! Wow, long ago. So I watched the trailer – and next thing I see, is THIS:



Can you believe it? What are the odds?

None! So the ***branch-with-leaves-pendant that I found yesterday IS „religious***“ – as it appears in a film with „Jesus“ in the title! Does „making peace“ have something to do with it? Is that why my father was kind of „nice-ish“ to me today? Is he reconsidering?

Right!!!! HAHAHAHAHA!

So THEY are telling me again that they are exactly seeing what I am doing and actually … what? Being with me? Helping?

I had that strange thought that the encounter with Silvia was meant for me to realize that my „kuleana“ may be other than I would consciously want to choose. Oh well.

<u>October 20, 2025</u> **– Bird on a Stone**

Not sure what this is about … perhaps it means something to you: This **bird on a stone** – huh! Sounds fun! – that I stumbled upon when walking Sandy.

Of course I still have to read up on the experiences of other folks who have to deal with mentally sick people like malignant narcissists:

0nepunchmanJayp0 • vor 2 Jahren

Stress, high blood pressure, anxiety and depression are illnesses that can result from spending to long in the toxic environments created by the prescence of narcissists. Don't give up, the longer you leave it to get away from them the harder it becomes.

October 24, 2025 – **The Almonds, Dementia and the Necklace**

Absolutely amazing synchronicity – just when I was thinking all the time, that I am all alone with everything here, the horror about my father … not sure, where to turn generally.

So after a horrific eclat with my father who screamed his hatred in my face on and on and on …

I picked up my mother, stricken with compassion for her – and what she must have gone through as a young woman, realizing she had two children with an insane monster … and poor innocent Edith, how she had suffered … I even said this to my father today, about Edith, that he ruined her life … and in a way, his reaction seemed to be something like relish … so I took my mother for a walk in the warm autumn sun, then made pizza for her and bought a good chocolate cake for her.

Then I sat down for some dinner and a new episode of *„Law & Order: SVU“,* and I know why I am glued to this series … because the sexual assaults that happened to me in my childhood and teenage years … and the immense paket of violence I had to indure through my adulthood … and now the ordeal with the insane beast that is my father.

Walking up to the front door, I saw for the second time today an **empty package of almonds**, and I wanted to pick it up, but my hands were full again …

So I watch Law & Order: SVU, and sure enough pretty soon in the episode 9 of season 13, a „Gipsy“ man (yes, the called the Romanians in the episode „Gipsies“), says to his concierge: ***„Make sure they get an almond candy on the way out, Elba!“***

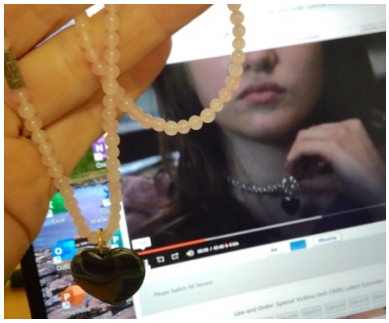
Almonds. What are the odds? And Edith's first dog's name was „Gipsy“.

Yeah, I had an ***almond-incident more than 20 years ago***, when I had just met Bob … I dreamed of a sack (bag) of almonds, peeled ones, and the next day, I found a huge open bag of peeled almonds on the beach near where I lived back then in Kihei. Nobody finds almonds on a beach. Nothing around them. No garbage. No other food. Just that bag of **almonds**. I remember

exactly the strange feeling inside of me … at the same time like being lifted and sinking. It was stunning. Of course I did not know what to think of it back then … I had no connection to the theme „afterlife communication“ at all or synchronicity at all. To me it was a bit of clairvoyance. But for what use, I was wondering. To bring it back up – today? **When a tiny empty package of almonds prompted an almonds-responds in a random tv-show?**

Well.

So I put on the next episode – and sure enough, it is about a man who has dementia, and it is all about the exact problems I have with my parents, who can't recall stuff from their shortterm memory. But what struck me like a punch in the gut, was, that a few days ago I took a ***necklace*** from my mother's place, that she had not worn in decades. I think I gave it to her once. And I wore it today and yesterday and felt great with it. And the young „victim“ in the Law & Order: SVU episode – had one just like mine!



There are no odds! And I felt … well, watched over. All the horror, the pain, the fear … there is an end to all of it. The horrible cruelty of my father, his insane hatred against me, his horrific beastly behavior – and nobody to stop him for decades … all that is learning for me. Or is it?

A few days ago I felt suddenly urged to check out my old book manuscripts … and also new ones, those, that were original screenplays that I turned into novels … and yesterday I already started pitching to publishing houses, some of the English ones and the German books, too!

It feels like returning to my roots of self, in a way. But then … when I wrote those books, my life was not less of a horror than it is now. Writing was my sanctuary, developing the characters, having control over them … it kept me from growing insane. And it does now. Maybe.

I swam in the lake for the (likely) last time this year on October 22, 2025.

Met the brother of a friend I haven't seen since 1983 … and once I had a big crush on him. Now he is a very bloated alcoholic, but of nice spirit, I could feel that, chatting with him. But I could not possible befriend anyone who is not totally strong and with both feet on the ground and smart and spirited and good humoured. And healthy inside out.

I wish I had a home.

October 26, 2025

Oh wow. I think the world is ready for dealing with the Beyond. There is a new show called „Eternity“, and it is a kind of satirical take on how life goes on after death, only that there, in the fictional Beyond, you get to choose, with who and how you want to live for … well, eternity. Will check it out.

October 27, 2025 **– The Octopus!**

Remember the significance of the old Hawaiian saying „Pua ke Ko, ku mai ka he'e"? When the sugarcan tassels, the squid comes forth? This is in November. And the saying struck me as soon as I read it so many years ago … and when the „ko" tassled, Bob died.

So today, on a nice autumn day, when I walked with my mother and my two dogs near a swimming lake, I found a **blue octopus** – very similar to „squid", I'd say – on a children's playground, or actually, Tino found it, loved it, and I allowed him to take it with him.

Then … after yet again immensely stressful encounters with the parents … I sat down for an episode of „Law & Order SVU", and guess what, one of the first things that came up was, that the latest murder victim had an **OCTOPUS *tatooed*** on her leg!

What are the odds? What am I told here?

Also, my mother found a **Schilling** on the walkway! A real old Austria currency item – on the ground! And I found a **pacifier** right after. So strange. No idea what that means.

I feel so strange … I don't get answers from people I contact regarding filmscripts, I pitched book manuscripts and am weary of … well, of not getting responses either … I feel so … strangely out of place and confused … every day the parents-story … that is my life now? And the dog? I love that I can do things for Sandy, but I feel like I should do so much more … but how, when the other human mortals who live in my day and age won't communicate back to me?

I have sent the links to my Hawaii documentary to so many people, but barely anyone responded?! A few did. But … I don't understand all that.

And I have dreams!

So vivid strange strange strange dreams! With erotic tinges, with … just all kinds of stuff.

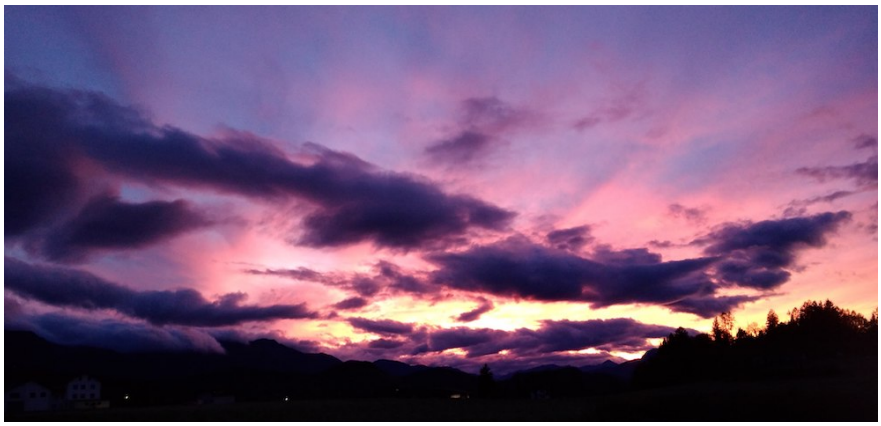
Today, it was the first time that my father nearly fell right in front of me. He had such a hard time walking. He was so weak, so much back pain. But he just can NOT make himself be nice or even decent to me just once. He hates me, no matter that I totally do not deserve this, never did anything to him, and that there is no reason … except in his broken brain. It is so hard to handle, though. I wish for him to be in care, and I am sure he would like it there, getting attention and all … but for now … I am obligated to check on him every day …

And now I even have to drive down to his house every night to close the door to the room where Sandy sleeps so that she does not freeze to death. He leaves the door open, knowing that he'd barely make it out of bed early enough … but the icy air creeps into the room, and Sandy's bed is next to the door … unbelieveable that he is doing this to her. She must freeze all night, has no way to escape the cold … so cruel. So I go, bring her some treats and close the door. Then I can sleep because I know she is warm during the night. But I have to drive down there again, in the morning … and this is tough, it disrupts my entire morning routine … but well, it is like this right now.

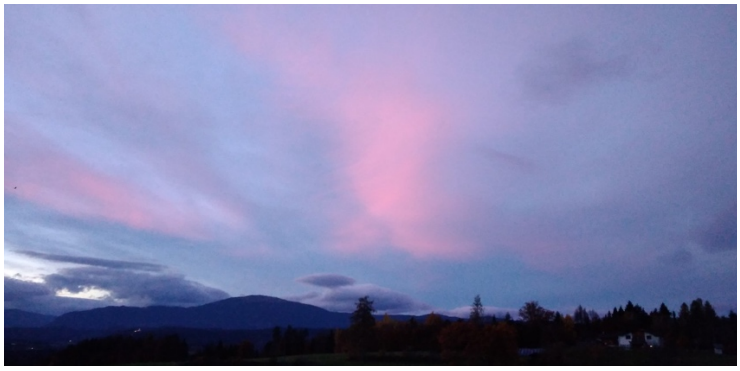
So the **octopus** … hm. Of course a „squid" is something different … but **the toy Tino found and the tattoo were both octopuses.**

Found a huge duck, too.

October 30, 2025



November 1, 2025



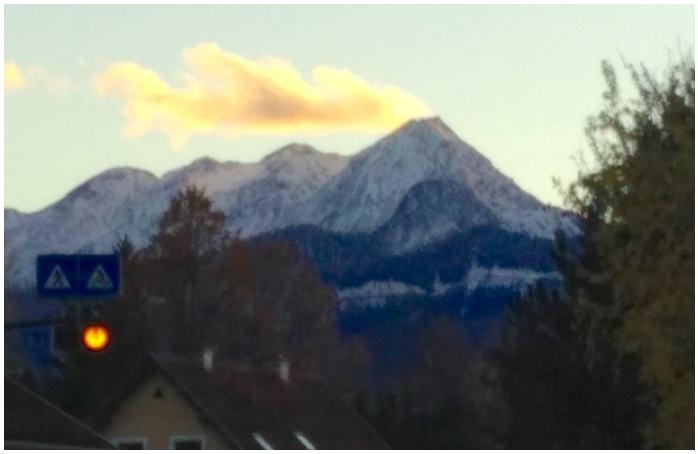
November 2, 2025

Oh wow. This was interesting – a car with the license plate number that I had only seen at a point in my life when I was still so innocent … **„PLÖ“** were the letters on the two trucks that took us on our Africa adventure in 1989. Wow. The town of Plön in Germany is so unknown … and there it was, today. To remind me of – MYSELF? It was the year that I first loosened the ties to my drug addict „partner“ … to be free for other relationships that would get me … where I am today.

I have been feeding wasps and hornets now that the days get colder. So strange to think that the entire wasp and hornet populations that have developed through spring and summer die off in late autumn, except for the queens. They hide in some sheltered place over the winter, and in spring they create a new population. So I have been thinking that maybe those were queens coming to drink the sugar water I have on the window sill for them, or their servants. This dead wasp I found inside my apartment. What a beautiful creature. So still. So peaceful now.

November 3, 2025

I had to stop at a busstop to take this image – it felt like a distinct greeting … a true volcano, Mount Kepa or „Noon Hill“ where I live now. Like Haleakala. Where I used to live.



November 4, 2025 **– Seventh Anniversary of Bob's passing.**

Bob graduated to the next level of existence seven years ago to this day.

I still miss his mortal version every day. I walked Sandy at lake Saissersee today, and a car parked across the street with a totally „Hawaiian" license plate: **LE I LOA**. „Lei" is the typical Hawaiian flower or leaf garland, and „Loa" means „big" or „precious". Now what?

Here I end this Contact Diary 2019–2025. Be well. Live … wisely.

I give to you here the most beautiful autumn leave I ever saw, found two days ago:

Yours sincerely, Jo D.

And here a last treat: The most beautiful autumn leaf I have ever seen:

PS: On November 11, as I was in the process of editing this chapter,
„222 BD“ showed up again: **B**ob and **D**any at Haulani **222**. That was my paradise.